

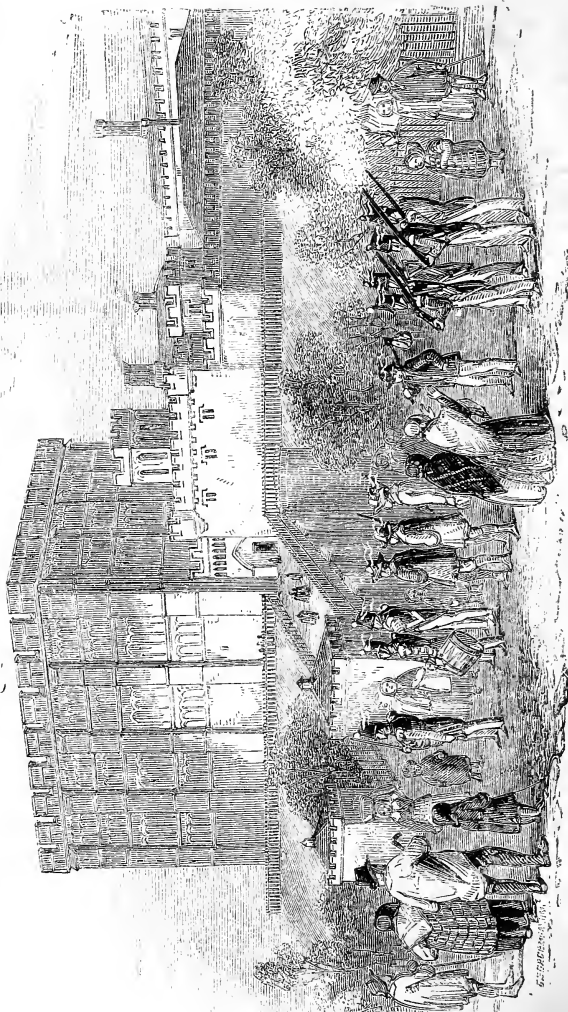


Louisa Emily Russell
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HOW TO KEEP A SINE WELLS
THE
SOLDIER'S
WIFE AND WIDOW



BY THE REV. RICHARD COBBOLD, A.M.

LONDON
CLARKE BEETON & CO. 148 FLEET ST.

5th. 1871. 220.



MARY ANNE WELLINGTON,

THE

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, WIFE,
AND WIDOW.

BY

THE REV. RICHARD COBBOLD, A.M.,

RECTOR OF WORTHAM, AND RURAL DEAN.

AUTHOR OF 'MARGARET CATCHPOLE,' 'ZENON THE MARTYR,' ETC.

New and Improved Edition.

LONDON:

CLARKE, BEETON, AND CO., 148, FLEET STREET.

IPSWICH: J. M. BURTON AND CO.

MDCCCLIII.

TO
ADELAIDE,
QUEEN DOWAGER OF ENGLAND,

This Work

IS

(WITH PERMISSION)

DEDICATED, BY HER MAJESTY'S HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

TO
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
ADELAIDE,
THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTY'S great kindness to the Individual whose History these pages record, encouraged me to solicit the favour of your Patronage to this Narrative. The high honour you have done me by your acquiescence, and the gracious manner in which Your Majesty has condescended to accept the Dedication of the Work, demand the grateful acknowledgments of

Your Majesty's

Most obedient and very humble Seryant,

RICHARD COBBOLD.

RECTORY, WORTHAM,
NEAR DISS.

November, 1845.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

ANOTHER Narrative of Female Adventure, from the pen of the Author of 'The History of Margaret Catchpole,' will probably be received by the public with increased interest, on account of the perfect truth of the narrative being within the compass of any one's inquiry. In August, 1845, William Freeman, Esq., the late Mayor of Norwich, invited the attention of the Reverend Author to the peculiar circumstances in the History of Mary Anne Wellington, the daughter of George Wellington, one of the Artillerymen at the famous siege of Gibraltar. She married a soldier in the gallant 48th, and accompanied him through all the Peninsular campaigns. Her fortitude in the hour of danger, and her attention to the wounded, were witnessed by many officers still living, who were also aware of the extraordinary adventures in which she distinguished herself. Her husband died in 1844, and the widow has since fallen into distress. She is greatly respected by all who know her in the city of Norwich.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and His Grace the Duke of Wellington, have all been temporary benefactors to her; and Her Majesty the Queen Dowager has most graciously consented to accept the dedication of her History.

MARY ANNE WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

It was at that period when God was about to punish the nations of the earth for their impieties, that the humble individual whose history forms the subject of the following pages, was born. Never had there been a time, since the establishment of Christianity, when infidelity so boldly stalked abroad in civilized countries. Europe was infected with maxims, theories, notions, political and religious postulates, absurd queries, bold follies, audacious axioms, and all kinds of propositions, to reform States and Empires, to renovate Constitutions, to raise men above all ceremonies, all time-worn laws, and to emancipate them from governments, which, though sanctioned by use and ages, were not deemed by the innovators consonant with freedom, or the rights of conscience, or of man.

It is true that profligacy, both in political states and religious communities, had reached an enormous pitch—that men were ‘heady, high-minded,’ and impatient of order, and respect for politically constituted authorities—that in religion, speculative notions and latitudinarian principles prevailed to such a degree as to usurp the place of God’s Commandments; and that men were ripe for rebellion, whether the authority of law were from God or man.

Such a state of things could not fail to call down vengeance from Him in whom Order, Love, and Harmony are, and ever were, the most prevailing attributes. His proclamation, 'Sword go through that country, and smite it,' was disregarded. Men learned to love war, and instead of looking upon it as one of the dreadful scourges of the Almighty, they esteemed it as a road to honour, and, perchance, to immortality. As if the road to eternal glory lay through scenes of carnage and bloodshed, at which humanity shudders, and calm reflection is overwhelmed with tears! God was provoked to assert His honour, and, in the midst of men's wickednesses, to send the sword, not only through one country, but throughout all the great nations of the world. Revolutions were at that period matters of ordinary occurrence, and all the enormities which they produced were but so many interludes to the one grand piece of performance—the almost universal carnage of the sword.

Instruments were not wanting to produce the mighty effects of punishment; and, though termed Conquerors, Regenerators, Pacificators, Warriors, Suns of Systems, Stars of Genius, and with idol adoration worshipped as something like the gods of old, yet they were but meteors of passing flame, coruscant for the moment, but raised up and used only to show how awful is the power of Him who puts a hook in the nose, and a bridle in the mouth, of even the most warlike Leviathan.

It was at this period that the wife of George Wellington gave birth to a daughter, who not only inherited a soldier's blood, but became also the parent of children whose profession is the sword. Wellington is a name that, as long as British fame shall last, will be connected with the historical records of the great triumph of right over might; the subjugation of false principles to lawful order, and the solid proof that a faithful servant shall always be better than a lawless usurper. Let men of wisdom record the great warriors' career. These pages, and the writer of them, must condescend to minor things—to the elucidation of one of those minutiae, thousands and millions of which tend to make up the history of the great hero, the mention of whose name has created this diversion from the original narrative. Yet that name, now a title, was one long known in the armies of Great Britain, and, though borne by one of inferior rank, was not unworthy of notice long before it became honoured in its adoption by that martial genius who reflects honour upon its possession. Wellington was

the name of a soldier whose generations, for many hundred years, had been associated with his country's honours, though a name never advanced beyond the ranks till he who took it raised it above that of every other officer.

George Wellington, the father of the heroine of these pages, was a private in the Royal Artillery, stationed at Gibraltar. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, had all been in the same service before him. They had married and intermarried with soldiers' families, and the brave fellow who was the parent of our heroine, was one of those noble defenders of Gibraltar, who, under the command of General Eliot, bade defiance to the combined forces of Spain and France, and for four years defended the rights of his country during a siege unparalleled in the records of beleaguered places.

Of all men of his day, General Eliot perhaps best understood the powers of defence. No one had a more correct judgment, no one knew better how to act with precision; and no one, it is said, was better acquainted with the men he had to deal with, whether friends or foes. Never were patience, firmness, and fortitude, more conspicuously tried, than at the siege of Gibraltar, where a handful of men had to withstand all the combinations of engineers, all the attacks of numbers, and the weapons of sea and land, with but the advice, inspection, and command of one master-mind. That mind was Eliot's.

'What are they at now, Wellington?' was his familiar speech to the active artilleryman, as he walked upon the ramparts of the fortification, on the evening of the 12th September, 1782. 'What are they at now? Have you noted anything in your watch, worthy of observation?'

'Nothing more than what your honour has observed for some days past. The battering ships seem to be drawing closer to us, and by this time they must be pretty well prepared to tell us what they mean. Two rockets went up about ten minutes since, and were answered by two of the same kind from the land. Boats have been plying from ship to ship, and I think we shall have a hail-storm, your honour, on the morrow.'

'You are not far out in your calculation. The Duke de Crillon has been more alive than I have seen him for weeks past, and Monsieur D'Arcon has been as busy as if he were going to set the world on fire!—Warm work to-morrow for them as well as

ourselves. Who mounts guard upon this battery after you, Wellington?’

‘My comrade Arberry, your honour.’

‘Tell him to keep a sharp look-out, and be sure to report to the officer of the night whatever movements he may observe in the enemy.’

‘I will, your honour, I will! I ask your honour’s pardon for the liberty I’m taking, but I hope your honour has not forgotten your promise made two years ago?’

‘If I have, Wellington, remind me of it; but this busy work has lasted as many years as I thought it would months, and there’s many a poor fellow to whom I promised promotion, that is gone, I hope, to a better world.’

‘Och, your honour, and it was no such promotion that I was just now thinking about; but, two years since, your honour promised to speak a good word for me to Corporal Blake’s daughter, and when your honour spoke to us upon the heights one day, you promised to give us a love-knot on our wedding-day. Your honour has not forgotten it, mayhap?’

‘At all events you have not, my brave fellow; and, if we all survive this last grand effort of the Dons, and can keep our bulwarks free from intrusion, then remind me of it Wellington, either through my secretary or your own commanding officer, and you shall have it.’

The General turned to depart, as Wellington said—

‘I hope your honour has got plenty of red-hot for them; for, by the powers, we shall need to give them something warm in return for their good intentions.’

‘Never fear, my brave fellow! We have fully determined to try the power of red-hot shot upon their hulks; and, if we do not fire some of them, I shall be greatly disappointed. I hope this attack will end the siege.’

‘God grant it may, your honour! and if every reserve contains the main strength of the battle, I think they have got as formidable an one as was ever kept for the last push.’

The brave General Eliot prepared his defence against as formidable an attack as ever was made upon any body of his countrymen. He had suffered his enemies to mature their plans; but not without due observation, and every necessary precaution on his own part. To the immortal honour of England’s bravest heroes, and to the

glory of our country, at every opportunity, both the Army and Navy never failed to give thanks to the Lord God for strength and support in the day of battle. Whilst other nations thought only of secondary causes, and made human intelligence and ambition the mainsprings of their actions, England set her face against such presumption; and, both before and after the awful hour of battle, officers and privates might be seen united in the act of prayer, and bowing their heads to the Supreme, who can alone give the victory. General Eliot, and every officer and private under his command, were thus prepared against the dreadful day. No man's nerves were the weaker for this united devotion; neither did they the less perform their duties as soldiers and sailors, because they put their trust in God. A brave man is glad of peace; he is merciful in battle to his fallen foe; though he may take good care to disarm him.

It was quite a novel mode of attack which was now commenced against Gibraltar. Some floating ships of strange make had been constructed—roofed towers, of such ingenious form, and of such strength, that Monsieur d'Arcon, in the joy of his heart, declared to the Spanish Admiral that 'they were ball-proof, and would stand a week against any battery in the world.'

Eliot, however, had confidence in own resources, and did not attempt their destruction until they advanced, perfectly equipped, for the purpose of endeavouring to destroy him. He had, indeed, purposely suffered the united powers of France and Spain to spend an enormous sum of money in fitting up these batteries, that he might the more effectually cripple their future exertions by the destruction of them.

Early in the morning of the 13th of September, 1782, these huge masses, of from six to fourteen hundred tons burthen each, approached the rock. Their brass guns glittered like gold, for they were perfectly new, and had never until that day fired a shot. In all, there were two hundred and twelve such shining guns, many of which spoke that day for the first and last time. The whole host of besiegers, both by land and sea, commenced almost simultaneously the undaunted attack. Forty thousand men were ready to take advantage of any impression which might be made upon the works.

Eliot himself was roused at an early hour, but, such had been his foresight with regard to the continued duration of the attack, and

the necessity of husbanding his strength, so as not to over-work any of his men, that he had given strict orders for relays of them to succeed each other at the guns every two hours, and casualty-men to be ready to supply any deficiency which might be made in their ranks. He had so completely matured his plans, and was so ably seconded by his officers, that no point of attack was left uncovered.

The incessant cannonade, so regularly commenced and sustained by the besiegers, was as regularly answered by the defenders. There was no intermission of hostilities, from nine o'clock in the morning until long past midnight. Bombarding vessels took each other's places, under as regular a system of attack as ever was displayed; but, to their astonishment and confusion, they found themselves answered as incessantly as if the number of the besieged had been equal to that of the besiegers! It was, indeed, such a spectacle as the world never saw before, and God grant that it may never see the like again!

Eliot was a cool, calm, and determined spectator, and never at any time had he to alter his disposition of defence, and scarcely to give any new order. This speaks well for his generalship, and shows that he was a man with a master mind, one who conceived well, executed deliberately, and was able to maintain his position without calling for more supplies than he had prepared. What greater proof of matured talent in the art of war can be produced, than the exhibition of judgment such as his?

About two in the afternoon, General Eliot gave command for his grand movement, which had been well prepared; namely, that awful cannonade of red-hot balls, which then for the first time were brought into such fearful operation. It had been long talked of among the veterans of the artillery, and Wellington, with whom Eliot had conversed on the ramparts, was one of those who signalized themselves by their zealous advocacy of this plan.

It was at the fiercest hour of the engagement, that this red-hot explosion took place, and that this brave soldier saw with satisfaction his favourite project carried into execution. Thunder and lightning went together without interval; and soon were their effects seen in the firing of the Admiral's ship. Smoke issued in a vast body from her sides; in a moment all hands aboard were employed to avert the increasing danger, and the safety of the ship depended on her silence! Still, such was the fury of the red-hot shower, that the Admiral was compelled to shift his quarters, and to

seek safety in another ship. Several of these vessels took fire, and, about one in the morning, the flames ascending from them were terrific in the extreme. Rockets now ascended, as signals for the boats of friends to come to their assistance.

The generous nature of the British commander was then conspicuous. When he had effectually silenced the formidable batteries of his enemies, and the cries of harmless men assailed his ears, he did not forget mercy. Though the danger was imminent, from the blowing up of these strange towers, yet he gallantly seconded the brave proposal of Brigadier Curtis to save the sufferers, and permitted volunteers to depart with him in this dangerous enterprise.

He went with twelve gun-boats to the rescue, and with him was the brave fellow, who, though foremost to hurl destruction upon an active enemy, was the first to save him when helpless. These boats were instrumental in saving nine officers, two priests, and three hundred and thirty-four Spaniards, besides a French officer and eleven men. Every attention was paid to their distress. Kindness and compassion were as warm towards the conquered, as had been the fire of artillery against them. All those terrible engines of destruction which D'Arcon had declared to be impregnable, were destroyed, and the grand hopes of France and Spain, that Gibraltar would be taken, were annihilated. The rock and its fortress remained uninjured, and the small number of killed and wounded therein, attested most powerfully the strength of the fortifications, and the well-guarded positions which the soldiers occupied.

Thus ended the famous siege of Gibraltar; and, after Lord Howe had beaten his country's foes, and thrown in supplies to the almost famished defenders of the rock, the Spaniards found themselves as far from the possession of it as they were on the very first day of their attack. Though they continued for some time longer to molest the garrison, it was evident that neither numbers from the land, nor forces from the sea, could prevail.

In February, 1783, this long blockade terminated. Joy was spread over every countenance; Peace was declared; a general thanksgiving ensued, and Spaniards and Englishmen were again friends. The brave General Eliot, at that time the admiration of Europe, returned with honour to his country, to be made Knight of the Bath, and to be created Lord Heathfield, Baron Gibraltar. He left the Rock, beloved by every man in the place—nor did he

forget his brave companions in arms, from the nearest in rank to himself, to the humble but brave private, George Wellington. He left him to serve his country in that spot for many years; but he left him, not without the fulfilment of his promise to promote his suit with the daughter of Corporal Blake. He did so substantially, George Wellington and Frances Blake were united in the bonds of matrimony; and, while they became, not the parents of a line of heroes, though bearing such an heroic name, yet became the parents of the heroine of our narrative, who proved herself a soldier's virtuous daughter, an excellent soldier's wife, and, alas! an unfortunate soldier's widow.*

Since the publication of the above, the Author, impressed with a deep sense of gratitude, cannot allow the opening chapter of this edition to go before the public without acknowledging first to his God and then to his fellow-countrymen and country-women, his thanks for all the mercies which have been so graciously bestowed upon this poor widow.—R. C.



CHAPTER II.

THE SOLDIER'S COMFORT.

GIBRALTAR is not the most fertile spot in the world, nor the happiest to live in, if a man loves woodland, pasture, and corn-field scenery; but, if he be happy in himself, of good spirit, and an active turn of mind, this barren rock may not be unproductive of comfort, provided a sense of duty form the ground-work of his conduct. Situated as it is, at the mouth of the Mediterranean, it is impossible that it should not present continual life and bustle, in the arrival of ships from all the nations of the world which have any intercourse by sea with other nations. Flags of all countries, bearing the respective colours and devices of the people to which they belong, may be seen flying in various directions: borne by vessels, either coming into port for supplies, or passing through the Straits to and from the eastern coasts.

But Gibraltar in itself, independently of its political importance, or its utility as a depôt for stores, naval and military, is a wonderful spot: wonderful in its construction, external and internal; and is not only celebrated for its artificial works, but for its natural productions and appearances, which would well repay the curiosity of a stranger, or the enlightened research of an ingenious philosopher. Let a man but look at its face, as it appears from either sea or land, and he cannot fail to be struck with its gigantic proportions. The works of man are indeed insignificant compared with those of the Almighty; and, though man may turn those of nature to his own artful purposes, yet how feeble are all his efforts when compared with the works which He, who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand, both can and does produce!

Like a giant rising from the sea, so stands the rock of Gibraltar. Man has turned the mass to his own account; but look at it in

time of peace: examine its caves—its profound, unfathomable and dark abysses, and it will awaken sensations of awe, which not the most formidable human engineer can fail to acknowledge.

But the mind of the reader shall not be diverted from the narrative by too long a description of the place, though, in course of time, it became the birth-place of our heroine—Mary Anne Wellington, who first saw the light of day on the 18th of April, 1780.

A soldier's wife, even on that almost isolated spot, experienced the happiness common to a mother in bringing her first-born into life; and, though she had but few luxuries, and her child was heir to no rich inheritance in this world, yet she had all the delicate feelings of nature for her offspring, and was as proud of her babe, and as fond of it, as if it had been born to affluence, or had hopes of the possession of the whole Rock.

It was an eventful year for Europe, that of 1789. Symptoms began to portend an awful crash among the nations of the earth. The low murmurings of a volcanic eruption among the lofty but fiery materials of the disaffected people of the most populous quarter of the globe, began to be heard. Those who knew the restless spirit abroad, pervading society, from the peasant's cot to the ruler's palace, foretold a coming storm, which, however easy to discover, they perceived could not be averted. Men of principle, sound judgment, and wisdom, beheld the indications of wrath from above, about to be poured upon the earth.

The French Revolution commenced in this memorable year. The fiery ingredients thrown among an irritable body of democrats, led to the violation of all the rights of nature and of religion. France became the cage for every foul bird. The spirit of loyalty, order, reverence for antiquity, and respect for aged men, was sunk in the vortex of passion. The Commons usurped the whole power of the State, disregarded the orders of the King, and bore down all the weight and authority of the higher orders. The Bastille was stormed and demolished, though the comparatively mild disposition of Louis had left in it but seven prisoners, the majority of whom were confined for forgery. The King himself was compelled to obey the democrats, who, having neither gentleness, generosity, nor wisdom, sacrificed all their present prospects of happiness to the false, visionary demon of popular discord, under the semblance of an angel of light and liberty.

In England, 1789 was a memorable year, both as regarded her relations with India, and her own internal regulations. This was the celebrated year in which the horrors of slavery first began to be mitigated, and true Philanthropists awoke the nation to a sense of humanity, which it had long lost sight of in the cruel traffic of human beings. A Clarkson stirred up the country; a Wilberforce addressed the Commons; and, whilst the latter represented the immorality, iniquity, and heinousness of the trade, a Pitt, a Burke, a Fox listened with profound attention, and bore testimony to the holy flame which inspired this most virtuous philanthropist.

The Government, at that period, had much to do in watching the spirit of the French Revolution, and in guarding the country from the pernicious influence of demagogues, who began to form Clubs and Meetings to strengthen the libertine views of the Jacobines, and, to disturb, if they could, the peace of their own country. Happily, wisdom, and counsel, and strength, were given from above to meet the exigencies of the times, and to prove to the world the truth of that sacred prophecy, that 'the people which do know their God, shall become strong and do exploits.' Peace could not long continue where aggression, insult, treachery, and infidelity dared to question the laws of God—the regulations of governments—the ties of nature—and the responsibility of man to his Maker. England would gladly have kept peace if she could; but, when she found that to do so she must succumb to a lawless power, she hesitated not to interfere, and to defend herself and her allies from the prevailing fury of the anarchists.

War—dreadful war—ensued; such a period of destruction came upon the earth, as had scarcely ever before been heard of. Could the agonies attendant upon that devastation be adequately described, surely men would shudder at the unsheathed blade, and learn wisdom!

This narrative of the soldier's daughter, wife, and widow, should it but tend to still the angry passions of the human breast, and instil a just principle of love, grace, and humanity—though the subject be but a lowly one, will add one little drop to the Ocean of Peace, which God grant may cover the world!

With the abstract question of the lawfulness of war, these pages have nothing to do. The practical question of its horrors will afford, even to the strongest mind, some cause for veneration for the God of Peace; and though by some it may be deemed cowardice to

attempt to soften the human mind, yet if those men examine their own hearts, they will find that cowardice exists more frequently among those of violent passions, than among those who subdue themselves by the law of love to God and man. Avarice enfeebles a nation, and makes it cowardly. It destroys mutual confidence between man and man; and substitutes money for every virtue which ought to adorn a Christian nation. England was generous, and not avaricious in that war; she was willing to spend, and to be spent, for the peace of others; and God blessed her efforts, defended her shores, saved her people, and, even in the midst of those days of carnage, preserved the lovers of peace to enjoy the fruits of their fervent prayers.

Would that this happy country only knew how God has favoured her! Alas! there is at this moment such a spirit of avaricious speculation, that Mammon seems to be fast driving the nation to ruin itself. It is not enough to be rich; men must possess superfluously, enormously; there must be no bounds to their desires, and the whole country must take shares in the roads to ruin, and hasten on the destruction of contentment! Oh, England! be wise, valiant contented, and happy! Seek peace, and ensure it; and look to the quiet, productive good of the land, and boast not of your wealth!

The soldier may love his country as well as the citizen, and may be as good a Christian, and as great a lover of peace, as one who has spent all the days of his life in a little country village, where a red coat is stared at with all the gaping astonishment of rustic simplicity. He may also be as good a husband, father, and friend, as the humblest Quaker in the land.

Forgiveness of injuries, which is the great characteristic of the Gospel of God, is, indeed, more natural to the soldier, than even to the man of peace; and many are the instances on record of unnatural and unforgiving tempers among men of more peaceable professions, which the soldier would be the first to condemn.

‘Well, Frances,’ said Wellington to his wife, after his solitary march along the western bastion of the lower fort, ‘I hear we are not likely to keep peace long. The Spaniards have seized four of our ships in Nootka Sound, and our Governor has received orders to seize and detain all Spanish vessels coming into harbour.’

‘God preserve us, George, from such another siege as we lately had! I feel my little charge here to be in more danger than

myself; and if we all have to live upon the short commons we had then, I fear our little Mary Anne will, with her mother, soon find a grave upon the Rock.'

'I hope we shall never see the like to that again; but you must remember that your brave father deprived himself of many a ration, that his daughter might not starve; ay, and gave gladly a great price for any extra food he could obtain. The Jew victuallers made a pretty catch of us all at that time.'

'I remember, I remember the privations; and I can well recollect the generosity of many a brave fellow who, like yourself, my good husband, could not bear to see a soldier's daughter starve; their united self-denial made a poor, tall, thin girl like myself, grow up to womanhood, with conscious affection for a soldier, and in particular for him who was foremost to set this noble example.'

'I did not wish, my dear, that you should reflect upon my generosity; I confess it had a deeply self-interested motive in it, which I hope will still never desert me; and I only mentioned the fact by way of assurance that, come what may, you will find hands and hearts to serve and shelter a defenceless female, though the guns of Spain be pointed at us, and the dons and dastards may ridicule our integrity.'

'I never feared a Spaniard's conduct to a poor girl, provided she were virtuous; for his nature, though pompous, is gentle towards us; but there are such fiery, cruel, and cowardly spirits from all countries under the sun, just now swarming into Gibraltar, that I know not what would become of us females, in case of another bombardment.'

'O never fear them! never fear them! we have sufficient stability to withstand their influence, and I hope sufficient power to curb their boldness. I know the secret villany now practising even among the troops of the garrison, to shake our fidelity to our Sovereign, and to persuade us we are all slaves. As if we had to give no obedience to any authority, but to do just as we please, take what we would, and be responsible to no man.'

'It was only this very day, while you were upon guard, that a well-dressed Frenchman came into the cottage, under pretence of inquiring his way to St. George's Cave. He asked if I were a soldier's wife? whether my husband's comrades often came to see him? and if I would not like that you, my dear, should be as great a man as the Governor? I thought him a strange character, gave

him short answers; and, whether he liked them or not, I cannot tell; but the vain fellow exclaimed, that I was more reserved than the rest of my sex; and, merely leaving this tract for you, quickly wrapped his cloak around him, and departed.'

'This is one of the new comers from the French coast, called "Liberty Men," and I see, by the very heading of the pamphlet, that it is an extract from a book called the "Rights of Man;" and truly Frances, if all it says were right, we should be such a set of fools to remain in our present condition, as never walked upon the earth. But these fellows only go about to ensnare us. There is not one of them, who could give us employment in a different line of life from that in which we have been brought up; and they only want us to be rebellious, that they may employ us to intimidate our superiors.'

'Yet there are some of your comrades that seem a little bitten by these notions, and who talk much about their grievances, complain of being scorched upon the Rock, salted inside and out like a herring, and say they are never permitted to do any thing like rational beings. They talk of becoming as good, and as great, and as free, as the King, and of having as much right to the Governor's fruit as the Governor himself.'

'Yes, Frances, and these fellows would soon make out that they had as much right to you as I have. All things are to be in common with them. All men are to be equal. None are to obey, save those who do so of their own free-will. I know one or two of these vanity gentlemen, these hair-brained, loquacious fools, and I could almost have run my bayonet into one of the traitors, who had the insolence to tell me, that it was no part of a soldier's duty to obey his officer if he should be ordered to go into battle. This same fellow, the other day, would have persuaded two recruits to desert. I only wish he had gone himself; he is more fit to serve the French than the English; and I count him now a more bitter enemy than the most violent foreign foe.'

'What should we do, if there were many such among us, in case of an attack?'

'What, my dear? Why, surrender to be sure, to the rights of man, the liberty of conscience, the age of reason, and get our heads cut off for our wisdom. But let us cease to talk of such! Give me the child, and let me see if I can recognise a likeness.'

'You must be gentle with it, George—there, take it, take it!'

and the babe of the soldier was placed in his rough arms as gently as if it had been the child of a prince. The veteran received it with a smile, and, as it cast its bright blue eyes around, the mother declared that the first thing she ever saw it notice, was the trigger-brush which then hung dangling from the artilleryman's belt.

Pleasure, real pleasure, was it to this brave fellow to participate in his wife's happiness. He nursed his infant, if not with the same gentleness as the mother, yet with such love for both, as spoke him a man of an upright, honest nature, who deserved a good helpmate, because he knew how to value one.

Whatever might be said of the frivolity, immorality, or licentiousness of Gibraltar at that period—and it was certainly anything but famed for its purity—there were many very truly virtuous families then resident there, who preserved themselves from the contagion of irreligion, by devoting themselves to the good of their country; and who served God and the King faithfully, and meddled not with those who were given to change.

The family of General Smith took particular notice of Wellington and his wife at this period. The General was commanding officer of the Artillery, and had noted the orderly conduct of the private, and paid him that kind of confidential approbation which, though never beneath the dignity of a commander, tells the soldier that he has a friend who appreciates his regularity.

Wellington had been upon guard some time, on one of those extremely sultry days which are occasionally experienced, though with a strong easterly wind. In fact, the very nature of the Rock itself prevents the breeze from the east being felt upon its western side, where all the fortifications stand. The General was walking on the ramparts, and, as he passed the soldier who gave him the salute, he observed that the man looked ill.

'How long have you been ill, Wellington? You look more fit for the hospital than for the guard.'

'I have only felt ill, General, within the last hour, and I know not what it is, unless it be this hot wind, which, whenever that brown cloud settles upon the top of the Rock, is sure to afflict all who have to breathe upon these ramparts.'

'How much longer have you to be on duty?'

'About half-an-hour, General.'

'Then make the best use you can of it; get home to your cot,

Wellington, and tell your wife to take care of you. I will mount guard for you, till you send me the orderly officer.'

The brave soldier knew that his commander said no more than he meant to perform; and, with a grateful heart and respectful salute, he left his post in possession of his superior, and did as he was commanded. He was afflicted with fever, which confined him to his bed for some weeks, and reduced his athletic frame almost to the form of a skeleton.

When the easterly winds prevail at Gibraltar, and 'Old Gib puts his cap on his head'—that is, when a cloud is seen to settle on the summit, and the atmosphere is clear and dry all around elsewhere—then the sirocco or hot wind of the desert prevails as formidably as in the regions of the far East; and the soldier on duty experiences the languor and fiery irritation of the skin, which it produces. Wellington had felt this, and, like a hero, bore it with as much determined coolness as the hot wind would allow; but the fever within worked the more stealthily through his veins, and told the eye of his General that the man was ill. Attentions such as these, paid at such a time, though by the officer considered as part of his duty, are felt very deeply by the private soldier. He is as grateful, or more so, than a poor man who has his pecuniary wants supplied by the hand of benevolence; and he feels a confirmed attachment to his officer, and a respect for the service in which he is engaged, because he finds himself regarded. General Smith not only relieved the man on guard, but sent the surgeon, and visited the patient himself.

If he had noted with pleasure the conduct of the soldier on duty for his country, he was still more gratified to observe the attention paid him by his wife in the hour of sickness. A good General feels for the comfort of his troops, as well in barracks as on the field of battle; and General Smith was not unmindful of Wellington and his wife. It was at this period that his kindness to our little heroine was conspicuous, for he insisted upon the child being taken out of the way of the fever, and found it an asylum until the surgeon pronounced the father out of danger.

That these kindnesses were not forgotten, the record of them at this distant day will prove; they are transmitted from parent to child; for, though the little Mary Anne could not have been capable of feeling, at that early day, anything but sorrow at being taken away from her parents, yet does she remember the kindness

of the General, and retains the memory of his attentions, as related to her by her parents, though offered before she could herself appreciate them.

The child grew amidst the growing events of those years, and was noted for the rapidity with which she shot up above her companions of the same age. Tall and thin, as a girl, she always appeared to be older than she really was; and the confidence with which she was treated by her parents, and trusted by them, established for her a character above her childish years. In that lone garrison, to a soldier who, like Wellington, was likely to be a fixture for years, the interest of a family was an agreeable break in the monotony of guard duty. He lived in a small cottage detached from the barracks, and above the town; and thither his comrades would come occasionally, to spend an hour or two with him and his wife; and many an one envied him his apparent happiness.

Though Wellington was a man of strict regularity, he was not of a morose disposition, nor of that reserved habit which makes men think others selfish. He was, however, prudent, and not too intimate with those who most cherished his acquaintance. As a good private soldier, he was much respected. He did his duty in his public service, strictly; and, in his domestic concerns, he had a tidy, lively, honest, and virtuous partner. He was blessed with two children, a daughter and a son. The son died quite a young man; but the daughter still lives (A.D. 1847.) That daughter was respected by his comrades. She was born, as it were, amongst them; and, though there were but too many of indifferent character in the garrison, our young heroine, through the tender care of a generous father and a virtuous mother, always preserved her respectability, and, as the sequel will shew, became an instrument of some good in her generation.

CHAPTER III.

YOUTHFUL YEARS.

OUR little heroine grew, not unnoticed, amidst the barren scenes around. The town began again to flourish, though the devastating rage of the great siege had rendered it a mass of ruin! How soon does human activity repair the ravages of war! Men are generally so energetic where they are well-directed, that order—yes, better order, frequently springs out of confusion, and establishes a better state of things than before existed; as a town when destroyed by calamity, is frequently better built by after industry and ingenuity, so the present town of Gibraltar arose from the ashes of its destruction.

The soldier's daughter was by no means an inactive person on this Rock. It is said that our birthplace can never be forgotten; that, with a kind of natural instinct, we cling to the spot where we first drew the breath of life; that we never forget the scenes of our infant steps, and connect with them thoughts of innocence and affection, never totally obliterated. If this hold good of wide regions, of inhabited districts—if the sons of the Desert forget not their wild plains and secret glens—if the peasantry of the Cantons of Switzerland cannot close the eyes of their minds to their own delightful mountains and valleys, and even the Russians love their own wide fields—what must be said of the inhabitants of more confined spots, who are compelled to concentrate their observation within narrower spheres? Only that their affections are the stronger; their natural love of country, climate, and birthplace, is the more closely connected with themselves. An Englishman never forgets his native isle, though he may burn under an Indian sun, traverse an African desert, or dwell on the wild prairies of the western continent. The smaller the spot to which our youthful

rambles have been confined, the greater is our love for that spot, the more vividly is the recollection of the very stones impressed upon our minds; and, though we may in after years extend the line of our observations, yet we are sure to retrace our path one time or other, and sigh after our birth-place.

So free and active was the young mind of our heroine, and so well answered by the elasticity of her frame, that all parts of the Rock, save its inaccessible heights, were familiar to her. The cottage of her father stood upon a small rising ground just above the southern barracks, and was one of those spots to which General Eliot had permitted the inhabitants of the town, who chose to remain during the siege, to retire. It was built partly of that species of concrete common at Gibraltar, called 'tapia,' and partly of large stones, collected from the fragments produced by the blasting of the rocks. When the inhabitants returned to the town after the siege, Wellington, as a married man, was permitted to occupy this dwelling. Thence he made frequent excursions with his little maid, teaching her to climb up with him to the different galleries of the fortification; and to conquer obstacles which, to inhabitants of the plains, seem almost insurmountable.

Youth, accustomed to the exertions demanded by a mountain habitation, gains health, strength, caution, and a sure-footed firmness of step, frightful to those who know nothing of giddy heights, but familiar enough to those of daily experience in such things, From the sandy shore to the highest accessible height, our heroine could, at nine years old, make her way without a guide. She became, indeed, a guide to many, and, from the activity and intelligence of her parents, she had become acquainted with every cave in the rock. She could be trusted, too, with any charge not exceeding her years, from the barracks to the town, or from the town to the very summit of Mill Hill.

'I have been asked, George,' said her mother to Wellington, 'to spare our little Mary Anne, to take charge of Colonel Airey's children. What say you to her going?'

'Say, my dear? Why, that I am glad of it. I never wish even my loved daughter to spend all her days at home; and, though she may be very useful to you, yet it is time that she should begin to think of doing something for herself, before her parents are taken from her.'

'But do you not think her too young, at present?'

‘Not a bit. It must depend, however, upon the family she goes into. I will make inquiries, and if, as I believe to be the case, the Colonel Airey you mention is the one I heard of in barracks to-day, I have no objection. He is a very excellent officer, and his lady is well spoken of.’

‘I shall set to work then, George, to prepare her outfit.’

‘Make it clean, neat, warm, and useful, my dear. I hope our daughter will require nothing smart, but will be herself, as she now is, a smart, active, good girl.’

‘I hope you have never found her otherwise than tidy. She is a good girl, and was a capital nurse to her brother. I think, George, she will give satisfaction.’

‘If she does her best, I am sure she will; she is quick enough and trustworthy, and, what is better than all, honest, open, and attentive to reproof. Let her go, Frances, and you and I will go to the Colonel’s lady with her.’

It was soon arranged that the little, or rather, now, the tall girl, should take the charge of Colonel Airey’s children; and in due time, the maiden was established at the quarters of that officer. She parted with her kind parents, for her first place, as a soldier’s daughter should do—with real affection for them, and a desire to please them, by doing her best in the situation they had found for her.

The Colonel had four children, two boys and two girls. The lady soon discovered Mary Anne’s aptitude for her office, and was pleased with her attention to the children. She was astonished to find how well-acquainted she was with every portion of the Rock, and moreover, how accurately she traced out all the most beautiful spots for a ramble with her charge. In due time, she gained such confidence with her mistress, that she was entrusted with the care of the children at any distance from home. The utmost length of the place, however, is three miles, and its total circumference is not more than seven. Though but three miles, it is, however, a long and tedious walk from the town to the upper works of the Rock, and many are the dangerous places whence an unsteady head, or foot, may precipitate the owner into instant destruction. The heart quivers when those accustomed to those heights are seen standing, with ease and unconcern, on the verge of a ledge of rock, as coolly as children of the plain upon the sands. The chamois propensities of this Maid of the Rock caused her, from her earliest infancy, to

possess a nerve, which was afterwards tried in situations such as few unaccustomed to hardship could have endured.

'Take care!—take care!' the little ones would at first exclaim, even when they ascended only some of those slightly precipitous spots on the ascent of the western face; but, when they saw the sure-footed, easy step of their conductress, and gradually learning to imitate her, they began to delight, as children often do, in frightening others by their own daring.

Who can read these pages, and reflect upon the positions in which children are sometimes seen, and not be persuaded of God's providential care over them? In boyhood, how wonderful are the dangers from which we have been delivered! Who, reaching manhood, can review, without trembling, his youthful exploits! One day, on the very summit of some tall poplar tree, defying alike the attempts of others to catch him, and the cries and entreaties of those who have the care of him: on another, scaling some lofty wall, running along the leads of the house, reaching the roof, and there sitting astride upon the top of some lofty storehouse, or manufactory—a spectacle to passers-by; but pleased, indescribably pleased, at the exploit! It is some such spirit that induces boys of older years to ascend Mont Blanc, perhaps for the pleasure of saying they have done so, or for the gratification of a scientific or enterprising spirit.

This spirit was certainly displayed by the children of Colonel Airey and their conductress, for they gained not unfrequently such summits as made less adventurous spirits tremble for them. But, under the guidance of the soldier's daughter, the children never took any hurt.

'Mary Anne,' said one of the young ladies, one day, 'do you see the monkeys assembled in a body upon yonder heights? I wonder whether we could catch one of them! Look, they are watching us. What an impudent fellow is that which stands there alone, as if he were a sentinel on duty!'

'And so he is, Miss,' replied the girl; 'and, if you hold up your arms, he will hold up his; if you wave your hand, he will imitate you; if you jump, so will he; and if you chatter to him, so will he to you: only try, and you will be convinced.'

To the great delight of the juvenile party, they found the girl's account correct; for the monkeys appeared as much amused as the children with the evolutions of their sentinel: but an event suddenly

occurred, which turned their fun into terror. The little mimic stood upon a fragment of an old Moorish wall, not far from the entrance to St. George's Cave. As he was so particularly occupied in noticing the motions of the children beneath him, and the company of monkeys were watching, chattering, and perhaps, in their way, applauding his feats of dexterity, neither he nor they perceived an eagle sweeping through the air above them: nor did the children observe the bird, until, with a swoop, he bent his deadly course, and struck his sharp talons into the poor sentinel, filling all who beheld the act with terror. In a moment they uttered a piercing cry, children, monkeys, and all, as they saw the victim lifted from the earth, and carried along over their heads, struggling for his life. His little antics were turned into agonizing movements, and even Mary Anne could not help weeping with the children, when she saw their wild playmate so suddenly swept away.

'Oh, for a gun!' she exclaimed, 'to bring that proud bird down.'

She had scarcely uttered the word, when a flash and a report followed from some able marksman upon the rock, who had witnessed the scene, and watched his opportunity, while the bird, as he flew heavily with his prey, became an easier mark for his gun. Down came the monster from his height, turning over and over in his fall, and still retained the poor monkey in his rapacious claws, till, with a concussion that shook him to the bone, he fell upon the ground, not four yards from the terrified children.

As he fell upon his back, the blow made him open his talons, and, to the surprise and delight of the juvenile spectators, the monkey was released, jumped up, looked around him, and, in the next instant, though his little back was streaming with blood, he sprang up the rock, escaped from death, and ran, chattering, bounding, climbing, and almost flying, up to the very spot where his companions had been but a minute before assembled.

'Go not near the bird, Master George,' exclaimed the maid; 'he is not dead, though he lies so very still. Pray don't go near him, he will dart at you if you do.'

'Oh! he is quite dead, I am sure,' exclaimed the little soldier. 'Look, his limbs are stiff!'

'Oh pray, dear Sir, do believe me! I have seen one shot by my father, and was very near having my eyes picked out, when I was

only seven years old. Look at his yellow eye, Sir! It is fixed upon you; and, if you venture to stoop, he will pounce at you in a moment.'

It was a happy warning for the child, for the next minute verified the remark.

A young officer, descending the rock, called aloud to the children to avoid the bird. A spaniel which he had with him ran up to seize the eagle, and, in an instant, was itself seized; and had an eye picked out by the wounded savage.

The bird belonged to the larger species of osprey, or fishing eagle; and was not secured without danger, though he could no longer rise into his native air.

The officer was in Colonel Airey's regiment, and the children were well known to him. He dispatched the eagle with a stout stick, and permitted the young group to drag the monster to the barracks, to their great delight, and the no small amusement of many spectators. The story of the poor monkey and his escape was often related; and, as may be supposed, the young lieutenant was never forgotten by the children.*

It was not long after this event, that a party of ladies and gentlemen proposed to visit St. George's Cave, and a young subaltern had agreed to descend as far as ropes could be found to let him down into the abyss. The children and their guide, as it may be imagined, greatly desired to be of the party, and were not a little pleased when they learned that Colonel Airey and his lady had given their consent, and intimated that they should go with them.

'Have you ever been in the cave?' inquired one of the children, of the soldier's daughter.

'O yes, Miss; into every one of the caves, and many times into St. George's. Our cottage is not a very great way from the entrance to it, and the point upon which the poor monkey stood is close by it.'

'Tell us what it is like! I heard some visitors talking about it, and they said that it had no bottom, or that it was so deep that no one could reach it.'

* It is but right to state, that, though this narrative be in the original MS., yet it must have taken place at some other spot than upon the Rock, as a gun was never allowed to be fired off for any such purpose. It must have been confused with some other place; perhaps upon some excursion beyond the Rock.

‘I do not know that, Miss; but, when you see it, you will be very much astonished. I cannot tell you what it is like; but you were reading in the Bible the other day about that place of darkness, that bottomless pit, where wicked men go when they die; and I should think that must be something like one of these deep caves.’

‘Dear me, how I shall tremble to look into it!’ exclaimed the elder child. ‘But, is there fire at the bottom of it? because that wicked place is spoken of as containing a lake of fire. Is there any smoke or heat arising from it?’

‘Oh, no! I should suppose water to be at the bottom of it; for many of the smaller caves are filled at times with rain-water, and we get our supplies for the garrison from these places. I have often thrown stones into some of them, and heard the splash upon the water below. In the cave we are going to visit, however, I could never hear such a sound; but I suppose this is from my never having been able to reach the brink of its basin; it has a gradual descent for a very long way. I do not think it very terrible to look into, though I should not like to be left in it.’

‘Papa says there is a gentleman of the name of Fox, going to try to reach the bottom of it.’

‘I suspect he must be a very cunning Fox if he reach it; for I have heard that it actually goes under the bed of the sea, and that the monkeys have a regular passage from Apes’ Hill, on the Barbary coast, by which they come from that country to this. My father told me that, in Spain, there were no such monkeys as these; for that there they all have tails, while the Barbary ape has none.’

‘How curious if it should be so. Perhaps the passage by which these little fellows come and go is so narrow, that a man could not creep along it. I wonder whether I could?’

‘Would you like to try, Master George?’

‘Not if it be such a place as you have mentioned.’

‘Then you must be a good boy, Sir, and you need not be afraid of any place, since God is everywhere, and He will take care of you.’

Children as naturally cling to those who teach them the truths of God, as men are apt to fly from them; and they love those who rebuke them, much more durably than those who spoil them by over-indulgence. Though the tall maid of the Rock, Mary Anne Wellington, was but herself a girl, and the daughter of a private,

yet even a Colonel's daughter could cling to her with affection, when she spoke so justly and properly of good conduct.

The Cave in question is certainly one of the greatest natural curiosities of Gibraltar. The intelligent party who visited it, especially those among them who saw it for the first time, experienced as much delight as the children. Seven ladies, including the two young daughters of Colonel Airey, and five gentlemen, not including the boys, ascended the Rock for the purpose of inspecting it. A company of soldiers had been dispatched to the mouth of the cave, with torches, and ropes, and baskets, and were ordered to await the arrival of the exploring party. Two guides, well acquainted with its recesses, accompanied them. The juvenile party kept close to their maid and guardian.

The Cave is situate about half way up the Rock. Our party reached the entrance in safety. The opening by which they entered is not above five feet wide, so that only two and two could follow each other into it. They gradually descended; the earth sloping downward, and the cavern growing wider as they advanced. The men with torches had already entered, and dispersed themselves as far as they could, that the effect might be more instantaneously apparent.

Grand indeed! awfully grand, was the naturally vaulted roof above them. The party were suddenly amazed, not by the darkness, but by the number of fantastic figures which seemed to stand around them. The cave, in all its vast proportions and grandeur, seemed illuminated, and looked more like some splendid cathedral than a formation of Nature. Stalactites of all sizes, descending from the roof, formed as it were columns of marble to support it. At the further end, some of these pillars were not complete. A group, about ten feet high, appeared like so many priests in their white vestments, about to proceed with their religious ceremonies; and, so deceptive was this illusion, that not only the children, but several of their elders would scarcely be persuaded that the columns they saw in the distance were not living figures. As they approached them, the illusion ceased, though their astonishment was heightened.

'You see,' said Colonel Airey, 'how these beautiful pillars are formed. Look here, my children. Stand still, and you will see a drop of water fall from the roof, and harden upon this base.'

The children were soon gratified by the descent of a sparkling drop, which fell broadly on the base of the pillar, as yet only about

two feet high. The water gradually dispersed itself over the smooth surface, and did not run off, but was seen to rest smoothly on the top of the column; and, in the space of a few minutes, became at least so far petrified as not to permit the succeeding drop to commingle with it.

‘In this manner, my children,’ continued the Colonel, ‘all these columns have been formed.’

‘Papa,’ said George, ‘what a time must these numerous pillars have been forming, before they reach to the height of the cave!’

‘True, my boy; but Nature, though a slow worker, has more time at her command than we have: and though, with the great Author of nature, a thousand years be but as one day, yet with us, my boy, they include many generations.’

The whole party felt the truth of the Colonel’s observation. They admired, and wondered; but could find no words to give utterance to the conceptions of awe with which the sight inspired them.

They felt they could but admire—speak, they could not. What a proof was this of the astounding magnificence of even the hidden works of Almighty wisdom! Oh! that all Nature might but inspire men to look with admiration on the works of God! Then would they perceive things of wonderful structure; and, the smaller the object of inspection, and the more minute the investigation, the more remarkable, the more marvellous, would appear the infinitude, exact order, and wisdom of that Power, which made the world and all things therein!

Such reflections crept into the minds of those who visited the Cave. And, should these lines reach any of the living members of that party, let them call them to mind, and they will acknowledge, that the soldier’s daughter, who went with them to the Cave, retained the remembrance of the lesson taught upon that day.

But now came the grand event of the excursion. The party had reached the southern extremity of the Cave, and arrived at that brink of the cup which the maiden had never seen. The young officer came forward, looking by torch-light somewhat pale. He was not, however, of a disposition to shrink from danger; and certainly every precaution had been taken to insure his safety. A large basket was secured to the end of a strong cable, and rested upon the edge of that dark abyss, into which the youth was now willingly about to descend. Eight soldiers, with two engineers,

Wellington being one of them, were appointed to let him down.

To prevent the possible catastrophe of his falling from the basket, either from fainting through terror or unexpected danger, the rope was attached to his body, and fastened under his arms by a counter-rope, which passed through an eye in the cable. This being adjusted, and all tight in hand, Mr. Fox was gradually lowered, with a torch in his hand, into that abyss of impenetrable darkness which loomed beneath him. All hearts shook a little for him. The strong rails which had been placed as a barrier at the mouth of the mighty pit, formed a prop of gradual ease in the descent. It is one thousand one hundred feet from this spot to the level of the sea; and, as yet, no one had ever reached the bottom of the Cave. Nor was the young adventurer on this occasion destined to do so. He was to have let off his pistol as a signal to be drawn up. They heard his voice for a time, as he gave utterance to the words, 'Grand! grand! magnificent! sublime! horrible! tremendous! awful! dreadful!' and all the ejaculations of an astonished mind. Still, no pistol was fired. His light diminished to the appearance of a star; and, all on a sudden, it vanished.

'Hold!' cried the Colonel. 'List! list!'—No sound could be heard—nothing could be seen! 'Up with him, boys! up with him!' he cried; and up they drew him. The torch was gone—and so was Mr. Fox—the unwholesome air which had extinguished the torch, had nearly extinguished his life. The word had been given just in time to save him, though he was carried back to the barracks insensible: and thus terminated the visit to the Cave!

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST FRIENDSHIP.

THE horrors of the French Revolution, as far as regarded the internal disruptions of civil discord and the agonizing terrors of families, had begun to pass away. Pangs such as Europe never before felt, had been endured under the Reign of Terror, which the demagogues had established in the seat of royalty, even in the Palace of the Tuileries. Here, under the assumed name of 'Liberty,' originated all the schemes of private murder, incarceration, crime, and blasphemy, which stained the fields of guilty France. Robespierre, that gloomiest of all the villain tyrants of the earth, had filled more prisons in one year, than had for centuries confined the victims of evil or of ambition. In his sight, innocence was no palliation.

France endured, under these self-exalted hyenas, such a libertine slavery in her pretended freedom, that her groans were heard in every country. From the face of Robespierre, all orderly families that could escape, fled to the neighbouring countries for protection, and filled all Europe with lamentations. The coward tyrant, insignificant in person as in personal courage, and capable only of directing the desperate passions of others, met a coward's fate, with such a piteous cry as well convinced the world that he had never felt for any but himself. The reign of Terror was, for a time, suspended! France began to be infatuated with military glory, and the horrors of prisons, assassins, guillotines, and conspiracies, began to give way to the exciting projects of ambition, and a desire to aggrandise the Republic at the expense of every crowned head in Europe.

Napoleon had risen out of the sanguinary feuds of his country, and displayed the talents of a warrior with such tact and ingenuity, as to command the wonder of the nation. God raised him up, not

to be a peaceful blessing to that distracted nation; but, to be a punishment to it and others, for the ultimate good of his own people. Napoleon's happiness, promised only to himself, seemed centred in insatiable ambition. The servant of the Republic, he had made up his mind to use its authority only for the introduction of his own; and, finding his fame increasing in the army, he soon became a despot, of a different stamp from Robespierre, but not less terrible, because of infinitely more devouring rapacity. The wise in England scanned the features of the man; and, whilst many looked upon him as the regenerator of France, they beheld him as having no legitimate authority to serve, but only a proud ambition to rule, and saw a genius that would humble millions before it could be humbled itself.

French families swarmed throughout Europe, and numbers became naturalised subjects of the countries they had sought as refugees. Even the late King of the French, Louis Philippe, was one of them, and one of the wisest and most independent of his race. He supported himself by his own mathematical ability, and was respected wherever he was known.

At this time, Gibraltar had received numerous interesting French families, who watched with eager and anxious thoughtfulness the course of events there, and trusted that things would soon become so settled as to allow of their return. Fallacious hopes! the momentary calm gave but increased fury to the storm. Well-known traitors found their way even to this isolated Rock, and tried to seduce the soldiers and inhabitants to the wild fortunes of speculating France. The sailors who frequented the port, were infected with the spirit that was abroad. The English were driven out of Corsica. Spain became so overawed by the French Directory, as to be compelled to declare war against England.—The spirit of discontent had been spread, artfully and industriously, among the most loyal of England's defenders; mutiny in the fleet at the Nore was heard of at Gibraltar; and, among the raw troops then being raised in all parts of England, and prepared for the great war, there were scattered many seditious pamphlets, calculated to unsettle the minds of the men, and to produce discontent.

At this period, our heroine had the misfortune to lose her situation, by the departure of Colonel Airey for Malta. The children were greatly grieved to part with their faithful Mary Anne. But it was not thought right to take her away from her parents, as it was

uncertain what course might be ordered for the future; and, as there appeared but little prospect of peace, it was thought best for the little servant, and tall soldier's daughter, to remain with her parents at Gibraltar.

It was a tender parting, even with this humble companion of their childish years; and, if any of those children should catch sight of this record of their first servant's life, they will not refuse their tribute of recollection for the poor but grateful maid, Mary Anne Wellington. One of those dear children, Master George, felt the change of care, as did all the family; for, not long after their departure, news reached the soldier's daughter that a careless successor of hers had set fire to his bed-curtains, and that poor little George, her favourite, had been burned to death. This was one of the first griefs which our young heroine experienced; and to this day, the memory of it has not left her.

About this time the *Calcutta*, of forty-four guns, arrived at Gibraltar, bringing officers and men of the 48th. So quickly had this regiment received its recruits, and so soon were they ordered abroad, that there had been no time to equip them in proper uniform. General O'Hara, then governor of Gibraltar, had posted himself on the rising ground, leading to the camp, to inspect the troops on their arrival; and never, certainly, did a more motley group of irregulars, in costume, present themselves to notice. The ship had been in a very crowded state; and, on account of unfavourable winds, had been obliged to put back to Falmouth. No time had been allowed for the proper clothing of the men, who had arrived at Poole in different draughts; so that, instead of being equipped uniformly, they had as many different facings as the rainbow.

It was matter of merriment to some, to see these poor fellows disembark; and, looking upon them at that moment, no one would have supposed they would so soon prove themselves such good men as they afterwards did, they being found among the bravest and best-regulated troops in the Peninsula.

Wellington and his daughter were among the spectators, and could not help smiling at the substitutes which some among the troops had adopted for regimentals. One young man, in particular, attracted the attention of the former, appearing in the comical attire of a drum-case.

'Whatever may you be?' said Wellington to him, as he moved along towards the camp.

'I am a soldier, as good as yourself,' was the smart reply. 'You must not judge by our present exterior; I have lost, on board, everything except this drum-case, which will afford me covering, until some one finds me a better.'

General O'Hara observed the man, and also Wellington speaking to him; and judging that the poor fellow had lost his kit, he said to the artilleryman,

'Can't you provide him something better?'

'If your honour will permit him to go to my quarters, I think I can.'

'Let him go, then,' replied the General.

'Mary Anne, take this young soldier to your mother. Don't be offended with me, young man, if I tell you not to spend any of your money without my advice. You young fellows get fleeced of all you have, by the sharpers in the town. If you will trust to me, as an old soldier, I will provide for you. Go with my child to my quarters.'

'Thank you, comrade, though I yet know not your name. I have money under my drum-case, and perhaps some brains in my skull: but, if I had neither, I should have an honest heart to say, "Thank you!" and I gladly yield myself to your child's guidance.'

'I will but go into the town, and see what I can best do for you,' was the concluding observation of Wellington.

It was curious to see the maid of the Rock escorting the strange object in a green baize bag, past the barracks, in sight of all the General's staff. She felt no shame in fulfilling her father's orders; but was ashamed of some of the soldiers whom she knew, when she heard them passing their jokes upon what they termed the sharp-shooter.

'Let them joke,' said the young man. 'There is a time both for them and for me; and perhaps, the tables may be turned soon against themselves.'

'I do not mind their laughter, if you do not,' she replied. 'It was only on your account I felt ashamed of them; not of you.'

The young man felt, for the first time in his life, as if he had found a young sister he could love, and pleased he was with her escort. If her good conduct in obeying with alacrity her parent's commands, had afforded him pleasure, her sensible words of honest rectitude inspired him with the utmost respect for her. He congratulated himself on the escape which he had had from imposition,

then so commonly practised upon recruits, and felt that his mother, whom he had left in England, would indeed have thanked God, could she have witnessed her son's good fortune, in finding such friends at his first landing-place on the continent.

They arrived at Wellington's cottage, to the no small astonishment of the soldier's wife; but, after a short explanation, one of her husband's artillery great coats, which he was accustomed to wear upon guard at night, was substituted for the drum-case, and the young man looked already what he was—a good soldier.

'May I now,' said the stranger, 'ask the name of my first benefactor and benefactress?'

'We are but poor people. My husband is only a private in the artillery, and this is our daughter; this boy is our son. Our name is Wellington.'

'Well do ye do honour to your name; for, if there was one man in the 48th more miserable-looking than another, it was myself; and I verily believe it was my abject condition that made your husband notice me.'

'Likely enough it was, for my husband was once himself without a coat to his back; and, when but a poor Irish boy, enlisted for a soldier, though his grandmother would have kept him in her own cabin all the days of her life. He was sent home with his mother from foreign service; and she, poor woman, died at her mother's cabin, and so the grandmother brought him up. But the wild Irish boy was a soldier before his father returned from the East.'

'He has not lost his Irish warmth of heart, however.'

'No, that he has not; but where is he, my child?'

'He said, he should go into the town, about some things for this young man. The General gave him orders, I suppose, for I heard him speak to father upon the Mole.'

'Then it was General O'Hara's order, God bless him, that brought you here, young man! But you have not yet told us your name?'

'It was by the General's permission, given at the request of your good man, that I came here. My name is Thomas Hewitt; my native place is Hingham, in Norfolk, at which spot, I assure you, I have wished myself again and again since I left it. I have known very little peace since I enlisted. I may honestly say that your kindness has been the first thing that has made me thankful, or even hopeful, since I became a soldier. God bless you both!'

'You must not despond, young man. If you had spent as many years in active service as you have months in moving from place to place, you would be reconciled to a soldier's duties. But you must need some refreshment. Mary Anne, put the little table near the window—set a can of our goat's milk and bread before him, and that will do until your father's return.'

The little maid did as she had been bidden. Pity is a sweet office for a child to perform; and one which, when encouraged by a parent to exercise, causes its countenance to beam with such animation that it must be interesting to any man to see it.

Hewitt received these unexpected attentions with astonishment. It appeared to him as if they were immediately ordered by Divine Providence, on purpose to soothe the irritation of his troubled spirit. So completely was his disposition subdued by them, that he appeared more like an obedient child than a wild recruit. He could only say to himself, 'I hope this is not too hot to last.' The friendships of the world are often very warm and promising, but it is wonderful how soon they chill. It is well known that boiling water, if carried into the air on a frosty night, will be frozen sooner and deeper than the same quantity of cold. So friendship, overwarm with professions, chills the quickest.

It was not so with the soldier, in this instance. The few words of friendship were followed up by good deeds of kindness, and the young man really believed there were other good-hearted people beside his own mother. When Wellington returned from the town, he found the youth quite domesticated by his own fire-side. He told him that the General, seeing his complete dishabille, had commissioned him to purchase some undress clothes for him, and had added, 'If the poor fellow has nothing in his kit to pay for them, I will be answerable for him.'

A good suit of half and half had been purchased at a Jew broker's, in Water Port Street, consisting of a pair of grey trowsers, a military jerkin, and a soldier's undress cap; for Hewitt's trowsers and his worn-out jacket had become so saturated with salt water, and so bare of wool, that his knees were peeping through the thread-bare cracks; and, had it not been for the drum-case, he would have been a most unsightly personage to disembark with the new Governor's Staff, from the deck of the Calcutta. Our troubles do not last for ever, any more than our joys, in this life. Variations are good for all mankind; and, were

we not blessed with change of place, calculated to remind us that we are never to remain long in the same position, we might think that we ourselves were unchangeable. Not that it is good for man to be often changing his abode, if he can be settled in any one locality; for he will find, let him be where he will, that there are sufficient variations in the most settled state on earth, to prove that nothing here below is, or can be, for ever.

Wellington had been long a resident on the Rock of Gibraltar. He was becoming one of its features; the spot he inhabited, at the southern boundary of the barracks, went by the name of Wellington's Cot, and his daughter was called the Maid of the Rock. It was an agreeable change for a poor fellow who had been cooped up in such close quarters as the under-deck of the Calcutta, to find himself, as it were, providentially separated from the encampment, and in such snug quarters. It seemed like some fanciful elysium to his young mind. When he was shown his bedstead and mattress, which were both let down in the keeping-room, he declared he had never felt so happy in his life as he then did in Wellington's Cot.

He dreamed of home; saw his mother standing by his bed-side, and heard her telling him to be sure to do everything in his power to serve his benefactors. In another part of his dream, the Maid of the Rock was leading him by the hand, telling him she was his guardian angel, and that, as long as he trusted to her guidance, he would never go wrong. She appeared to conduct him safe to England, and there, with his mother, sat talking over his first appearance at Gibraltar. He was still dreaming, when a thundering rap at the door dispelled all the illusion, and roused not only him, but his brave host, who came into the keeping-room with alacrity.

'Lie still, young man! I am master of this house, and will answer any intruders.'

'Hallo! hallo!' cried a voice outside. 'I hear you have got a deserter, one Thomas Hewitt, clarionet player in my band! I was told your girl had run away with him—that she had carried off the man in a regimental drum-case. Out with him, out with him; or I shall bring a sergeant and file to take him!'

'Who is the fellow, Hewitt?' said Wellington. 'Do you know his voice?'

'Yes, I know him well; he is drum-major of the regiment, and I dare say he thinks I'm going off if I can, and so is come to beat up my quarters; and, to save me a flogging, would have me go

to camp quietly. His name is Dan Long, as merry an original as ever came to Gibraltar. You may safely let him in. He is come, I'll venture to say, with good intent.'

Accordingly, the door was unbolted, and in walked the said Dan Long, with a great fur cap on his head, and a sheepskin over his shoulders, looking more like Robinson Crusoe than the spruce drum-major of the gallant 48th.

'Is Thomas Hewitt here?'

'He is. What do you want with him?' replied Wellington.

'A word of command. Get up, you young scoundrel, and follow me immediately,' for the important major had just caught sight of the happily-smiling features of his pupil. 'Up with you, you young tube of a bag-pipe, or I will squeeze your bellows for you till you send forth a sound like the squeaking of a pig under a gate. Up with you!'

'I'm so tired, Dan, I can't stir. Besides, you cannot introduce me to better quarters.'

'No; but I can save your quarters from the lash, and that will be better for you than an hour's laziness here. I heard of your absence last night when the muster-roll was called over. As no one said "Here!" for you, I did; but I resolved that you should say

Here!" for yourself this morning, and so up with you, young truant!'

'I suspected as much! I told you, Wellington, that he was come with good intent; and, not knowing the General's orders with respect to me, he has run some risk to save me from disgrace. Thank you, Dan. I'll be with you in a demi-semi-quaver.'

'What's this I hear about the General's orders?'

'The General ordered Thomas Hewitt to be under my care. I am ready to go to your commanding officer, and certify the same to him. But as you really come with kindness under your command, let me offer you a glass of rum to drive away the haze of the sea, and the young man will soon be ready to join the camp, and I will get the General's written order for that which I have just spoken.'

'I don't care if I do accept your offer. It is some years since I was at Gibraltar, and I have been in every quarter of the globe since then, and cracked many a drum-head, as well as many a numskull.'

'Now then, crack a glass of rum, and tell me how you think the old Rock looks.'

‘Why, he appears to have grown grim enough since I left him. He shows more teeth, however, than he ever did, and, may-be he is as much of a spit-fire as ever!’

‘That he is, brave Dan! And now, Hewitt is ready.’

The young man was equipped in his half-dress, and Dan smiled to see his improved appearance.

‘I must tell you, Mr. Wellington, that this young fellow is a very dangerous man to have under your roof. He will run away with the heart of your wife and daughters, if you have any, and bewitch them with his sorceries. He is a most thorough necromancer.’

‘Dan, if I am so, you are my father; and I am glad to hear you speak so lovingly of your son.’

‘Well! that’s all fair,’ said Wellington; ‘and since you are so loving to each other, I hope to be better acquainted with you both, in due time.’

‘I’ll tell you his history one day, and if it do not make you laugh, then I shall doubt my own wit, not the ludicrousness of my story,’ said Hewitt.

‘If you do, you young tell-tale, I’ll be tit for tat; for as two crotchets make one minim, I’ve got one or two in my head will make all your notes quavers—for I’ll play you off in the same tune,’ answered Dan.

‘Well, well. Off with you to your camp, and, after muster and parade, I shall be glad to see you both.’

The young man left Wellington’s cot, only requesting him to give his kind good-morrows to his hostess and his daughter, and repaired with Dan Long, his drum-major, to the camp. He had double reason to rejoice, when he saw his comrades creeping out of their ill-constructed tents, some of them looking as if they had been sea-sick. They all stared at Hewitt’s new attire, and declared he had made a good choice of his outfit.

In proper time, the sound of the trumpets announced the muster for the morning, and, through Dan Long’s kindness, Thomas Hewitt answered for himself. The regiment mustered nine hundred strong. They were soon to have their regular equipment, and the men were to remain in camp until the 90th, under orders for Sicily, should move out of barracks, and make room for them.

CHAPTER V.

THE RECRUIT'S HISTORY.

It was not long before the young soldier who had been so kindly noticed by Wellington, became upon more intimate terms of friendship with him; and hence resulted benefit to both parties. The reader will find that it was not without just reason, that the artilleryman, so old a resident on the Rock, formed a very high opinion of the youth. Our young heroine shared in the growing friendship, and, when Hewitt undertook to be her teacher, she proved a very diligent scholar. When the 48th removed into the King's Bastion, in which barrack they became fixed till they left the Rock, Hewitt always found it his greatest pleasure to visit Wellington's cot. He was of a very cheerful spirit and lively temper, not fond of drink—a habit then too common in that, as well as other parts of the world; but very fond of improving his time, and his mind, to the best advantage. He read, he wrote, and even kept a diary of his own life, which, at this moment, lies upon the author's table, and forms the guide for the present memoirs.*

'I am sure,' said Wellington to him, one day as he was teaching his young daughter to read, 'that you have had more advantages than most men in your station. How came you to be a common soldier? I perceive something in your very taste and habits so different from other men's, that I suspect you are of a stock something above the grade of a poor man.'

'So I think, father,' added his daughter; 'for he is very different to any of his comrades. Mother says the same, and she has seen many regiments of soldiers, from different quarters of the world.—I wish you could make him tell us his history.'

* Little did that poor fellow think he was then laying up a provision for a widow!—Such, however, has been, by God's help, the case.

There must have been something elevated in this youth, to cause a veteran, and a plain honest soldier like Wellington, to speak so positively as he did. Both he and his wife were curious to know who he was. Their imaginations had raised him to a height in the scale of society, at which they could form no proper judgment. All men are apt to look up, except the most conceited and foolish, who gain a little superficial smattering of things, and imagine themselves wiser than their generation.

‘Hewitt, will you tell us your history? My wife is curious to know it, and our daughter, and even this boy, though but six years old, are interested in you.’

‘I am not fond of thinking about what I am, and far less about what I have been. Neither do I think my history would be worth your listening to. It is true I have received a better education than I deserved, and I wish I had made a better use of it. Your kindness, however, demands my confidence, and I will tell you all I know about myself; but I fear you will only think me a great fool for my pains.’

‘I’m sure we shall not think you that,’ replied the young girl; ‘because you are anything but a fool; a fool is a stupid—you are not; a fool is conceited—you are not; a fool is easily led away—you are not.’

‘Hold there; my lass! with that last word I cannot exactly agree; for how easily was I led away from my companions when you took me by the hand, and brought me up here in my drum case! I fear that you will find that I had been a fool before that time, in being led away by my own passions. But you must pardon me, if what I tell you should exhibit myself and others in no very favourable light. I will tell you all about myself.’

The artilleryman sat down in his chair, his wife besides him. Mary Anne closed her book, and seated herself on a low stool opposite to her parents; whilst Hewitt, taking the seat against the window which she had left, received the boy upon his knee, and thus commenced

THE RECRUIT’S HISTORY.

‘You have heard me say that I was born at Hingham, in Norfolk. I believe that was my birth-place. I was sent to a good school there, and my grandmother used to pay for it. She

was a very good old woman, and used to make me read the Bible to her, which I did completely through, making notes as I went along. My father, for I thought him such at the time, seemed not to love me. I fancied so, when very young. My mother, as I thought, had to be very often careful how she paid me more attention than she did my brothers and sisters; for it made my father very cross.'

'What was your father?' asked the girl, with an evident look of inquiry.

'He was but a day-labourer, and might be a very honest, hard-working man; but he took very little notice of me. He would take my brother John, (for I supposed his children to be my brothers and sisters, for a long time,) into the fields with him, but would never permit me to go, though I had a holiday from school; no, not even when his master used to hunt rabbits, and he wanted several boys to help him.'

'How very unkind of him! was it not, father?' interrupted the child.

'It appears so now, my dear; but listen to the tale, and do not interrupt the young man.'

'Oh, I like to hear her speak! I am speaking only to interest you and her, according to your wishes; and, when she puts in a word, I am convinced that she is interested.'

'My mother's kindness always appeared to me to be the greater, because my father was so rough to me. And he was not only rough in speech, but, for the very least offence, he would give me such a blow as sent me rolling on the bricks in a moment. I remember one day, when father had taken John out with him, and the other children were playing in the garden, I went up to mother, as I called her, who was preparing to heat the oven, and had made me of some little use in breaking the sticks for her, and said: "Why does father treat me so unkindly, mother? I am sure I never do anything to deserve it; but he appears to hate me. I feel quite afraid of him." A tear burst from her eye, and she gave me a kiss, saying, "Never mind, dear boy, he will love you better one day. You must endeavour to bear it: I love you very dearly, so you must let that make up for it. Father is jealous of your being made a scholar of, and does not like grandmother's interference for you." She was very affectionate to me; and often, when father cuffed me, she would cry, and that only made

him more angry, and give utterance to bad words, which terrified me.

‘I kept to my school, and I used to tell grandmother how unhappy I was, and to say to her, that I thought that if she would send my brothers to school, father would be more kind to me. It surprised me equally to find, that my good grandmother clothed me, and not any of the other children. This used to bring upon me many taunts from my supposed father; and once, in his rage, when I came home in a new suit of clothes, of which I was not a little proud, he said to my mother, “Pray set a table for him by himself, and wait upon the little gentleman.” Mother replied, “You are too harsh, George, to the child; he never offends you!” “Yes, he does; he offends my sight. Get out, you young blood!” said my father; and he sent me howling into the yard, sorry that I had got such nice new clothes to make my father angry.

‘I heard mother and him at high words, and I know that she must have said something to provoke him, for I never knew him strike her before. She came out bleeding at the nose, and I ran crying to her, and could not help saying, “Dear mother, what a shame. I will tell grandmother of this!” “Will you, young gentleman?” said he to me, “will you? Then you shall have something else to tell her of;” and, taking me up in his arms, he strode across the road with me, and threw me, with all my new clothes on, into the horse-pond.’

‘What an unnatural father!’ exclaimed Wellington’s wife and daughter. ‘What an unnatural father!’

‘Well,’ resumed Hewitt ‘I then learned the greatest christian lesson I ever learned—for, you may suppose, as soon as I got out of the water, I did not run into my father’s house again; I ran off, to my grandmother’s with all the speed that my wet clothes would allow, amidst the pity of all the neighbours, and even some sympathy from my brothers and sisters. I found my good grandmother with her great Bible before her, and her spectacles on her face, which, the moment she saw me, fell to the ground; while dripping as I was, she took me up stairs, pulled off my clothes, put me between her own warm blankets, and then said, “Now tell me all about it!” I told her all! No passion moved her! all she said, was, “God forgive him!” “But,” said I, “God will not forgive him.” Then replied she, “Do you pray, my dear child, that he may do so!” “Well, grandmother, but how can I pray for his

forgiveness, when I am determined never to forgive this? Will you give me bread? Will you let me sleep here? I will not go back to him any more! No, I will never go back!" The dear old woman then gave me such a lesson on forgiveness of injuries, and was so kind to me herself, and so earnest in her words, that I wonder now, how I ever came to be a soldier!

'Did you ever go back again?' asked our heroine.

'Yes, I did; for grandmother did not live many months after this occurrence, and I had no one then to go to but mother; and father, for a time, was less severe to me. I was now a smart boy at the school, ay! I was head boy, though but fourteen years old, and I could read, write, cipher, and keep accounts, as well as my master. But just at this time, an occurrence took place, which roused my blood to such a degree, that I could not live at home.

'Mother and I had been up to father's master's house, and we were returning by the high road, when a gentleman overtook us. He was riding a fine bay horse. I remember that he had top-boots and doe-skins on, wore a blue jacket with bright buttons, and a buff-coloured waistcoat. He had a long pig-tail, well powdered; and was the smartest-looking gentleman I had ever seen. The moment he saw my mother, he alighted from his horse, and with very quick words said, looking at me, "Is this the boy? Is this the boy?" Mother dropped a curtsey saying: "Yes it is, Sir! And a fine fellow he is, too!" "Here, my little man," said he to me, "here's a crown for you. Mind and be a good boy, and love your mother." "I do, Sir," said I. "Well, are you man enough to hold my horse, think you?" "Oh, yes," I answered, proud enough of the office. I took the reins, and blessed the good gentleman, thinking he must be a good man, he spoke so kindly to my mother. "Hold you the horse, my boy," said he, "I want to speak a word or two to your mother."

'Accordingly I stood by the gate, upon the high road, whilst mother and the gentleman walked a little way forward, in earnest conversation. They then came back to me. The gentleman looked at me a long time; asked me what I should like to be, a soldier or a sailor, a plough-boy or a tailor? and patted me on the head, with evident good humour. At last he gave mother a purse, mounted his horse, and rode away. "Dear mother," said I, "what a nice gentleman! who is he?" "Hush, my dear boy," she answered, "I will tell you all about him one day. It was he who paid grand-

mother whilst she lived, for all your schooling, and has now given me this, to provide you some situation."

"Well, he is very good, he has been a kind friend to me? Does father know how good he has been to me?"

"I saw my mother put her handkerchief up to her eyes, as, in agony she exclaimed: "Thomas, my dear Thomas, Wright is not your father!"

Here all the listeners started, but were so deeply interested that they spoke not a word.

"Not my father!" I exclaimed. "Are not you then my mother? Why do you weep so, dear mother?"

"No, my child, I am not your mother; but, God forgive him! that gentleman, who just left you is your father; you are my sister's child. Hush! hush! here comes Wright." And, true enough, there came the man whom I had looked upon as a parent! I do not suppose any language could give utterance to the feelings which then pervaded my bosom. I was old enough to see my aunt's sorrows were very great, and that I was the cause of them: but who was my father? I knew not his name! I had never seen him before, and now I felt so confused, so strangely bewildered, that I scarcely knew what I did. Wright's voice soon roused both mother and myself; for he had, somehow, from the hill, seen all that had passed, and had left his horses at the plough, and got into the road to meet us.

"I saw the Squire, woman," said he, in an angry tone, "and I saw you too. Come, give me the purse he gave you! Out with it! I suppose it was all for this brat! but had I come a little sooner, I would have told him he should never make me keep that boy in my house, to be brought up a gentleman over us. Out with the purse, I say, or this oak stick shall beat it out of you!" Mother was a very meek woman, and in a moment gave him the money. "Now get home," said he. "This will do for the present; and for this young gentleman," giving me at the same time no very gentle kick, "the sooner he's off to his father the better!" I loved my aunt, I walked along with her to the cottage. I felt! Oh! I cannot tell what I felt.

Here the young soldier dashed away a tear from his eye, and it fell warmly on the cheek of the youthful listener on his knee.

Wellington and his partner were moved, and betrayed their

emotion by their agitated manner. What felt the tender girl? Pity, compassion, love.

Oh! what agonies do the unguarded follies of men produce! What after-shame and misery are ever the consequences of unbridled passions, imprudent attachments, unholy connexions! Gladly would the writer have concealed this part of the narrative, but truth demands it of him. The cruelty of man, in such cases, is but too often known; and were it not that the attachment of mother to child is so deeply planted in the breast by God, as to be inseparable, how many an infant would be deserted! Solomon's judgment, however, was founded upon the thorough conviction, that no mother could bear to see her own infant immolated, if it could be saved. And who, that has seen anything of this wicked world, can withstand the impression, that, but for the mother, thousands of infants would be left to perish?

The young soldier continued to depict his sufferings.

'We returned home. I dared not ask any more questions, my poor aunt was so afflicted. I know she went up stairs and prayed, for I heard her saying that she commended me to God's care; and even praying that, if it seemed good, I might be taken from her. My young mind then caught a noble flame, and I verily believe that I as devoutly prayed that so it might be. I shall never forget the sweet peace that then burst upon my young mind, as I prayed to God to take me away from my birth-place, and not to let me be any longer a cause of unhappiness to my aunt.'

'Wright did not return until late that night, and in a state of brutal intoxication. We were all in bed, save my wretched aunt, who, with a farthing rush-light burning in the iron candlestick, sat actually shaking, though it was the middle of October only, and had been as lovely a day as ever shone. Alas! it was a miserable day for her, poor soul. Nor was it less so, because she kept condemning herself. Before I went to bed that night, she seemed to have a presentiment of what was about to happen; for she said to me, "Thomas, my boy, I do not think I shall see you much longer; something tells me that we must be parted."

"Well, mother," answered I, and would it not be better for both that we should be? It ill consorts with the views of him whom I once thought my father, that I should any longer dwell with him; and, to say the truth, mother, but for your sake, and the assistance I have been to my master in the school, I should have left you long

ago; but the thought of the half-crown a week which I added to your Saturday night's store, made me loath to leave home. But mother, who, and what, is my father? and where is my own mother?'

"I made a promise to him and her," replied she, "that I would never tell his name. He has been very kind to my poor sister, boy; and, though he betrayed her into a great crime, for which both she, you, and I now suffer, yet I would not betray him. Mrs. Hewitt, your mother, lives in Ber Street, Norwich; you have often seen her here, and must have noticed her fondness for you. She, Thomas, is your mother, and I loved you before I had any children of my own. Your name is really Thomas — but it must be Hewitt."

"Mother, I will not torment you; pray God forgive both her and him. If I may not know his name, I will try to think of him as his actions to me deserve; but there is something bitter in my heart at this moment, which I cannot speak. It tells me how much better it would have been for me to have been the son of poor and virtuous parents, than of this fine, unknown gentleman."

Poor aunt! poor aunt! she wept so bitterly, she kissed me so warmly, I could not find it in my heart to say anything more. I told her how much I loved her, and that I hoped soon to prove to her that I did so. She blessed me, told me to be patient, to do nothing rashly, but to bear a little longer the roughness of her husband. Then taking down her Bible, she sought the consolation of the wretched, where alone she could find it—in the Word of God.

'I went to bed with my two brothers, as I called them; but do you think that sleep could close my eyes? We lay in a little room leading to my mother's, three brothers in one bed, two sisters in the other, and mother, as I called her, had to pass through our room to her own. I soon heard John and George asleep, and I lay still, thinking of all the occurrences of the day, and revolving, in my own mind, what should be my future plans. I did pray earnestly to God; yes, I prayed to him to provide for me, to help me out of my difficulties, and to do with me as he saw fit. Comfort came with my prayers, high resolutions entered my mind. I saw all my foster-parent's natural antipathy to me, and, though I knew him cruel to myself, yet I never saw him unnatural to any of his own children. On the contrary, he was very kind to them. Little did

I think how soon I should be compelled to act upon my own resources.

‘Wright came home, as I said, intoxicated. I heard him throw open the cottage door, and, in a savage manner, upbraid mother with the occurrences of the day.

“Oh! oh!” says he, “reading the Bible, are you? Has the boy been reading with you?—time he should, time he should; for if he cross my path much longer, I shall be the death of him.”

‘Mother replied by something I could not hear; but I thought I heard a blow follow. Mother fell, but rose, and came up stairs quickly, sobbing as if her heart would break. I felt my young blood boil; I heard Wright come staggering up stairs after her, and, as he passed my bed, he gave me as he thought such a revengeful blow, as must waken me. I did not choose to wake, and fortunately, my apparel, which I had tucked under the bed-clothes, that it might not anger his sight, received his fist, whilst I received his malediction. That did me no hurt. It hurt me more to hear his wicked blasphemies and dreadful imprecations against my aunt and myself. He appeared to me to fling himself upon his bed, and, overpowered by drunkenness and passion, to curse himself to sleep.

‘Aunt was in her bed, but, poor soul, I should say she did not soon sleep; she was very quiet, however, and I thought, towards morning, that she might have got some rest. No wink had I; I was too full of great things. I prayed for all around me. I thought of another day in that house! I pondered over the past. I tried to look into the future, but I could see nothing but the faint gleam of the horizon light, the line of which was broken by the old church steeple.

‘Something whispered to me as it were, “Now Thomas, now’s your time; prove yourself a man. Up with you, and off with you!” I resolved; drew myself between my brothers, as quietly as I could; slowly I crept, as softly as a cat, to the foot of the bed, pulled out my clothes from underneath the coverlet, and laid them down on the floor. All was still. I slipped on my worsteds, took up my trowsers, unfortunately by the legs, and in an instant, out dropped my crown piece upon the floor, with such a jink, that I really thought I must have been discovered. Another instant convinced me that I was the only listener. All was still. I crept along the floor, feeling for my father’s gift, which, luckily, I touched upon

under my sister's bed. Softly I gained my former position, held the crown piece in my mouth till I was dressed, then, taking my high-lows in my hand, I gently seated myself upon the staircase, and slid down into the room below. The door was partly open, I sat upon the old sill, put on my thick covering for my feet, and, in another second, I was in the road.

“Good bye, mother! good bye, brothers and sisters!” said I; and off I set, up the hill to the Norwich road, as fast as my legs would carry me.’

‘But did you not bid your poor aunt really good bye?’ said the soldier’s daughter.

‘You shall hear what I did, another time; but I must now go down to barracks. Only promise me to think as well as you can of me.’

The reader must now be referred to another chapter, if he has found sufficient interest in this to read it.



CHAPTER VI.

THE RECRUIT'S HISTORY CONTINUED.

PARADE was over, and the young soldier returned to Wellington's quarters, and was joyfully welcomed by all the party. A conversation had taken place between them all, upon the merits of the case, and they were pretty well agreed that the youth exhibited a becoming spirit, and that he was justified in leaving the roof of a man who had treated him, an innocent boy, in so brutal a manner.

The young girl felt much, she said, for the mother; but if she could at that time have spoken truth of herself, she felt much more interested in the young man who was placed in so painful a situation. She longed to hear the result of his wanderings, and was not a little anxious when he again resumed the thread of his narrative.

'I told you of my escape from the cottage, and my gaining the Norwich road. Do not suppose I left dear old Hingham without a sigh. I loved the old free-school—I loved the master of it. I looked at the lake with many a wish that I might one day fish again in its waters. I loved many of the inhabitants. I loved the church, and, as I took my last look at it from the height, I secretly prayed that I might yet join in prayer and praise with those I had been accustomed to respect from my earliest days. The tears trickled down my cheeks as I ran on; for I literally ran when I lost sight of my native place, in the hope that the further I could get from it, the further my sorrows would recede from me. It was but just dawning when I started, and as the light increased, I reached the corner of Kimberly Park.

"What are you blubbering about?" said one of Lord Wodehouse's keepers to me, as he suddenly emerged from the lane beside the high road. "What are you blubbering about? Is your mother ill, and are you off thus early for a doctor? What's the matter, boy?"

"I cannot tell you what is the matter," said I; "but I have nothing particular to cry about, that I know of."

"The more fool you, then, to cry for nothing; but I am not to be put off so. You are truanting; you have done something wrong, young smooth-beard. Now take my advice, and cut back again, as fast as you can. Beg pardon, and don't stray away from the preserve in which you appear to have been well fed and taken care of. Come now, are you not stealing away from school, or from apprenticeship, or from your parents; and have you not been guilty of some crime?"

"No, that I have not," said I. "I have been sinned against, and not sinning against any one. I have no father in Hingham to care about me, no school now to claim me as a scholar; neither am I bound as apprentice to any one. Yet I am, it is true, running away from Hingham, and to seek employment wherever I can."

"But what makes you stir so early! what makes you cry?"

'I told the man how it was, and I begged of him, if he could, to see my mother, and tell her I was gone to Norwich, and that I would write to her from that place, and not to alarm herself about me, for that I felt persuaded I should take no hurt. The game-keeper believed my tale, and very kindly gave me a little brandy and water and a buscuit, which set me up from a faint heart, and enabled me to push on to Norwich. It might be eight o'clock before I reached Colney, and, three miles further, I entered the suburbs of the city.

'As I entered, I overtook an old soldier. He certainly was not so tall as myself, though he must have been many years my superior in age and experience, and he walked as upright and stately as though on parade; as I passed him, he touched me with his stick, saying: "Halt!" I did so. "Come," said he, "I've met with many fools who could not take the word of command. So far, so good! Right about face!" "Good again!" said he, for I turned to speak to him. "Silence!" "Heads up! Now, boy, what do you say to becoming a soldier?" "I don't care if I do," said I, "if you will take care of me." "Well, younker, if you'll take care of yourself, I'll take care of you. What are you? Where do you live? What's your age? How long will you enlist for? What can you do? Where are you going?" and many more such questions he asked, which I could not find time to answer. At length, he stuck to this one, "Should you like to be

a soldier?" "Yes," said I. "Then come along with me, and get some breakfast."

'We turned into an inn, in the city, and I soon found that I had got into the company of the identical Dan Long with whom you have recently become acquainted. Dan was a right hearty, merry fellow: he was full of fun, and so playful, that I really began to imagine it might only be one of his tricks that he was playing off upon me, and that he had no serious intention of enlisting me. But I soon found to the contrary; for he took me down to barracks, in King Street, near the river, introduced me to a sergeant, who gave me a shilling to drink as he called it; took down my name, which I gave—Thomas Hewitt, birth-place, Hingham; asked me if I would serve His Majesty; and accept the bounty? To which I answered "Yes, I will." And heartily did I join the 48th regiment, which had only arrived in the summer of that year from the West Indies.

'I was paraded about the streets with other young fellows, who, like myself, wanted employment, and did not care much what service they entered, provided they could be clothed and fed. They sought to make me tipsy; but, thanks to my good instructor at Hingham, I resolved, let me be what I might, I would never take to drinking. I shall never forget one day parading along Market-Hill, when, with our colours flying from our hats, and we all looking as smart as ribbons could make us, whom should I meet but my aunt! and with her, Mrs. Hewitt, my own mother. In a moment, she flew into my arms, and with tears implored me not to enlist for a soldier.

'The bystanders were of various opinions. One called out, "Take him home, mother; take him home, don't let him go!" Another said: "Let him go, mistress, if he will. He'll want his mother one day." Another, ridiculing me, said, "He wants a little mammy's milk," and various other very pertinent remarks were voluntarily offered. I simply told them, I would talk to them as soon as we had got to the barracks, and begged of them not to make themselves and me so conspicuous in the public streets. Poor souls, they followed us weeping, and, when I reached King Street, Sergeant Humphreys gave me leave to go with my friends; only reminding me, that as I had enlisted and accepted the bounty, I should be considered a deserter if I went away without leave.

'Aunt, mother, and I then went into the Sun Inn, and the good

landlady, seeing how it was with us, took us into the parlour, and joined in the discussion quite as warmly as my aunt and my mother.

“Ay, boy!” says she, “take my advice, and go back with your mother. I had a son once, and he went to the West Indies, enlisted into the very regiment now come to Norwich, and I lost him soon after he got out. I am told that out of eight hundred men who went out with good health, only forty-eight have returned. It was such an unhealthy climate that they were all swept off by the fever.”

“But I have not enlisted to be employed anywhere out of Europe.”

“Well, Thomas, but why should you go for a soldier at all? You will throw away all you education, and your life also.”

“I do not know that, aunt, nor you either. It is the first thing that has offered itself, and I have enlisted, accepted the bounty; and go I must.”

“But I have got enough to buy you off with. When you left Hingham, ten days ago, the very morning you left, it began to be rumoured about that Wright had made away with you. Reports came flying in, that a hat was found in the Mere; that a cry had been heard in the night; that Wright had been heard the night before, at the public-house, to vow vengeance against you; and several men came to me, and told me they had heard him say that he would murder you. Your old master came to the cottage and took on so, that, had he been your father, he could not have been more anxious about you. In short, my husband was taken into custody, and, though he stoutly denied any knowledge of what had become of you, suspicion was so strong against him, that he was taken before the bench of Magistrates. I was summoned, I was asked about my husband’s treatment of you. I did not wish to say anything; but at that time I was dreadfully afflicted, for one of the Magistrates said he had heard Wright say you were not his child. I was called upon to state whose son you were. I refused to state it. I was asked why? “Because,” said I, “his father declared, that if ever I told whose son he was, he would never give me one farthing for his support!” Here Wright interrupted me, and at once, in open court, declared before the bench whose son you were. I felt what I cannot speak. The Magistrates were about to make out Wright’s committal to Norwich gaol, when

Lord Wodehouse's gamekeeper came in great haste, and gave evidence upon oath concerning your confession to him, and your determination to find employment for yourself.

"Wright was acquitted; and one of the Magistrates, taking me aside, said he was an intimate friend of your father's, and he would see what could be done for you. In the mean time, inquiries should be made for you.

"Yesterday, the gentleman who said he would inquire about you, called at my cottage. Wright was at home. He spoke to him about the cruelty of his conduct towards you, and persuaded him to let me go to Norwich to look after you. He gave his consent, and went to work. The gentleman then told me he had heard that you had enlisted; he brought me money from your father to buy you off, and then said he would see what might be done with you afterwards. So that I can get you off; probably can get you a better situation; and now, return with me, for your poor mother's sake;" and my mother certainly sat the very picture of agonizing despair, looking at me, and I at her, with the strongest internal emotion.

"Or remain here, if you like, boy," added the good-hearted old landlady—whom, if ever I see again, I will remind of her kindness, and repay it if I can: if not, I hope God will, for it was very good of her."

'That was something like yourself, dear mother,' observed the soldier's daughter. 'But you did not go back with your aunt or mother, or I should not have seen you here.'

'That's true, Mary Anne, but I cannot tell you what a pang I felt it, to deny the good soul the gratification of taking me back with her. I told them, however, that I was determined never to go back to Hingham again, unless I could do so independently. I was determined to be a soldier, and, as long as I could live without being a burthen to any one, I would. "Would you have me now pointed at, through the village as ———, mother? If you do not see how much better it would be for yourself to have me out of the way, why then I see it for myself; and, unless I am turned out of the regiment, you will see that I am glad to remain in it. Now come, old lady," said I, to the good woman who had befriended me; "tell me honestly, don't you think that, after a little while, mother, aunt, and I shall all feel better to let things be as they are? I feel confidence in God, that I shall one day come back again to this city,

and perhaps may live and die in it. I have enlisted to serve in the present war, and for six months after a general peace, and not to be employed, without my full consent, out of Europe."

"You are a brave boy," said the old woman, "and God's blessing go along with you! Oh, what troubles do we poor creatures bring upon ourselves! but I will do my best to soothe and befriend your mother; and, if you direct any letters to her, or your aunt, at my house, I will forward them by a safe hand to Hingham. The old carrier puts up at my house, and several of the farmers come here on a market day."

"And must I go back without you, my boy? Perhaps it may be the last time I shall see you; and oh! what hardships may you not have to endure; and all on my account. Pray God forgive me!" said my poor mother. I could not help joining both my prayers and my tears with hers, and we were all of us the better for them. Mother was glad she had seen me. I was glad she had at least found me, though she could not shake my resolution.

"We looked at each other often, tenderly, with mutual tears; but we parted, yet not before I had again said to her, "Mother, you have not told me my real father's name!" "I will not repeat it, my boy," she answered; "there, it is written on that card—write to him, if you want anything; I know he will befriend you."

"I will, mother, should I feel it necessary; but nothing shall ever induce me to do so for myself alone. I will be honest with you, mother. I shall not trouble him, if I can help it! You have given me this money, which he sent to buy me off—If you see him, give it him again, or tell him to give it to aunt for her family. I want nothing."

"I suspect, however, that mother or aunt left the money with the landlady; for, after they were gone, and I came to bid the old lady good bye, she put into my hand a tin case, containing a packet, and told me not to open it till I found I wanted money."

"Have you got the case still?" inquired Wellington.

"Here it is! I will open it when I have finished my story, for I long to pay you for all my things."

"What was the name of your father?" innocently asked the young girl.

"That I shall keep to myself," said the young man, "until it shall be proved that it would be of service to any one to reveal it."

Mary Anne blushed at her own question, after the gentle rebuke of the young soldier.

‘Go on with your history, my lad. I should think you had got over the worst part of it.’

‘Not the worst for me; for I was, and indeed am still, but a young greenhorn.’

‘You will grow up tough enough,’ said Wellington, ‘and may return to rebut your enemies.’

‘I would return to do any good I could for them, after all. It is better to fight our country’s foes, than to be full of ill-will at home.’

As no one attempted to deny this truth, the young man continued his history:—

‘On the 21st of December, we left Norwich and marched to Diss. This was the first time we had regularly left barracks on our route, and, when I came to Diss, I could not help thinking of Hingham. The Mere, the church, the town, all called to mind my native place. We stopped here but one night, and on we went to Ipswich; the following day to Colchester. The 24th, being Sunday, the regiment halted; the next day we removed to Witham, and then on to Chelmsford barracks. The Buckingham Militia were quartered in the same barracks with ourselves; and the Colonel of the Bucks was a noble buck himself, for on the 1st of January, 1798, he gave, according to his annual custom, a good dinner to all in barracks; which, with a sufficient quantity of ale to make us all thankful, without excess, formed a treat, and the first generous feast I was ever at. The regiments separated after this truly British and loyal feast, without the slightest dispute; and, I believe I may say, every man was grateful and thankful.

‘Whilst at Chelmsford, we received recruits from various quarters; and, as I now began to get out of the awkward squad, so I had, truly, pity upon the poor country bumpkins, like myself, who came in slowly to fill the ranks of the 48th. Dan declared we should never be full at this rate. We were then hatching up an expedition to Holland, but Ireland was talked of as our destination, for we heard of the disturbances in that country; yet we did not relish the idea of going out against our fellow-subjects. I ought to state, that all the counties around had been raising a kind of supplementary militia; from this class the 48th received many men.

‘In February, we received an order to march to Worcester, by way of Epping, London, Oxford, and Chipping Norton, and to increase our numbers as we went. We arrived at Worcester in the month of March, and there we received recruits from Wales, Hereford, Birmingham, and from Shropshire.

‘At this place, we received our new Lieutenant-Colonel, Martin Hunter; also Mr. Hughes, Paymaster, and Mr. T. Magee, our Adjutant. Here the officers engaged a German master for the band. We formed our band on parade, for the first time on Easter Sunday. We had command from the War Office to enlist six boys for it; and as, once upon a time, I had had given me at Hingham fair a fife, upon which I had learned to play one or two tunes, I was selected by the comical drum major, Dan Long, as fit to serve his Majesty in the capacity of fifer. I had no objection to this, as I was really fond of music, and was glad of the opportunity to improve myself in it.

‘Accordingly, Dan took me under his wing, or rather, pretended so to do; for he was something under five feet, and might more properly be called Dan Short, than Dan Long. But, if Nature had not been bountiful to him in height of body, she had not failed him in spirit; or in wit; for there never was a man like Dan, for readiness of invention, cheerfulness of disposition, and peculiar powers of entertainment. He can not only play all instruments, but he can imitate the voices of all birds and beasts; and many a time have I known the whole troop turn their heads, to see if a tiger had sprung down behind them. It is wonderful to hear him imitate the roar of a lion, the lowing of an ox, the barking of a dog, or the crowing of a cock. If you suspected nothing, and knew not that it was Dan, you would be deceived. I have seen officers and men run fit to tumble down, as a report came that a mad bull was coming, and Dan’s roar would be close upon their heels.

‘If he were to go to London to exhibit himself, such a number of people would like to hear him, that I verily believe he might make his fortune. He loves the army, and, as you will hear him say, he would rather live and die among soldiers, than among any other class of men. He used to be full of fun off parade; but, when on duty, no man ever caught him playing tricks. He was as much in earnest then, as a commanding officer could be in the day of battle. He was, with all his eccentricities a man most sincerely

respected in the regiment, and to this day is called the Chronicle. For the last forty years, Dan can tell you every man who has been in the regiment, where he came from, what sort of a chap he is, or was, and what service he is best fit for. I will tell you more of Dan another time; but you will see enough of him during his stay at Gibraltar, to convince you there are not many men like him in the army. I must now speak more of myself and our regiment.

'On the 9th of June we received orders to march for Poole, in Dorsetshire. We passed through Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Salisbury, and other places, arrived in July at Poole, and marched into barracks near the quay. We had not yet received our regimentals, we expected them at Lymington, but they came not to hand; so that we received orders to embark for Gibraltar, before we had any regular outfit.

'I have told you few of my hardships, because I have been made, by your kindness, almost to forget them; but I state a positive fact, that I had not been ten months in the army, before I had wished myself, some thousand times, out of it. But I will not dwell upon my troubles; had it not been for my warm friend Dan, I should not have been the man I am.

'We got on board the *Calcutta*, with eight hundred men, a General and his staff, and prettily crowded you may suppose we have been. I have heard of the black hole at *Calcutta*, but the stowage of the *Calcutta* which brought us over here was just as bad.

'You saw the plight in which I landed; and now, tell me, could anything be more pitiable?'

'Bad enough, in all conscience; but not so bad you see, but that it is made better.'

'Ay, so it is; and now I think of it, I will examine my tin case. Come, Wellington, you shall break it open.'

'No, do it yourself.'

The thing was soon done. A glove was found within, which, upon being untied, contained a packet of golden guineas, and a mother's love.

'Do you take care of half for me, dame Wellington, and I will take care of the rest; and, as Gibraltar is such a famous place to spend money in, I fear I shall not leave it with much in store.'

The young soldier paid Wellington for his clothes, and, having received the thanks and good wishes of the family, they shook hands, and the youth departed to his barracks.

CHAPTER VII.

DISSENSION AND DANGER.

At this time, there existed no small danger of disaffection among several regiments at Gibraltar; and emissaries from Spain and France, under the garb of deserters, began to disseminate doctrines totally at variance with all order and discipline. There were some young spirits, of but too inflammable a nature, ready to listen to the syren voice of the demagogues and rebels of polluted France.

The liberty enjoyed under the Republic, though that liberty was wild and visionary, began to be contrasted with the pretended slavery of England. The soldiers were industriously taught that, in France, the poorest might very soon rise out of the ranks to be a commanding officer, and that, in England, he might live and die a slave.

‘Here comes Hewitt,’ said a bold fellow of the 18th Royal Irish, ‘and as I live, he has more knowledge in his little finger, than all of us put together.’ A party of men had got together under one of the out-houses in the barracks, and were talking about their grievances. If a man begins to speak even of an imaginary evil, how soon his blood boils! for the devil is burning under his heart and aggravating all his tortures, and urging him on to desperation.

‘I say, Hewitt, what do you say to the news? It is reported here that we shall soon be off to Egypt, to fight in the deserts of Africa! Did you list for this service?’

‘No, I did not,’ said Hewitt; ‘but I must have some more convincing argument than your mere talk of the thing, to make me believe it.’

‘You may believe it, however,’ replied young Mac’ Antry, ‘for we know that Egypt will soon be our destination. Well, any place is better than this rock-salt mountain! Here we are, with nothing but salt junk, horrid bread, and worse water; whilst close at hand

is a land flowing with milk and honey. We have half a mind to sign a round-robin to the Governor, demanding a boat for every regiment to catch fish in the bay three times a week. We are sick of the provisions we have.'

'Mac, my boy, take my advice, though I am a young one; it would be better to get your officers quietly to suggest the thing to the Governor, than for you to demand it of him.'

'Ah, ah, that's always the case with you Norfolk boys! You are always for a quiet representation of your evils. You fellows do very well when you get command; but you are all tame fellows, till you do.'

'I say, O'Harty, don't you think those men make the best officers, corporals and sergeants, who have been the steadiest private soldiers?'

'That's your Norfolk argument; and you fellows have no spirit till the day of battle.'

'I beg your pardon, we lack no courage, except in things where it is doubtful whether we are right. True courage, is to obey orders, my boy! I never knew a man a coward who was convinced he was doing right; and I have seen hundreds of boys run away at the sight of one man, when they knew they were doing wrong. But I was looking for Dan Long; where is he?'

'In the guard-room, to be sure. Dan's always on his guard, and he makes a chick of you.'

'Take care, boys, he don't make something else of you, for some of you begin already to look like scarecrows.'

Young Hewitt departed to search for his friend Dan, and expressly to invite him to go with him to Wellington Cot. The spirits he left, however, continued their conversation, which, as it led to a serious event, must be narrated in this chapter.

'He will not do, old boy. He's a shy cock, and, though a spirited, clever young fellow, in his way, yet he's too sober for a man of blood. Never split to him, or may be he'd split some of us. Now to me he appears only fit for some lady's musician, just to play at balls, or concerts, or any other entertainments. He is not fit to play before soldiers. Leave him! leave him to his friend Dan, he's a soldier every inch. Though he is a Major, however, 'tis only of the drum. Never mind, boys, you may think as long as you like, but I propose to act. One Dan's as good as another, and I hate a Dan, who is all nonsense and gibberish, puffing and blowing, and

blustering, without doing anything. I say liberty, boys! liberty, for ever! who'll follow Dan Armstrong? He'll lead you, boys, and never betray you.'

'What's your plan? Remember, it's all very well to talk of a thing—but how is it to be done? This Rock has so many eyes, that it looks over three-quarters of the globe. I'm ready for a start; but we had better all be agreed.'

'My plan's a very simple one! You, Yates, stand sentinel, at five o'clock in the morning. I propose that we all be on the alert at that time. We need not go out all at once; but, say you three, be off ten minutes after five, and saunter along towards the back of the Rock, and the next party follow ten minutes after, and all meet at Mid-Hill. We could descend the rock there, soon nab the guard at the Devil's Tower, and then join the Spanish lines. I'm sick of the service I'm in, where one gets nothing but lashes for the least wrong, and neither praise nor promotion if we do ever so well. Let's see: how many are we?'

'We are twelve here, but I know four more who would join us, and I'll see them to-night.'

'I shall not be of your party,' said William Wright.

'Nor I either,' said John Hope.

'What, *you* desert us, Hope! You desert us? What makes this sudden change in you? I thought, from the book you were reading the other day, you were fully persuaded that a soldier had a right to serve in whatever army he pleased; and that the country that pays him best, is the best country for him.'

'Well,' replied Hope, 'and so I did think at the time I was reading the book; but somehow, I don't hold with running away from one's own regiment, in which one has been sworn to serve, and seeking another which may be fighting against it. Now, just tell me, how would you like to cut down Dan Long, Thomas Hewitt, Sam Studd, or any of your old friends, merely because you got a Spanish dollar or so more pay? I tell you, Armstrong, I will not join you; and I don't wish to know anything more about it.'

This speech so completely surprised some of the most fearful ones, that two more, and one of them a cousin of Dan Armstrong's, seemed inclined to sheer off. But Dan put his hand on the arm of his cousin, and, with a very forcible argument, detained him.

'Be off with you, Wright and Hope; but you won't take my cousin Gladstone with you! No! I will never leave him behind

me. Jim, you shall go, in spite of yourself; and, as I promised your father I would never desert you, you shall never desert me. You may go and peach, Hope, if you like; but you shall not persuade this younker to turn tail.'

'I don't want to persuade him or you against your own resolves; but, let me tell you, Armstrong, if I thought peaching, as you call it, would save you all from being shot, I would not mind being shot by any of you for peaching. I don't intend, however, to do any such thing. I shall take care of myself, and let every one do as he likes about himself. I shall go.'

He did go, but not without the taunts and jeers of several desperate fellows, who drew the closer in consequence of the departure of the two wisest among them.

'What do you say, boys; shall it be to-night, or shall it be to-morrow, or the day after—when it will be my turn to be on duty?'

They all agreed it would be best when Armstrong was on duty. So they had another day to swell their grievances, and talk over their plans, appoint their companions, and cogitate over the future.

What a busy agent is the Devil, when he stirs up his legions to rebellion! How he magnifies every trivial circumstance into intended cruelty, and makes obstacles appear like enormities. These disaffected soldiers did but increase their own crimes, by suffering him to blow up the flame of discord in their souls. We shall see the consequences of their folly.

This very Dan Armstrong had a sister, who was engaged to one of his comrades; and the fatal secret got wind, through the horrid fears and disappointments of this poor girl.

She lived at a milliner's in the main street; and the young man, her affianced lover, was walking with her, on the shore, when he said—

'Now, Nancy, I'm going to tell you a secret. Yes, a great secret. I may one day become Don Antonio Morgano! instead of plain Antony Morgan, but will you love me as well then as you do now?'

'Why, what is the matter with you, Antony? I declare you look as pale as a ghost; and your eyes start as if they would fly out of their sockets! Have you seen the spectre of St. George's Cave! or what's the matter with you? You become Don Antonio! and I suppose I am to be Donna Morgana! What's all this nonsense? Have you turned actor to the garrison?'

‘No Nancy. I am speaking only the plain truth. But, as no one can expect to rise in the world without danger, neither do I; so that you must promise me secrecy, and I will tell you of a noble enterprise I have in hand, which is to raise me to the height of my ambition. Will you promise me to keep a secret?’

‘Why do you attempt to tell me one, if you doubt that I should keep it? I don’t want you to tell me, and I have no great faith in your enterprise to be a Don. You may tell me, if you like; and, if you don’t, you may let it alone.’

‘But you are concerned in it also, and both you and I must make an effort, if we would rise above our rank.’

‘I don’t want to rise above my rank; and I don’t want to sink beneath it; and, as my brother is a soldier, and you are a soldier, too, what should we want to be Dons and Donnas for?’

‘Nancy, I shall be very plain with you. I know you will not love me the less, because I tell you the truth. The fact is, Armstrong and I, and twelve others, have agreed to go over to the Spanish lines. Ay, you may start! but we intend to join the glorious army which General Buonaparte is rising, to liberate all Europe; he has sent us English soldiers word that, if we join his troops, he will advance us to officers immediately. What think you of that, Nancy?’

‘What, Antony? why, that you are a fool! I’ll never believe that my brother is such a hot-headed, head-strong fool as to join in such an enterprise. Come, Antony, this is only your fun! This is only done to frighten me.’

‘On my honour, and it is not! And, what is more, you must be a party to it; ask leave to go and buy some Spanish vegetables at the lines, give the soldier on guard there this very letter, and yourself remain with him till we come. Or, Nancy, you will lose me and your brother, also.’

Poor Nancy! She saw that there was some determination in her lover’s eye, but she thought, as many of her sex have done, that she could yet save the youth from his premeditated folly. She loved him—how faithfully, will be seen in the sequel. But she tried to turn him.

‘I will not lose you both without trying to save you. Now, if you love me Antony, give me this promise, or I will be off my engagement with you. Drive out of your head this madness, this French insinuation, this horrid thought of deserting your country, and

persuade my brother to do the same; or, I will have nothing to say to you! Moreover, I will go this instant, and give notice to the Governor, and have you both taken into custody!’

‘You would, Nancy, would you? And so see your brother and me hung up on the Mole, or shot upon parade, and then, rejoice that you had been the cause of it! Go on, Nancy! Go on! You had better do so at once, for, I tell you honestly, Dan and I are determined, and we have gone too far to recede.’

‘Not yet, I hope! No, not yet! Do not drive me mad, Antony! Do not drive me out of my senses, or I shall at once betray you. Oh, my poor heart, my poor heart! What shall I do? Have you considered all the consequences of this act? Think, think of your example! If followed, what will become of our country! what will become of us all? Antony, Antony! Oh do not be so mad!’

‘I am not mad, Nancy, nor would I make you mad; but if you will not do this simple act I ask of you, why then we must take our chance, and I shall lose you.’

‘Well, it were better so, than that we should all perish. But, Antony, this will not end well. You cannot escape; or if you do escape, you will be retaken, and be shot like a dog.’

‘Ay, a dog is shot when he’s of no further use, and so, I suppose, shall I be. Nancy, don’t you think me something better than a dog?’

‘If you were but as faithful to your master, as a dog is to his, you would indeed be much better than he is. A good dog never deserts his master.’

‘That depends upon who he is, and what kind of master he is. A cruel one will even be deserted by his dog.’

‘I think not, Antony; for he will lick the very hand that beats him; and correction is good, even for a dog.’

‘Yes, but not such correction as must be cruelty. Now, here have we been, sun-burnt, thirsty, hungry, tormented, and can obtain neither fresh meat, fish, nor vegetables; no pay, no clothes, and nothing but debts. We should not run away if we were not treated worse than the Governor’s dogs.’

‘I don’t believe it. You and brother both look well and are well, and, if you were but “content with your wages,” as the Scriptures say you ought to be, you might be as happy as other people; but this of those sly, artful agents, who are at work among you soldiers, comes turning your hearts with the new doctrines of the French Revolution. Antony, you don’t love me. Go! go! get to be a Don, and

marry some native Donna; and, should you ever see plain Nancy Armstrong in Spain, doff your hat to her, for she will be much happier as she is, than as she would be, let her be one of the grandest of the grand in Spain.'

'Well, Nancy, good bye then! good bye! You will not betray brother and me? I shall soon see you again, and I hope you will then acknowledge I was right.'

Young Morgan left the poor girl in the utmost despair. There was too much earnestness in his manner to allow her to believe it to be an invention to try her sincerity; but she knew not what to do. At one time, she thought of going direct to the Governor, and revealing what had been said. Then she considered it would lead to their disgrace, and perhaps, their death. Again she meditated going to her brother, but she feared the violence of his temper. She bethought her of her friends up the Rock. Wellington's wife had been very kind to her, and she resolved to go that very evening, and ask what she would advise.

She went as fast as she could, and overtook his daughter returning with a goat's milk can to the cottage.

'Is your mother in the house, my dear?' she said. 'Is your mother alone? I want to speak to her.'

The child perceived, by her flurried manner, that she had something important to communicate, and said, 'Had I not better just step in, and see if mother is alone?'

'Do, my dear; do, pray do!'

The poor girl was in great agitation, and, not being very strong, was at that moment almost beside herself. Mrs. Wellington happened to be alone. Poor Nancy entered, and, almost dead, fell fainting on the floor.

'Do save them! do save them!' she half wildly exclaimed. 'I know they are mad! I know they are mad!'

'Who is in danger? Who are mad? Is young Morgan in danger?'

'Yes! yes! he is,' she cried, still more wildly. 'Hush! hush! Mrs. Wellington, do you know, my brother and he has resolved to murder me!'

'Pooh! nonsense, child. What are you talking about? Danger! save them! and they are going to murder you! Come, come! you are not well. Take off your bonnet. Come, be calm, be calm. They would not murder you. Be composed; there, there—Mary

Anne, take her shawl. Come, poor thing, be comforted.' The poor girl looked around her, first on one side, and then on the other.

'Is the door shut?'

'Yes, it is.'

'Read that, Mrs. Wellington! read that!' for Morgan had not taken back the letter.

Mrs. Wellington took it, hastily opened it, and read:

TO GENERAL BUONAPARTE, OR TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF
THE SPANISH FORT.

'GENERAL,

'We have received your invitation to become your soldiers; and we have, fourteen of us, whose names are hereunto affixed, sworn to come over to you. We shall pass the Devil's Tower to-morrow morning, at six o'clock. You will know us by a white feather in our leader's hat. General, we will be your officers, according to your promise. So look for us to-morrow, at sunrise.

' (Signed)

'DAN ARMSTRONG.

'ANTONY MORGAN.

'T. MAC'ANTREY.

'DENNIS O'HARTY.

and ten others.'

Mrs. Wellington saw at once the horrible plot that must be hatching, and she knew, from fearful experience, what terrible consequences must ensue if the party were discovered. She felt for the poor girl, and was in the act of comforting her, when Dan Long and young Hewitt entered the cottage.

Dan came laughing in, with his good-humoured face and fun, and said,

'Mrs. Wellington, do you intend to make a spooney of my young friend, here? He's been telling me you are so kind to him; and that he loves you and your daughter; and, if ever he marries, he vows that this little damsel shall be his wife. But what say you to that, my lassie? Hallo! hallo! My friend Antony's friend here, and in tears, too! What's the matter? I smell a rat, Mrs. Wellington.'

'There never was such a nose of your's, Dan,' said Hewitt. 'Do you remember making all the noblemen laugh, when you saluted one of the Foreign Ambassadors at the review, with his bright tawdry uniform, for the Prince of Wales? They all declared they had never seen such a nose as yours; and I say so too. You smell

a rat! Where is it, Dan? Perhaps you can tell us where to find it.'

Now, in this speech, young Hewitt exhibited a sagacity above his years; he perceived how the current set, and judged at once, that the fiery Morgan had been frightening the poor girl with some of his desperate complaints: but Dan, looking at him very earnestly, said:

'Take care I don't shoot you for a rat, Hewitt. I know well, something more's the matter than I shall be told. I never saw a soldier's sweetheart crying, except when her soldier was going to leave her. Now, my lass! come. I'm an old soldier, and it has been my office, as drum-major, to order many a lash to be given to a refractory one. Now, tell me, shall I give orders for Antony Morgan to be tied up, for you to give him what he deserves?'

The poor girl hung her head, and looked at Mrs. Wellington for an answer.

'Come into my room with me,' she said. 'Come with me. Mary Anne, do you stay with Mr. Long. Come, my dear.'

Nancy Armstrong retired with the soldier's wife; whilst Dan Long, for a minute or two, became abstracted; when he awoke from his reverie, he heard Hewitt saying to the soldier's daughter, 'What Dan says is very true! If ever I should marry, you must be my wife. Now, what do you say, my safe conductress?'

'Why, that if Mr Hewitt does not prove to be some nobleman's son, and will not choose to forget poor Mary Anne Wellington, why then, she will never forget him!'

'Upon my word,' cried Dan, 'betrothed! betrothed before me, Dan Long, drum-major of his Majesty's gallant 48th. Well now, I will make short work of it: I publish the banns of marriage between Thomas Hewitt, fifer, trombone player, fiddler, trumpeter, and hautboy player, or player of any kind, and Mary Anne Wellington, Maid of the Rock of Gibraltar. This is for the first and last time of asking.'

'I forbid the banns!' exclaimed Wellington, as he entered the house.'

'And why so, father?' asked the child.

'For reasons which I will plainly give, when Dan Long shall ask the legal question.'

'Well father, I shall call him my husband, lawfully or legally, as you may term it. So I promise to be his little wife.'

'About as much right to that title as I have to be called Long,'

observed the drum-major. 'You ought to be called Long, and I Short; but what have names to do with nature, and what has size to do with greatness! There never was a bigger fellow, I suppose, than Goliath of Gath; but he was not very great when little David laid him low. You, my friend, Hewitt's little wife! Thomas, you must keep the start of her, or she will soon out-top you.'

Just at this time, Nancy came from the sleeping-room with Mrs. Wellington; and, poor girl, she wore a more cheerful face, though deep sorrow was seated at her heart.

'Shall I see you home?' said Hewitt.

'No,' replied Dan. 'I am the oldest soldier on the Rock. No one will be jealous of me. So give us your arm, young woman; I'll be your guard.'

Nothing could prevent Dan Long from fulfilling the office of protector. Go he would, and go he did; and he had not proceeded a hundred yards, before he said: 'Now, young woman, you may as well make a confidant of me! I know young Morgan is going to try to escape. Is it not so? Is he not going to desert? Tell me! I may perhaps save him!'

'And will you try, Sir?'

'I will.'

'Then do so this very night; or, he may be dead to-morrow.'

'Is there any one else concerned with him?'

'My brother Armstrong.'

'I will do my best: I have perceived the restlessness in barracks some time! I suspected what you tell me! Do you know of any more?'

'I know none others by name; but there are fourteen in all.'

Dan started, for he felt it would indeed require a strong band to subdue these formidable delinquents. He saw the poor girl home to the town, and returned to Wellington's Cot. But Dan's cheerfulness seemed turned into melancholy. No smart sayings! No mirth! Dan had a good heart; and, if he could save a comrade from punishment, disgrace, or death, Dan's very life, as far as it was lawful, would be given to his service. He returned to barracks, without breathing one word to the artilleryman, but deeply, warmly, and yet fearfully determined to prevent his brother-soldiers' destruction.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ATTEMPT, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It makes a man feel strangely, to be conscious that the life of another is in his hands, and that silence may prove his death. It makes even an old soldier's heart tremble, when he feels that secret service, however dangerous, may save a fellow comrade from destruction; and that to make no attempt to do so, must be to leave him to disgrace and ruin.

'I must make the attempt, let it cost me my own life,' said Dan, as he entered the barrack-yard by the south bastion. 'Besides, I have promised, and I will venture to say the poor girl sits in agony at this moment, wondering how I may succeed. Armstrong, however, is a desperate fellow, and there's no telling how he may take it.'

He entered the guard-room, and inquired of the officer of the watch who were appointed to mount guard that night?

The names given to him were above suspicion, until four o'clock relief was found to be allotted to Dan Armstrong.

'Ho! ho!' said he to himself, 'four o'clock! Mum! I must keep my vigils till he mounts guard, and, at the risk of all consequences, I must do what I hope will be taken kindly.'

The brave fellow could not but consider himself in a dangerous position. He was quite sure, if but three or four should be near at hand, at the time of his speaking to him, that they would probably prevent his uttering many words.

'I will load my pistol to give the alarm, however, if such should be the case. But, if he is alone, all may be well. I will sit up in my own room, until the watch goes to the gate at four o'clock.'

Dan sat anxiously watching the sentinel patrolling backwards and forwards every minute; and, as the signal station clock struck three, he bethought himself of the coming chance.

He saw a light in Armstrong's quarters, and heard the sentinel give him his call to duty. Alone he came out of the room, alone he walked up to the gate, alone he took his station. 'Now,' thought Dan, 'now's my time; now or never.' He opened his barrack door, and walked up to the sentinel.

'Who goes there?'

''Tis Dan Long,' replied the brave fellow.

'What brings you up here so early, Dan?'

'To try to save your life, brother Dan!'

'What! and why to save my life?'

'Hush, Armstrong, I know it all! Now, for the sake of your soul, let me take your duty, and go you and tell your fellows, it's all blown. Say to them, "Dan Long, at the risk of his life, has been bold enough to make the attempt to save us, and let's give up the enterprise." I know that you, and Morgan, and twelve others, intend to desert this very day. Now, be advised, and, before the bubble is formed, draw in your breath, and keep your life.'

'But others know it as well as yourself, and we shall all be arrested.'

'Not a soldier knows it but myself; so now I make it an affair of honour.'

Armstrong knew his man, that he never lied; and he felt convinced that Dan had somehow got at the secret, and that, out of kindness, he had resolved to prevent the desertion. But the Devil was at that time as busy as ever at Armstrong's heart, and in a moment suggested an idea, which, to his wicked mind, appeared providential. It would be an easy thing, thought Armstrong to himself, to put Dan out of the way; and, if no one else knows anything of it, we may all escape before the deed can be discovered. Dan Armstrong was a determined villain; but little did he know how near he was to his own destruction. Short-sighted, ungrateful rascal as he was, pity had no place in his breast. Self, self, self, was all the liberty he loved; and, with a traitor's designing smile, he whispered his words of lying flattery—

'Dan, your hand! I accept your offer. You're the best fellow in the world!' And, the moment Dan offered his hand, he gave him a blow with his carbine that laid him prostrate on the earth.

The poor fellow was indeed silenced. He lay motionless on the earth, and the rascal said to himself: 'No; I won't leave marks of his blood!' So he would not pierce him through with his bayonet.

He took him up in his arms, and first he thought of going to the ramparts, and hurling him into the sea, but just then he saw one of his comrades, coming out of his berth.

There was a cave close by, in which ammunition had been kept during the winter, but it was now full of fuel; into this place the villain hurled what he thought to be the dead body, and took his station at the gate again, as if nothing had happened.

His comrades came; he let them pass. 'Liberty' was the watch-word. On they went, to the place of rendezvous; in ten minutes more, another party arrived; five minutes afterwards, another; then another, and another, until all were out. The villain closed the barrack gates, and followed his companions, Antony Morgan alone waiting to accompany him. They traversed the side of the hill, as they thought, without observation; they even gained Middle Hill, and had prepared to descend, when, all at once, who should jump up from the side of the rock, but Wellington, and a strong division of men, to surprise them!

Twenty-four men, picked for the occasion, pursued them up the precipitous places of the Rock, and called upon them to yield. Twelve of the deserters were soon secured; but Armstrong and Morgan desperately refused to yield. They fled to the heights, and took their stand upon a ledge of rock, whither Wellington followed them, desirous to take them, without taking their lives.

The two fellows stood upon a projecting point of a precipice, of more than a thousand feet in height, and Wellington, advancing, called upon them to surrender.

'Point your carbine, and you are dead directly. I call upon you to surrender.'

'Come and take me,' said the fellow addressed. 'I will surrender.'

Wellington and two men advanced, and he was within arm's length of Armstrong, when he made a grasp at him, to pull him over the Rock. He missed his aim—in an instant was seen falling over and over in the air from that tremendous height, and was literally dashed to pieces upon the Rock below.

Madness seized the brain of Antony Morgan. He burst into a wild laugh, and sprang after his companion, to the horror of all beholders. So terminated the career of these deserters. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Wellington, discovering the letter, which his wife had not properly secreted, took it at once to the Governor, and was himself ordered to secure the parties.

The drums of the different regiments beat to arms, as the prisoners descended the Rock. But, as they came down, they saw a terrified female rushing up to meet them, in a distracted state. Her brother, and her lover were not there! Where were they? She heard the fatal news, and, with a wild shriek, she would herself have followed them, had she not been caught by the men, and secured.

'Oh! Dan Long!' she exclaimed. 'Dan Long is a traitor!'

This led to inquiries about Dan Long, who, strange to say, had never been known to be absent from his post without leave, for more than forty years. His room was searched; his bed had not been slept in, and no one knew where he was. The men, heavily ironed, were questioned about him, but poor Dan could not be found. No one could give any account of him.

Wellington's wife and daughter could bear evidence that Dan was at their house on the previous evening. In the guard-room, the officer of the watch remembered his inquiries, but the mystery of his absence was not cleared up until eight o'clock that morning, when some of the soldiers, going to the cave for fuel, discovered the little drum-major in an insensible state, lying upon a heap of fuel. It was well known that Dan was always a sober man, and it was at first feared he was dead. The assistant-surgeon of the regiment was soon at hand; and, after copious bleeding, poor Dan began to open his eyes. He had received a most violent contusion on the forehead, and was far too weak to give any account of himself.

Melancholy it was, to see twelve young men brought that day into barracks, as the worst of prisoners; not taken honourably in the face of a foe, but as secret enemies, something worse than spies. They were conducted to the guard-room, amidst their comrades, with whom, a few hours before, they could have exchanged words and smiles. Now they could not lift their heads; and men looked upon them as something abominable in their sight.

'This comes of all their fine-spun theories of liberty and reason, their rights, and privileges,' said Hope to Wright. 'I thought it would end in this. I wish I might live to see that day, when the wild destroyer of nations, Napoleon, may be as crest-fallen as my poor comrades, his admirers.'

'Perhaps we may both do so,' replied Wright; 'but there is One above, to whom the tyrant must be answerable for the blood of

these poor fellows, tempting and alluring them, under false promises, to desert their natural supporters. I wonder how he would feel, were he to be brought to this Rock, and here be tried for all his treacheries?’

‘Feel! why much as these poor fellows do—ashamed of himself. I suppose we shall have the Governor in barracks to-day, or shall we have to conduct the prisoners down to Government House?’

‘I know not; but orders are passing, and officers are assembling in our Colonel’s quarters. We shall hear something of it at the head of the regiment to-day. But poor Dan, I wonder how he came by his ill-treatment?’

‘Depend upon it, the truth will come out; and it will be found that Dan was put out of the way to prevent blabbing. See, there’s General Picton coming into the barracks. There’s something serious to take place, by the officers of the garrison assembling thus early.’

Serious indeed was the matter upon which the officers were meeting; for the Governor had given orders that a general court-martial should be held immediately, to inquire into the conduct of the prisoners, and to report the same to his Excellency.

There is not a more painful situation for a soldier, than to stand before his officers in a court-martial; to be brought before men, whom he has been accustomed to obey, and from whom he expects the word of command to do his duty; now, no longer able to receive that word, or to be respected. The spirit of man is gone, when he feels conscience-smitten in his guilt. His strength fails him; he is a shadow of his former self, the reality of which is gone.

The soldier’s friends become his judges in such cases; and fearful is it to reflect, that the sword which should be drawn only against the enemies of his country, must be drawn, by his own officers, against himself. It would be well for many reckless young men, could they see a general court-martial. They would never have forgotten it, had they seen the one which sat that day upon these offenders.

The officers were seated at a table, with pens and paper before them; each, as occasion offered, putting some question as to the cause of this mutinous act. One of the soldiers was admitted as king’s evidence; and he honestly spoke the truth, and did not once

falter in his testimony. Not one of them could deny what was said, nor did they attempt it.

When young Gladstone was brought forward, the evidence was given thus,

‘This man is innocent!’

‘How so?’ said General Picton.

‘I know he was forced into it by his cousin, Armstrong. I know he would have gone away from the party, with Wright and Hope, had he not been detained forcibly, and threatened, and compelled to join it.’

‘Can any one corroborate this testimony?’

‘Yes! Hope and Wright can.’

These two men swore to the same effect; that Mark Gladstone was anxious to have nothing to do with the job, and would gladly, but for fear of Armstrong, who compelled him to take a cruel oath against his conscience, have been out of the enterprise.

The court-martial deliberated a long time, and then summoned Gladstone by himself.

General Picton, who was chairman upon this occasion, addressed him in few, but earnest words, such as it would have been well for all the army to hear:

‘Gladstone, I rejoice that some favourable circumstances can be found in your case, to enable me to speak the decision to which your officers have come with regard to you. It appears, that you have not been a willing companion of those bad soldiers who have this day brought disgrace upon their names and characters; that some power, both of force and fear, has been used to bind you to their company, and that you resisted whilst you had your own will. Now, bear in mind, young man, that it is always better to die in a good cause, than even to live in a bad one; and that, had you been shot in the attempt to escape from mutinous companions, it would have been much better than to be shot as a deserter. Such would have been your fate, had not evidence been providentially elicited, to prove you, in some measure, innocent of this crime. But let it be a warning to you for the future. We shall represent your case to the Governor, and recommend you to his mercy. Go! and never be found the companion of infidels and deserters; but be a good soldier and a good man, as long as you live.’

He was taken out of the room, with tears in his eyes at the good

General's manly speech to him, and he profited by it as long as he lived.

The other ten were then brought in, to hear the decision of the court-martial, and the General addressed them all—

‘Wicked men—for I can no longer call you Soldiers—you have been taken in the act of deserting your friends, basely to join our common enemy. It is of no use my speaking to you of your future conduct, that will be left to the office of the Chaplain of the Forces, and your respective religious advisers. Your crime has been a public one, and the penalty of it will be a public execution. We have diligently and attentively examined all the evidence against you, and we are come to this unanimous resolution and sentence :

‘That you ten be condemned to be shot to death, at such time and place as the Governor shall think fit to appoint.’

A shudder ran through the frames of the stoutest among them, as they were taken back to confinement, never more to enjoy the satisfaction of a soldier's name. They passed through rank and file to their respective wards, and not an eye but looked upon them with pain, as they were conducted to their silent and solitary prisons.

The report was then formally made out, signed, and forwarded to the Governor.

One month was given to them to prepare for eternity; and this was not to be told to the prisoners, but each was led to believe that the day that was, was to be his last.

Poor Dan gradually revived, and received a visit from Wellington and his wife, and also a request, if he preferred being out of barracks for a time, to come and take up his quarters in his friend Hewitt's old berth.

‘But, Dan, how came you in that cave?’

‘Simply by my own folly!’

‘How so?’

‘I should have known better than to have trusted a man, who was such a villain as to desert his country. I might have been sure he would not scruple to kill me in a moment. But the fact is, I promised that poor girl, the night I saw her at your cot, and walked home with her, to make the attempt to save him.’

‘So, you were accessory to the fact, were you, Dan? You knew they were going off, did you? and you did not think fit to get them put under arrest immediately?’

‘Would you have done so, Wellington?’

‘To be sure I should, Dan, if I had not made a promise to the contrary; and to be sure I did so the very moment I discovered the plot. You have given young Hewitt but a bad example of your generalship. I should have played a different tune to him, if I had been you.’

‘But you, not being me, and I, not being you, we did not exactly agree. I did what I did, with good intention; but, I perceive much want of wisdom, and precaution, in the manner in which I did it.’

‘Well, Dan, the men are to be shot, and I suppose your band will have to play the dead march. I am glad, however, that your life was spared. We will talk over the matter another time, and at my cottage; so go on improving in your practice, as you say to your pupils. Good bye.’

Dan recovered by degrees, and was present, not by proxy, but in person, at the public execution, which shall form the subject of another chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

MILITARY EXECUTION.

IN whatever point of view a public execution may be looked upon, the intention of it is to do a public good. Doubts may exist, and very properly, as to the benefits resulting from it in civil states; and whether they who go, with pleasure—shall I call it?—or even with morbid curiosity, to see such sights, do not come away from them with more hardened feelings than they before possessed. It is a strange madness in man, that he should find any gratification in the death-struggles of a culprit. It would speak far better for the morality and piety of a nation, if, instead of every thoroughfare being crowded, and every window open to see a public execution; men passed it by rapidly and kept their windows closed, and their hearts in prayer for the unhappy victim.

It would be better, far better, if such things must be, that they should be carried into effect by the functionaries of the law within the precincts of the gaol, and before such public officers as the State may require. False heroism is mere mad desperation among the wicked, who carry out their ideas of magnanimity, in stubborn selfishness, even to the gallows. The public would be much more awed by not seeing the criminal suffer the extremity of the law, than by such an exhibition. Let it be known, as loudly and extensively as possible, that the law is to be carried into effect, at such an hour, on such a day; and let a gun be fired to announce it, but let not the public behold the spectacle. The moral effect would be more deeply felt, even amongst the most degraded of the human race. Oh! that all necessity for public executions were at an end! Philanthropists, sincere philanthropists, would wish that no one should ever injure another, and that all violence might cease: but whilst philanthropists love money, and will only look to the good

which may be done by riches, violence and every other passion will flourish. Reader, whoever you may be, tell me, is not this the truth?

'And must they *all* suffer?' said the soldier's daughter to young Hewitt, on the 3rd of May, 1799. 'Must they *all* suffer? Cannot mercy be extended, and justice satisfied, without their deaths?'

'No, Mary; no. We have received orders to be in readiness to-morrow morning; the sentence has been read at the head of all the regiments on their respective parades, and to-morrow—to-morrow they must die.'

'Oh! how I wish that anything could prevent the execution. I feel so dreadfully for them, poor fellows! But what must *they* feel, Hewitt?'

'I hear that some of them are so reconciled to their fate as to be elated, and even to fancy that they are going to die martyrs to the true cause of liberty. The priests have some of them declared almost as much, and told others in the ranks that they might envy them their situation. Can this be religious consolation? Oh, what will not false reasoning do to destroy faith!'

'But surely, Mr. Hughes, our worthy chaplain, has not deceived them?'

'No; but he has only a small portion of them under his spiritual guidance. Only three of them are Protestants; and though, by his office, he can speak to them all, yet much of his admonition goes unheeded, or is counteracted by their respective advisers.'

'I heard his sermon this day, and you must have noticed how silent the soldiers were as he addressed them upon that most applicable text, "Do violence to no man, neither accuse any man falsely, and be content with your wages."'" (Luke iii, 14.)

'I did notice it, and I heard his calm address with peculiar satisfaction, because he so forcibly explained the soldier's duties, that he reconciled my mind to some things which had often troubled it.'

'And what where they?' asked the young girl.

'I cannot tell you all my thoughts, maiden; but I have had serious fears lest a soldier might be excluded from salvation. These he most forcibly and truly combated. He distinguished very admirably between a just and an unjust use of the sword, and most ably proved that Christ did not want our swords to defend him, but our souls to glorify him. He instanced the many good Christians who had been soldiers of the State, and good soldiers of Christ

Jesus. He instanced the devout Cornelius, and others, and argued that they were none of them ordered to leave their respective armies, and their obedience to their officers, though they were infidels. He quoted the memorable words of a celebrated Roman writer, who spoke of the fidelity of the Christians:—"We serve in your fleets and armies; we desert you only at the threshold of your temples." He spoke of this desertion as the only lawful one for a Christian soldier. I shall never forget those words, "We desert you only at the threshold of your temples." How powerfully did he then speak of the desertions which had lately taken place, and how manfully did he show that it was a species of infidelity for a soldier to be guilty of! Then came his address to all, concerning the value of Religion, in soothing our present trials, and teaching us the duty of soldiers in preserving the lives of peaceful citizens; but, most of all, the rewards of another life, and the account we were to give to Him who commanded all the hosts of Heaven and earth, and the fatal consequences to the wicked.

'Lastly, he spoke of that event which is to take place to-morrow, and called upon us all to pray for our deluded comrades, that they may be prepared. He then commended us all to the God of mercy, justice, and judgment; and prayed with us all for forgiveness.'

'You do indeed seem to remember all, and I have no doubt you will pray for them all; I am sure I shall. Here comes my mother from the town; she has been to pay a Christian visit to poor Nancy Armstrong; and look, Dan has been with her.'

They came in; and, upon Wellington's return, young Hewitt opened the Bible, and read them a chapter, and the evening was passed in conversation suitable to the coming day.

Poor Nancy Armstrong had been deranged ever since the melancholy event of her brother's ruin. She had met with universal sympathy from all ranks; she was well attended by men of the best medical skill; and, though in a state of insanity, she was calm and placid. A broken heart, with a sickly constitution, had been too powerful for the nervous system; and the young woman was, perhaps, in a happy state of unconsciousness when the morning of public execution arrived.

It did arrive, and was as unclouded as if it were to usher joy alone into this world of anxiety.

At ten o'clock, all the regiments received orders to prepare for marching. No drum was heard to give the signal, but messengers

passed to and fro carrying their officer's orders to the troops. All the soldiers of the garrison turned out in silence. The bands of the different regiments were commanded not to play, though they took their stations as if going to parade.

No funeral procession ever moved in such slow and measured time as did the troops on their way to Mill Hill, the appointed place of execution. Each soldier looked down, instead of forward, as he marched along, and not a sound could be heard but the very slowly-measured tramp of well-trained feet, as they ascended the side of the hill. Every officer was at his post. As the regiments arrived on the flat ground near the old Moorish ruins, they were formed into one vast square, with one side, near the ruins, blank. Towards the centre of the square were two posts, with one cross bar, against which rested twelve rifles, six on one side, six on the other. Near the centre of the blank side of the square was a large grave, newly opened, and capable of holding the ten bodies of the deserters.

The men were all drawn up in regular order of attention; the General and his staff being at the head of the square.

The Provost-Marshal was seen in earnest conversation with the Governor, and the troops remained stationary, and in dead silence, for nearly half an hour.

At length a single beat of a drum was heard which was repeated once every minute, and the prisoners were seen descending along the high road from their rocky dungeons to the place of execution.

All the soldiers watched them as they came. The solemn drum, speaking the death-knell of the criminals, told the mournful tragedy which was now to be performed. They arrived at the appointed place, and saw their own grave open before their eyes. The priests of their different persuasions accompanied them to the fatal spot, the respected chaplain of the forces also being with them. The prisoners descended, two and two. Dreadfully did they all look, their faces being more like those of corpses than of living men. A paleness, indeed, was visible in the countenances of the whole body of troops then assembled. And well might even warriors turn pale, at seeing ten young men, in the vigour of manhood, about to be cut off in a moment. He must be made of iron who could witness unmoved such a melancholy sight. There were some soldiers present whose limbs never trembled in the day of battle, that were compelled to retire from the ranks, and rest themselves upon the earth to prevent their fainting; and it was no disgrace to young Hewitt,

whose position was near the end of the north side of the square, to find that he required the support of the Drum-Major of his regiment, to witness the scene. He saw it, and could hear what was said; and it is from his record of the event that this narrative is transcribed.

The Provost-Marshall read the sentence aloud; twelve men of the Rifle Brigade were then ordered up to the guns. The command was given that the prisoners were to be shot two at a time. Six soldiers were to fire at each man. The guns had been previously loaded; only two in each six had ball cartridges in them, and none knew which they were. All, of course, had to take the best aim.

Two of those supposed to be the ringleaders were the first ordered for execution; one a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholic. They shook hands with their respective ministers, and with their wretched companions. They were then led forward to the prescribed distance from the riflemen, and ordered to kneel down. They did so. A soldier then tied a handkerchief round one man's eyes, but the other exclaimed:

‘Blind me not; let me look up as long as I can!’

He would not submit to be blindfolded, but knelt and looked up to Heaven, his fine pale countenance presenting a perfect picture of manly resignation. The tears fell from his eyes as the Provost-Marshall gave the word of command—‘Fire!’—and both were instantaneously dead.

Did not many a tear start from the eyes of those brave fellows who witnessed the scene? A soldier feels as much as a civilian, and it would be a false record which stated that even veterans did not weep. Dan Long, though he had nearly met his death by one of the deserters, wept as if he had seen his own brother shot.

All eyes were now turned to the Provost-Marshall, who was expected to pronounce the names of the next two culprits who were to suffer; but what was the surprise of every soldier, at hearing him read the following proclamation:—

‘Soldiers, you have been condemned justly as deserters, and have seen the execution carried into effect upon the bodies of your ringleaders; hear now the gracious pardon of the Governor. In the hope that justice has been answered, and that you will never again be guilty of such another crime, you are spared from death, and are restored to your respective duties. Go, repent, and live!’

Description must fail in the attempt to portray the feelings of

those lately despairing men. Some threw themselves flat on the ground for joy, not knowing what they did. They embraced one another; they kissed each other; they went down on their knees, and sent up hallelujahs to the God of mercy. One poor fellow stood stock still, absolutely petrified almost to idiotcy, and could not be persuaded, even by the Chaplain, that he was pardoned, and was to live. All wept, and surely, if angels joy in Heaven over the souls of returning penitents, men may rejoice on earth when they see mercy extended to their fellow-creatures.

It was indeed a most pathetic, and, at the same time, consoling sight, to witness the outpourings of hearts overflowing with gratitude. Blessed Spirits! overcharged with benevolence, weeping for the joy of doing good, and, at the same time, giving thanks to the Great Author and Fountain of all mercies, your hearts only can conceive the joyful feelings which then, in the midst of sorrow, animated the countenances of those who both shewed and received mercy and pity! No pen can do it justice. It was, indeed, a heavenly sight, never to be forgotten. The poor fellows returned to barracks, and received the congratulations of their former companions.

It was strange to mark the altered manners of those men afterwards. But the soldiers were all marched in funeral procession, past the dead bodies of the deserters, and were then dismissed to their respective quarters. A general joy diffused itself throughout the garrison and the town, and curiosity was stirring, to become acquainted with the men who were pardoned.

Dan Long was among the merriest in the barracks that day, notwithstanding his ugly wound. He sincerely rejoiced in the escape of his brother soldiers from an ignominious death.

He and young Hewitt were at Wellington's cot, talking over the termination of the melancholy business of the day, when they were suddenly startled by some sharp firing in the bay. The murmur of voices came along the gale, and it seemed as if half the population of the town and garrison were coming up to the cot.

It is wonderful what a singular effect the murmur of human voices on a still day has upon the ear: like the sounds of the Æolian harp, they come, one while in plaintive melancholy chords, and again burst out into wilder strains. Dan's musical ear paused to catch the commotion of voices, and young Hewitt called to Mary Anne Wellington to come with him up the Rock. She was not long in obeying the summons, for hundreds of people were hastening past, and all they could learn was, that there was an action in the bay.

Spectators of all nations assembled on the heights of the Rock. Portuguese, Jews, Spaniards, Genoese, Frenchmen, Moors from the coast of Africa—in short, people of almost every nation and clime were scrambling up the Rock, to witness the then distant sea-fight. The atmosphere was perfectly clear, and, without the aid of telescopes, they could see the action as plainly as if close to it.

‘It is the Speedy gun-brig!’ exclaimed an officer of the harbour. ‘She has been out for a cruise, and is returning with two merchantmen under convoy. Oh! that we had one of our men-of-war in the bay!’

It happened, unfortunately, that they had all been recently ordered from Gibraltar, to join the squadron under Nelson, in search of the French fleet in the Mediterranean, and there was not one, at that time, to defend our straits. The Spaniards had been watching for some opportunity to take advantage of the absence of our ships; and, when they saw the Speedy, with her convoy, they thought it a good time to give us an idea of their courage.

The poor English ship was quite becalmed, about three miles north-east of Europa Point, and she could not, by any efforts of her men, reach the protection of our guns. Had the application of steam power been then known, she would soon have received succour. As it was not, all she could do was, to fight it out against a superior force. The Spaniards were determined to take both the brig and the merchantmen she guarded; and, to accomplish this purpose, fifteen gun-boats, with three large privateers, went pompously out to the attack. The gun-boats rowed completely round the brig, and for the space of a whole hour kept up an incessant fire of round and grape shot. The privateers went three different times almost within hail of the brig, with the intention, as it was supposed by the spectators on the Rock, to board her: but whether they could not, or dared not, it was impossible to decide; but certainly they did not. Still the brave brig, though with fearful odds against her, would not strike her colours, but defended herself and her convoy with the greatest dexterity and determination.

The spectators, who looked on with the utmost interest and anxiety, expected nothing less than to see them taken, and carried triumphantly into the Spanish port. It was something like a shoal of sharks, or sword-fish, attacking a poor wounded whale. Each of these gun-boats had a twenty-four pounder in her bows; but they were very badly manned.

‘Poor fellows!’ said Mary Anne to Hewitt, ‘they must give in; every one will be killed if they do not.’

'I wish we had any help for them ; if we had but one ship, the wind, what little there is, would carry her directly to them.'

Captain Brenton, however, afterwards Sir Jahleel Brenton, was not a man to flinch in the hour of duty. He permitted the gun-boats from Algesiras to approach as near as they thought proper—he even let them fire away at him—until the moment of determined action should convince the spectators on the Rock that he was not to be trifled with. He gave orders for the royals and studding sails of the brig to be taken in, and then passing through the midst of the gun-boats, so near as to carry away their oars, he poured in from either side such volleys of round and grape, that the enemy fled in confusion, and the Speedy's convoy got safe into the bay. So gallant an action against such fearful odds was accounted a most masterly stroke of judgment. Witnessed as it was by all the garrison it was with no little joy that the brig, which, owing to injury received, had to keep on the starboard tack till she reached Setuan Bay, at length followed her convoy into port. The next night, at the express command of his Excellency General O'Hara, the Governor, the watch-word for the parole was, '*Speedy*,' and for the counter sign, '*Brenton*'—a name which from that day rose in the annals of our naval history, and will not be obliterated even when wars shall be at an end.

CHAPTER X.

THE DISCOVERY.

YOUNG HEWITT, though with such humble instructors as Dan Long and other musicians, contrived to make good use of his time, and to improve himself greatly in the science of music; so much so, indeed, that he attracted the attention of his commanding officer, and was frequently invited and permitted to attend musical parties at Gibraltar. His was truly a genius that could improve by itself, without the aid of preceptors. Whatever he determined to make himself master of, his perseverance, combined with great ability, always conquered all its difficulties; and Thomas Hewitt became comparatively as celebrated in his regiment and in the places where his regiment was quartered, as Paganini, Lindley, or Dragonetti, in the grand concerts of England, or any individual who ever played a solo before the most refined audience.

But Thomas Hewitt was an humble man, never elated beyond that truly gratifying feeling which genius always experiences in the praises of superior rank, and, at the same time, superior appreciation of true talent. Never did Thomas Hewitt, in the course of his whole life, step out of his line, to seek to raise himself by pride above his station. To say that he was not flattered and pleased by the attentions paid him on account of his talents, would be false; but to say that the man ever thought less of another, or behaved to him with contempt because superior to him in talent, would be equally false.

He and Dan, and several of the band, used frequently to enliven Wellington Cot with their practice; and Dan, the drum-major, the first instructor, and indeed, the first enlister of the young musician, began to pay him the homage due to superiority, when he saw how readily and how cleverly he succeeded in bringing all the band into the first-rate culture of their profession. Hewitt was invited to

the Governor's soirées, and was engaged in teaching many young persons the theory of music, with which he had made himself intimately acquainted. These things brought no small addition to his means; and the miserable-looking recruit who had landed in such woful plight on that barren Rock, found himself, in the space of a few months, instead of being a pauper, or a debtor, a man of sufficient substance to forward much of his savings to his poor, disconsolate mother. Piety will always, one day or another, be rewarded; if not with vast prosperity in this life, with those things which are far better—inward satisfaction and inexpressible comfort. He is always a great man, be he who he will, who regards his parents' sufferings more than his own.

But a change came over the friends of the Rock, who were luxuriating in each other's society, by an order for the 48th and 18th Regiments to embark for Egypt. In March, 1800, the 5th Regiment arrived from England, and was encamped on the southern part of the Rock, while the 48th had to move out of the South Bastion Barracks to the Artificers' Parade. This did not prevent the friendship which had begun between the family of Wellington and young Hewitt's regiment, at so destitute a moment, continuing through prosperous as well as adverse circumstances. Friends must part, be they who they will; and in those stirring times the warmest feelings suffered the keenest anxieties, and not the less so from the frequent occurrence of the same event, awakening alternately the same sensations in the whole community.

As may be supposed, these humble companions on the Rock of Gibraltar did not separate without many previous visits and honest good wishes. It was known that a hot campaign might be expected in Egypt, that Buonaparte had great ideas of destroying all our influence in that quarter, and of reaching our Indian possessions by the Red Sea. He had removed his army towards that part of the globe, and had resolved that Asia should become the new field of his exploits.

Young Hewitt soon found his own mistake, in imagining that his service was to be confined to Europe. He had to serve his King and country in any quarter of the globe to which his regiment might be ordered. The 48th was never a condemned regiment. It was always a loyal and steady friend to its country, and, as we shall frequently see in this narrative, had as much hard fighting as any regiment in the Peninsular War.

The 11th of May, 1800, was the day appointed for the embarking of these two regiments for the Island of Minorca, to be in readiness to move towards the wider field of their ultimate destination. Two regiments of the Fencibles had previously arrived to relieve them. Our gallant young soldier came, on the morning of the 11th of May, to bid his kind friends farewell. True friendship had existed between them all, and true grief at parting was mutually felt.

‘I am come to bid you good bye, Wellington,’ said Hewitt. ‘Let me be burning under the torrid zone, or ascending the pyramids, or working up the Nile, I shall never forget your kindness, and that of your wife and daughter, to a poor destitute fifer of his Majesty’s 48th. God bless you all!’

‘God bless you, my boy!’ said Wellington. ‘You are going to warm and sharp work; but I have a sweet hope that I shall see you again at the Rock.’

‘My faith does not desert me. I believe that I shall come again. But, if I do not, such has been your goodness to me, that I beg you will take care of this my last will and testament, and open it only when you hear of some casualty having happened to me. I have herein desired, that whatever my kit may be worth, whatever I may die possessed of, either in the shape of pay or possession, may be transmitted to you; one moiety thereof to be given to my mother, and the other moiety to be kept by yourself. And so now, good bye.’

The young girl stood by the window in tears; she did not attempt to disguise her simple, unaffected grief. She gave full vent to her sorrows, and did not hesitate to say: ‘Father, we shall never know such another companion as this.’

‘Oh, do not despair, my maiden,’ said Hewitt; ‘do not despair. You yourself have taught me the same doctrine, young as you are; and now, believe me, I preach the same to you, hoping that you will put it into full practice. I shall often play myself a solitary tune; and, when I do so, Mary Anne, I shall reflect upon you, your mother, and your father, the old Rock of Gibraltar, and the events which have occurred upon it since I arrived. Do not despair for me, and I will never cease to pray for you all.’

‘And I shall do so for your regiment, and most especially for the Drum-Major and for you, Hewitt, that I may see you land again at the old Mole, from which you are now about to take your departure. Will you, indeed, think of me?’

'Indeed I will!—do not despair! If you wish me not to forget you, you must let me cut a lock from your hair, and keep it as a memorial of you.'

'You shall have one, brave boy!' said the mother; 'and proud should I be of as good a chap as yourself, should he ever visit my child as an affianced lover! She is too young to think of such things now: and you must be a veteran in the army, before you dream of retirement.'

Mrs. Wellington separated a brown lock from the head of her child, and gave it to the young musician, who placed it carefully under his belt, and extended his honest hand to the simple child.

'Come, Mary Anne, do not weep!'

But she *did* weep, and she could not help weeping; and the more he told her not to weep, the more unable was she to restrain her tears.

'Should any letters arrive at the Rock for me, take this written letter to the authorities, and it will shew that you are authorized to receive them for me. Should I die—then you must answer them for me: should I live, why then I shall see you and my young companion again, and I shall be able to answer them myself.'

The friends all went to the Mole together. The regiments embarked on board the Negroe frigate, and sailed out of the bay, amidst the farewells, good wishes, and waving hands and handkerchiefs of friends, whom many of them were then leaving for ever.

Dan and Hewitt cherished their regard for Wellington, and on every opportunity, when vessels were bound to Gibraltar, did they send intelligence of themselves and of their movements. These letters, though written by so humble an individual as Hewitt, were replete with traits of genius, which would surprise and entertain many a soldier, as well as civilian, of any rank. It would swell this work beyond the contemplated bounds of the life of Mary Anne Wellington, to introduce them here, though one from Dan Long is so characteristic of the man that it must be transcribed. !

ISLAND OF MINORCA, *June 4th*, 1800.

'MR. AND MRS. WELLINGTON,

'It is our good King's birthday, and we have all been playing "God save the King," in such glorious style, that you would have rejoiced to hear us. We had a good passage here; were only five days on board in sailing to this harbour; but we were detained two days before we landed. We were marched, on landing, to the Glacis of Fort St. George, and here we met with two battalions of the 17th Regiment, and the 8th

King's Own. Young Hewitt has not been well since he landed; indeed all the regiment almost, excepting myself, have been attacked with the scarlet fever, but yet we have lost but one man. I went through the whole West Indian campaign, and never had any fever. We are here only as in a place of convenient rendezvous for our future movements. Hewitt says, when he gets well, if I will let him, he will write to you all three. He has done nothing but practice himself upon one theme since he left Gibraltar, and that is the praise of yourselves, and your daughter. His notes all seem to be wrong. He is making false pauses in the quickest movements, and running on at random when he ought to be performing a slow passage: I cannot make him keep time at all! In short, I think of getting him discharged, and sent to Gibraltar, that he may regain his music; for whether it be the air of Minorca, or the want of the stimulus of Gibraltar, I do not know what to make of him. Tell your daughter I shall put him in a drum-case, and send him home to her guidance and protection. I will write to you again from Egypt; so keep up your spirits, and believe me,

‘Your old friend,

D. M., 48th Regiment.

‘DAN LONG.’

It must be confessed, that young Hewitt could not divert his mind or his heart from the young maiden who first led his steps up the Rock of Gibraltar. He never forgot her youthful kindness, and the young man felt that she was not the less worthy because she noticed him in the day of his utmost adversity. If kind to him when clad in his drum-case, he felt that she had been equally so when he was surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, admiring his execution upon the clarionet; and his heart now told him, when separated from her, she had more hold upon his feelings than he was ever before aware of. He became, in some measure, abstracted, and talked a little more to Dan upon the subject of Mary Anne Wellington than he would otherwise have done, and thus laid himself open to his warm little friend's railleries.

‘What are you sighing about, young harmony?’ said Dan to him one day, as he sat upon the broken shaft of an anchor, watching the waves of the Mediterranean dashing on the beach of the Island of Minorca. ‘You look more like the leader of “a forlorn hope” for the morrow, than the bright hope of the present day. Come—come, Hewitt, if you *must* sigh, breathe through your clarionet, and tell the winds and waves that you love Mary Anne Wellington. Out with some grand soliloquy to the Maid of the Rock. I wonder, with all your scribbling, you have not written a poem upon a Drum-case! Come, my hearty, cheer up, and let us take a walk, instead of sitting here upon a broken anchor, which gives you but poor hope.’

Thus roused, the young man rose, and strolled along with the brave Dan, though he did not seem disposed to be very talkative. Minorca is a flat island, with but one elevation, near the centre of it, called Mount Toro. The friends walked towards Cape Mola, to the northward of the entrance of Port Mahon. They ascended the side of the rock, near the Signal Tower, and thence bent their way inward. They met parties of boys slinging stones, with wonderful dexterity, at the sea-birds; and the Drum-Major and his friend were astonished at the success with which they could hit a mark, even beyond the range of an ordinary gun. They laughed heartily, did those youngsters, at the awkward efforts of Dan to sling at a mark; but, when he pulled out his fife and gave them a tune, they all stood gaping, with as much pleasure as boys do at hearing an Italian player in the streets of London.

Young Hewitt strolled along with Dan, and let him into the secret of his heart. Not that there was any great secret therein, for Dan was very knowing about his friend, and could almost tell him as much as he knew about himself.

‘You don’t consider,’ said Dan, ‘she is but a child of thirteen. She cannot have any serious idea of you for a husband; nor ought you, a young fellow with so much to do in the world, to be thinking so pensively and foolishly about a fancy which can only last for a season, and will change with the next impression. I cannot bear to see a young fellow like you downhearted and spiritless, because you happen to have met with kind friends at Gibraltar. You will make yourself a laughing-stock among your comrades if you go on in this abstracted, melancholy humour.’

‘I confess, Dan, there is much good sense in your speech. I certainly do feel a little out of tune, and I confess that my musical brain has been a little disturbed with discords of late. I cannot forget the little maid; and though I love her, as I would a sister, yet she often seems present to me, and looks as sorrowful as I do.’

‘Pooh—pooh! All fancy—all fancy. I tell you, my boy, you may have a very grateful feeling towards your kind friends on the Rock, but do not let any one fancy they have made a discovery of a new world in your heart. Cheer up, and resume your former sprightliness.’

It was well for Hewitt that he had such a Mentor as Dan Long. It did him much good; and, though he might occasionally think

that he was too hard upon him in his remarks, yet he saw that he meant well, and, therefore, took all he said in good part.

Our young friend upon the Rock, the tall Mary Anne Wellington, was in a much worse way than the youth Hewitt. She felt severely the loss of her first friend, instructor, and, as she innocently called him, her affianced husband. She used frequently to spend hours with her poor friend, Nancy Armstrong, as she gradually recovered the use of her faculties, and was restored to usefulness.

‘Why are you so thin, dear child?’ said Nancy to her one day. ‘You look a mere shadow of your former self. You are so pale—so ghastly at times, that I really am afraid you out-grow your strength.’

‘I am very well in health,’ sighed the child, ‘very well; but I don’t know what it is, ever since the 48th left the Rock, I have felt so very low-spirited. It seems to me that half the liveliness of the garrison is gone; and father and mother keep constantly rousing me, and telling me I am so dull and stupid. I never used to be so; but I certainly feel very heavy.’

‘You are at an age when you require much nourishing food; and growing so fast, perhaps, enfeebles your constitution. I hope you will soon be better.’

‘The worst of it is, I have no appetite. Mother has sometimes obtained a delicate morsel for me, but I do not seem to relish it.’

The fact was literally so, that these good parents began to be alarmed at the state of their child’s health; and the mother (who is quicker in divining our tenderest thoughts than a mother?) made a discovery, which though, perhaps, a very simple one, was not the less interesting on the very account of its simplicity.

‘My child,’ she said one day, ‘I cannot think what is the matter with you. You tell me you have no pain any where, that you feel well, but low; and yet you eat nothing, say nothing, and can do nothing. You look so languid, and have such pale lips, and lose all your colour, agility, and spirits! My dear child, I shall insist upon your coming to Doctor Stevenson’s with me.’

‘And what good can the doctor do for me, mother? I cannot tell him what is the matter with me any more than you can. All I know is, that when Dan Long, young Hewitt, and the 48th Regiment were here, I never had any of these feelings about me, and I really think, if they were back again, I should be quite well.’

‘I hope you will be well before that time. Consider, it may be years before they come here again!’

'Do you think, dear mother, they will come again, some time or other? Shall I see them again? Oh! I should like to see young Hewitt again!'

Here was the discovery! Mrs. Wellington looked at her child with all the tenderness of a warm heart, and with no little astonishment. 'Is it possible,' thought she, 'that a mere child can imbibe such deep-rooted affection, at so early an age, as to make her lose, as it were, her very life?' She determined to discover the truth. 'Oh! yes,' she said. 'I should not be surprised if the regiment were to be again quartered on this spot; perhaps sooner than we expect.'

In an instant, the eye of the child brightened up, as she exclaimed:

'Oh! mother, how glad I shall be! I think I should skip up the Rock like a monkey if I saw young Hewitt landing again. I think it would make me quite well.'

'Well, my dear, I hope you will begin soon to pick up your looks; for, if he were to see you as you have been for the last three months, he would think very differently of you from what he has done. He used always to be praising your sprightliness, your readiness, cheerfulness, and activity. He would see you the reverse of these things, now.'

'I do not think he would see me so long; for, if he were here, I should very soon regain my spirits. He is a very good young man, is he not, mother?'

'Yes, my dear; he is. Your father likes him very much, and so do I, and I am sure *you* do, my dear.'

'That I do, indeed, mother, that I do; for almost every night, I find I cannot help crying; and when I think what it is for, I find it is because I can no longer see young Hewitt.'

'Well, my dear, we must hope in God that we shall soon meet again. We have heard of him, from Dan Long, and he has not been well since he arrived at Minorca; but he is getting better; and Dan says, he promised to write to us all three.'

'And where is that letter, dear mother? and why did you not show it me?'

'Why, my child, because we did not like to say anything about his illness. But you will have a letter from him soon.'

'Well, that makes me feel happier, already. I think that will do me good.'

The mother had evidently discovered the truth, and, with a fond affection for her child, she spoke as hopefully as she could. She found that the child was indeed the better for this confidence, and wonderfully improved upon it. Oh! tell me children, boys or girls, what can be greater happiness than a mother? Whom can ye confide in better? Who can give you better advice in those years when ye scarcely know what is best for yourselves! The secret, though scarcely known in its real meaning to the child, was fully discovered by Mrs. Wellington, and she told her husband the true state of the case.

Not long afterwards, a letter arrived, containing two enclosures—one for Mrs. Wellington, and the other for the Maid of the Rock. The reader, perhaps, would like to see one of those letters at least, as it was the first a young girl received from one, who, through all the dangers of a long life, the hardships of sharp service, and what is more remarkable, through all the days of vanity wherein his talents were most flattered, and he himself was a star of instrumental music—was faithful and true to her. But the writer of this narrative has it not. He would like very much to see it himself; but, being disappointed, he can only hope that others, if they share his disappointment, will be reconciled to its non-appearance.

Whatever were the contents of it, they had a wonderful power in restoring animation to the child, and smiles began again to play over her features, her colour to return, and her good parents to rejoice in finding her at length restored to health and cheerfulness.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN.

BUONAPARTE had gained possession of Malta by treachery, and carried away the spoils to Egypt. He had escaped the Lion of England, and spread his eagle's wings before Alexandria. But vengeance was not long in pursuing him. His great projects in the East failed. His fleet was destroyed in the bay of Aboukir; but the ambitious General escaped to France, subverted the constitution under which he had been acting, and raised himself to the dignity of First Consul of the Republic.

In vain he proposed peace to Great Britain. Our government was alive to the principles upon which he sought to establish his power; and, well knowing that faith was not likely to be kept by the usurper, they would not then listen to his proposals.

Our young heroine, upon the Rock of Gibraltar, regained her usual strength and activity of mind and body. Interested she could not fail to be, in everything which concerned Egypt, as her friend Hewitt, in the following year, wrote her a long and circumstantial account of the battle of Aboukir, in which he was engaged, on the 8th of March, 1801, and of the battle of Alexandria on the 13th. She was much more interested, however, the following year, when the Peace of Amiens was signed, and the 48th were again expected, and arrived, at Gibraltar.

Previously to their arrival, Mary Anne had the gratification of seeing her friend, Nancy Armstrong, married to a respectable young man in the Artillery, and was herself the happy bridesmaid upon the occasion. Her husband, James Bell, was a friend of Wellington's, and in the same company with the latter. They were afterwards most intimate friends. It was Anne Bell, or Nancy, as she was called, that carried up the news to Wellington Cot.

‘I bring you good tidings, Mrs. Wellington! I hear the 48th and other regiments are in the bay, and will land this very afternoon.’

‘Joy come along with them!’ exclaimed the happy child. ‘I must run down to the Mole, mother, and greet them.’

Unlike their first arrival at the Rock, the regiment came crowned with honours. Dan was there, and being first in rank, as drum-major, had the honour of being first to salute the young Maid of the Rock, which he did, declaring that Hewitt was coming ashore in his drum-case.

He came ashore, and was astonished to see the child he had left two years before. She was now rising rapidly into womanhood, and there was something so different from her former childhood, that the young man felt he could no longer look upon her as he had used to do. Neither could she fail to acknowledge that she herself felt in his company an unexpected distance and diffidence, which she had never before experienced. But frankness was Hewitt’s characteristic; and soon after muster, he moved with his delighted companions up to that cottage to which his mind had incessantly reverted, through all his dangers, and which was now before him with all its realities. Mutual joy was spread among these former friends, and they were all thankful to the God of Battles, as well as the God of Peace, who had preserved them to meet again upon the Rock of Gibraltar.

‘Are there any letters for me?’ was one of the first inquiries of young Hewitt.

‘Yes, there are. They are here, and you shall have them in a moment.’

They know but little of the sweet hopes of life, who have not felt the joy of a fond mother’s letters. To see the hand-writing is a blessing, but to read the contents after years of separation, oh! gentle reader, I will not attempt to describe the delight! May such be often yours, if separated from so dear a friend! The poor fellow’s tears were seen to roll down his cheeks, as his friends exclaimed:

‘We hope all is well!’

‘I will tell you all by and bye, but not now; my dear mother lives! Let that suffice. She desires to be remembered to you, Dan Long.’

‘And does she so, Hewitt? for what? For taking you from

her, and teaching you harmony, at the expense of family discord? Well, it's the first time I have ever been remembered for so kind an act! Wellington, how have you fared upon the Rock since we left you? No more desertions, I hope?'

'One or two solitary instances, but no such formidable one as you remember. We have managed to keep ourselves in tolerable good plight, notwithstanding a little hard living, on account of the scarcity of provisions. The only news I can tell you is, we have had changes of governors and regiments, and some changes of condition amongst us. You remember the poor girl who was so distracted at her brother's death! She is married to my young comrade, Bell, and is happily restored to her perfect senses.'

'Thank God for that! for I loved the poor girl, and I wish her many years of happiness. I am quite surprised to see your daughter so grown. She out-tops her mother.'

'We had serious fears at one time that we should lose her. She grew so fast!—But she is now growing equally robust, You seldom see a girl at fifteen attain so much of the appearance of a woman. You shall all of you have a luxury this evening after your voyage—a cup of tea. They do say that the water at Gibraltar, though sometimes so unwholesome, is the best out of China for the tea-pot.'

It is a luxury to a soldier, after a long sea voyage, to be comfortably seated with friends in a snug cottage, over a good cup of tea. And merry little Dan enjoyed the society of his friends with as much real comfort as do those in more polished circles; though the tin tea-kettle on the fire was substituted for the hissing urn, which used to be the signal for family comfort in every well-regulated house in England.

'I am anxious to hear about your letters, Hewitt! You look so very earnest and grave at me,' said Mary Anne, 'that I fear all is not well with your friends at home.'

'Home!' said Hewitt, 'home!—I have been so constantly dreaming of this place as my home, that I had really forgotten the associations of childhood, in the pleasures of our present friendship.'

'Well, I am glad of it; and now you are at home, I want you to tell me of your distant friends—I am curious to know more of them.'

'I have nothing very pleasant to communicate. One thing I am glad to tell you, that the money which your father got forwarded for me to my mother, arrived in safety at the good old landlady's in

the city of Norwich, and was safely delivered to my poor mother. Half her letter is full of blessings upon my head for my thought of her, and full of fears lest I should rob myself to do her good. Poor soul ! she will harp upon her sins, which she says are visited upon her severely, but no more than she deserves. It is a beautiful letter, and I would rather you should all read it privately to yourselves, though it would do good to many young thoughtless persons in the world, if it were more generally known : but I cannot read aloud my mother's letter. Take it, Mrs. Wellington ; and let your daughter see it, if you please.'

'O yes, mother ; let me see it—but you say all is well, and yet you do not look as if all was well.'

'My dear maiden, all is well, that is of God's appointment : God's will be done ! must be the reflection of every one who thinks upon the changes and chances of this mortal life. Two or three years ago, and Hingham was a bright vision in my young eye, though crowded with many clouds ; but I cannot think of my young companions without regret. A violent epidemic fever has been raging throughout the district. My aunt's husband has been nearly carried off by it, and two of the girls, and the two boys, still lie insensible, and are not likely to recover !'

'How glad I am, and how glad you ought to be,' interrupted the maiden, 'that you were not there !'

'Well, I am glad, as far perhaps as it regards myself, and can now see the providential hand of God in my preservation from dangers there, as well as from those of war in this part of the world. Indeed, my dear mother consoles herself under the very same impression, and expresses the same in her homely, humble way. She congratulates herself on my loss, and says, she finds now her gain therein. Still I cannot help thinking of Wright, too.'

'I suppose,' said Dan 'you think of him much as many a refractory young soldier will think of me when I am gone—as a cruel old fellow, who had to stand by and see him punished for his folly.'

'No, Dan, I think of him in another light ; I forget his cruelty to me !—I quite forgive it, and have long since done so ; but I think of his violent words, his oaths and imprecations, his dreadful treatment of me ; and it fills me with fearfulness for the account which he must give when we all meet again hereafter.'

'Let us hope he repents ; perhaps he does !'

God grant he may, and that he may be forgiven ; but mother

does not say one word of such a thing, and it is on this account that I tremble.'

The reader may imagine that this strain of sensible observation was unnatural in a young soldier then entering upon a course of warfare; but, if singular, it is still perfectly consonant with the character of the man, whose career was afterwards as conspicuous for piety, as was that of the heroine of the present narrative. Good education produces as good fruit among the soldiers of this Christian land, as among any other class of subjects in the British dominions. Thoughts concerning futurity are not confined to the Universities, or to the secluded children of a country parish Sunday school; though, God be praised! the influence of his Word is producing peace and charity wherever it is sincerely cultivated; and, in the army and navy, men are much more thoughtful of those things which tend to their everlasting peace than they used to be.

The young man's reflections did not lessen him in the opinion of any present, but rather confirmed him in their estimation.

Hewitt was an instance of intelligence and steadiness, and an example of a religious youth, that was productive of much good in after years; and if the Maiden of the Rock had not quite so much learning and talent as himself, she had sufficient sagacity to perceive and respect his superiority. Without such an estimation of the friend we respect, our love will not be very abiding.

It would be instructive to trace the gradual growth of improvement in this young man's course; and, as it must be so connected with the career of our heroine, it will often be reflected in the conduct of one who became his companion through years of unprecedented difficulties.

But we must not jump too rapidly to conclusions, lest we leave out the proofs by which our problems are supported. A young man of quick parts may, in a moment, see the results of a question put to him, and set down the answer immediately; but he who would be esteemed correct in his judgment, must shew the steps by which he arrives at the answer. Assertion is a thing in which many fools are positive: but to prove the truth of an assertion, is what many a wise man finds much labour and difficulty in doing.

So, reader, we know well, that Buonaparte was subdued, and confined on the Rock of St. Helena—but it was not done in a day or in a year: it was not done by one brilliant exploit, or even by one nation: God did it, we know, but He employed many instruments

to bring about the humbling of that man's pride! Alas! thousands—millions of steps forward, did it take to overturn that gigantic monster of Infidelity. We shall see some of the steps in the course of this narrative; and whoever may be its reader, will find, upon self-examination, that if he be ever so good a man, he has not arrived at his sweet place of rest and contentment without many hard-fought battles with himself, many a discovery of merciful and providential escapes, and, at last, a full conviction that he has attained no glory of himself, but that his God alone has given him the victory.

Many, many a day, many a week passed—ay, many a month—in the uninterrupted exchange of friendship between the old soldiers and the young companions on the Rock of Gibraltar. A free passage was now obtained into Spain, and every day parties were formed to visit the Peninsula, and to enjoy the freedom of a wide range beyond the lines of demarcation in the times of war.

'Let's all have a trip,' said Dan, upon one occasion. 'What say you, my young friend? San Roque will do us all good. He was a noble physician; and, in commemoration of his sanatory cordon, I suppose, San Roque is built to keep us all in health. What say you, Wellington, to a look at the Dons. Old Gib here has worn a grim face for a long time, and begins to smile again. His teeth are no longer black with powder, but he looks down upon the Campo with them all in his head, as clean as young Hewitt's when he comes out to morning parade. Who's for a ramble?'

'I am,' and 'I am,' and 'I am;' and we all are, some time or other in our lives. And who has forgotten the enjoyment of an innocent trip in the days of his youth, when love and hope in the morning rose as bright as the sun, and spoke only of an unclouded day!

The party consisted of Wellington, his wife, and daughter, Dan and his friend Hewitt, Bell and his wife, and Isaac Arberry, a friend of Hewitt's, who was much of the same spirit, though with a little more warmth in his composition, and who used to be continually putting Hewitt upon his mettle by joking him about Mary Anne.

This party obtained leave of absence, and passports to the Spanish main. Wellington was the conductor, and so well acquainted was he with the different spots along the narrow strip of neutral ground, that he often delayed his friends, to show the points he had aimed at from the galleries on the Rock.

Numerous pleasure-seeking travellers were upon the road: young sailors mounted on crop-tailed nags dashed passed, accompanied by bull-dogs, and curs of all kinds; sportsmen, for a ramble after woodcocks, snipes, partridges, or anything they could get, in season or not so; families, wending their way with their whole households, to live at a cheaper rate than they could do in the garrison—officers and privates—jews and gentiles of every denomination, might be seen passing and repassing the once formidable lines. The motley groups of priests, beggars, hidalgos, duennas, and wanderers of every kind, formed a spectacle more like the moving figures of a raree-show than the real passage to the Spanish frontier.

Our party enjoyed themselves much, and, with good sense, suffered neither the gaiety of Spanish manners, the inviting taste of their wines, nor the false love of liberty, to seduce them into indulgences beyond the discipline of good soldiers. They spent a day of unmixed pleasure, and returned to their respective dwellings none the worse for their excursion. No particular event occurred to make the visit singular. Dan was in his usual good spirits, Hewitt as full of observation; Mary Anne as happy as the kind regards and attentions of those she loved could make her. Her open countenance, and calm blue eye, afforded a striking contrast to the dark, fiery glances of the Spanish females; and she, the tall, fair Maid of the Rock, was as much a curiosity to the natives of the Spanish main, as were they curiosities to her.

Notwithstanding the accusation of dullness, this chapter must be one of interesting peace and harmony. Stirring events are to come, and if the reader like the excitement of such facts as those perilous times produced, he will have enough to interest him, though in this narrative of the adventures of a female. In the mean time, let him delight, with the soldier's daughter, in a few peaceful scenes, and then let him pity her in her troubles. A day of love, when nothing arises to annoy, is a day of satisfaction. Such was enjoyed by the party who left the Rock of Gibraltar in the morning for St. Roque, and after much interesting research and innocent recreation, returned to barracks and to their cot, thankful to the Giver of all good for one day of cheerful satisfaction. Reader, may you have many such!

CHAPTER XII.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

ALL the world over, matrimony is considered an interesting event. Whether it be in the cold regions of the north, amidst the tribes of the Esquimaux, in the torrid regions of Africa, or among the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands—all over the world, honest matrimony is considered an event in which the happiness of states, empires, or individuals is deeply concerned, according to the respective prospects of the happy pairs. From the days of Adam to our own, and indeed to all ages yet to come, even to the dissolution of every state on earth, matrimony will exist, and be considered in the last days as much an event of interest as it was in the first.

Thank God, in England matrimony is more equal, more honest, more honourable, and more enduring in affection, in family ties, and in universal estimation, than in any other country under the sun. Love is not discarded. Education brightens domestic affection, and men regard the quality of mind and disposition reciprocally in the promotion of matrimonial happiness, more than they do the mere possession of Mammon, either in purse, person, or pride. But most of all, thank God, Religion and not superstition, bears a most powerful and preponderating weight in the scale of domestic felicity.

Generally speaking, throughout dear old England and her dependencies, love, which leads to matrimony, is grounded upon the wise basis of honourable and upright recognition in the sight of all men—an engagement open in the sight of all—the result, generally, of some previous admiration of the disposition or abilities of the mind, and settled by mutual understanding, and mutual consent of parents, guardians, or friends, previously to the union of the parties.

If there is a sight on earth approaching the first intended wisdom of the Almighty in thus uniting parties for life, it is when we see an honourably engaged couple—no matter their station, none need be excepted—mutually affianced by choice and inclination, living in the hope of promoting each other's welfare in this perishable world. Dear old England! may God grant you such a blessing among your sons and daughters, as long as he permits the world to stand.

Reader, forgive the writer! you may be some determined old bachelor or virtuous spinster. I do not mean to say you may not look upon this page with perfect philosophic indifference. So much the better for you, if you do. Many hundreds of your kind are known, respected, beloved and honoured, not as misanthropes, but as among the most benevolent of the human race. You will forgive the prolixity of this chapter, which if not interesting to you, will nevertheless be attractive to many, who have not yet quite made up their minds to consider matrimony an uninteresting subject.

'Hewitt,' said Dan Long, one day to his young friend, who had been practising with him some difficult passage in a new march; 'do you ever seriously intend to marry Mary Anne Wellington?'

The young man started; his clarionet, the mouthpiece of which was between his lips, gave such a wild squeak and solemn groan, that even Dan started at the discordant sound.

'What on earth makes you ask that question just at this moment?'

'Because,' said Dan, 'if you don't play in a little quicker time than you have done lately, you may be left, my boy, to play a solo, without any audience to admire it.'

'What now, Dan? What wild flight of discords have you got into your pipes? Is the music so perfectly got up, already, that we are able to appear in perfect harmony before the public? I never like to play at sight, Dan, but to let my subject be well considered beforehand. What do you mean by my being left to play a solo without an audience? You would not desert me in my performance?'

'No, young man, I love you too well to desert you, at any time. But I perceive that young Macdonald has perceptions, and though he is no musician, yet he will play his part very well among the fair sex; and, if you do not take care, will gain more applause for his performance than you will for yours.'

'You do not mean to insinuate that he is making his advances to

my young friend, and endeavouring to steal her affections away from me?’

‘I do mean exactly what you say; and let me tell you, as an old friend, that there is much more meaning in what I say, than you are aware of. I have eyes in my head, and a heart under my ribs, and I know what you are, and what your girl is; and I now tell you that which I should not have told you for years, had I not seen what I have—that it is time for you, if you ever intend to marry, to speak out plainly. I have watched your movements, I have known your heart long, and I perceive in you a firmness and constancy of attachment, which I should greatly grieve to see disappointed. But I can tell you, others are alive to the personal appearance and good qualities of disposition in the Maid of the Rock; and if you do not take the advantage to which I consider you entitled, others will—ay, and but too soon, I assure you.’

‘But you do not suppose, Dan, that she has any reason to doubt my earnestness and devotion to her? You do not suppose she has encouraged Macdonald, or any other person? She is so young, that even I, with all my sincere love for her, have not yet ventured to tell her the real state of my heart, and my intentions towards her.’

‘The more fool you, if you have any real affection for her. I believe she prefers you; I believe she even loves you with the most unaffected, earnest devotion: but, I believe that if you go on as quietly and calmly as you do, and as disinterestedly as you appear to others to do, you will, by your own backwardness, give occasion to others to advance; and even the dear girl herself, whom I love as well as I do you, will, in time, learn to think that you only regard her as a sister, and never really intend to think of her as your wife.’

One would almost imagine, that Dan Long had been as learned in the mysteries of love, as Sir Walter Scott, in his most romantically poetic days. He was, indeed, a man of no common perception, and as true a soldier, and soldier’s friend, as ever played at the head of any of His Majesty’s Regiments on the day of battle. How true Dan’s prognostics were will immediately be seen, by the tenor of a conversation then actually taking place between Mrs. Bell, and the very identical maid of whom Dan Long had been so sensibly talking.

‘I really do not know whether he loves me or not; I wish I did. But how can I ask him such a question? He appears to be always

desirous to please me—pays me many, and very marked attentions, is kind to me upon every occasion, very respectful to my parents, very generous in his disposition, and never seems happier than when either instructing me, playing to me, reading to me, walking with me, or talking with me; but he never directly says that he loves me.'

'And yet, my dear, I am sure he does. Yes, I am sure he does; but he is too good to press upon you his present and future views. He waits until you grow older, or until you have seen others, so as to be able to distinguish whether you prefer him or not. He is a very honourable young man, and I am quite sure you ought not to consider his silence in this respect as any want of love towards you.'

'Well, but when will he tell me plainly that he is in earnest? Because he and his regiment may be ordered off to-morrow, and how am I to know that he will continue to think about me?'

'How? why by the very state of your own heart. I know you already wish yourself engaged to him. You already wish that every one else might know it; because you would not then have the fear of offending any one by your distance, or of being open to importunities which you could not accept.'

'You have hit it exactly, my dear Mrs. Bell; but I would die before I would reveal this to him! I own I do love him, and feel as if I could devote my life to serve him; and more, I should feel very unhappy to be again separated, by the calamities and duties of war, from his society; but this is known only between you and me. I have not even told my mother these things.'

'I can give a pretty good guess why you are so anxious upon this interesting subject. Tell me honestly, is it not because young Macdonald has been of late so frequently at your cottage, and has been so anxious to please you?'

'Indeed, it is, my dear friend; and do not think the worse of me, because I feel so anxious that Hewitt should put an end to his attentions. He must surely know how much I prefer him.'

'He shall know it,' said Mrs. Bell to herself, 'or it shall not be my fault. But come, Mary Anne, I do not think another day will pass over your head without a declaration.'

'Why, Nancy? What reason have you to suppose so?'

'You have given me the best reason in the world to think it, because you yourself are quite prepared for it. And when you have every reason to suppose that he will speak to you, candidly, I do

not see why the declaration should not be made before the expiration of another day.'

'As for that, I see no more reason to expect it to-day or to-morrow than I had months ago. But I hope you will not reveal what I have said; if you do, I shall never forgive you.'

The young girl said this with more sincerity than many have said almost the same thing, whilst in their hearts they most devoutly desired that their sentiments might be made known. Never tell a secret, reader, to any one, if you should chance to know one that is known only to yourself. If you see things which you do not wish to see, do not look at them. If you hear things you do not wish to hear, forget them. And, if any one confides a secret to your keeping, tell him or her at once that you have such a treacherous memory that you cannot promise not to reveal it. Medical men and Lawyers are the only persons privileged to hold secrets in their hearts; and where they honestly do so for the good of their patients and their clients, they are good and honourable men, and will find it much more to their own profit and happiness than the making a talk about other people's affairs.

Mrs. Bell made no promise; indeed, she had so completely made up her mind to rouse the young man's spirit into action, that, had not Dan Long's previous pioneering advance prepared the way, she would have turned all her powers of persuasion at once against the young soldier.

It was true that young Macdonald, as well as several other youths, had seen Wellington's daughter, and admired her. They had often made excuses for visiting the cottage, and Mrs. Wellington had suitors for her child, who brought various kind presents to herself; but the good woman, alive to the real state of her daughter's affections, gave them no encouragement; and she found that her daughter became annoyed by the repeated visits of young Macdonald. She had almost a mind to speak to Thomas Hewitt upon the subject, as she felt sure that the young man's heart was in the right place.

Now Mary Anne Wellington was no longer a child, though but fifteen years of age. She had grown up a fine young woman, and was as tall, and stout, as many of her sex might be at twenty. She had a fine, open countenance, the face rather more round than oval, with an Irish blue eye, full and prominent. If not what painters call a beauty, in the exact proportions of a Madonna, yet

there was in that eye, which had been led to look upon the simple truth as far more brilliant than flashing fancies, high honour and virtue. Her father was a man of firmness in religious, as well as martial duties, and his daughter's happiness, he always told her, depended upon her own demeanour. He used to preach one doctrine, which was this: 'My dear girl, fear God, and keep his commandments, and you may set all the artillery of the Devil at defiance.' His poor little boy was but a sickly child, never enjoying good health, and incapable of any great exertion. He outgrew his strength, from infancy, and fell a martyr to that most fatal but flattering disease—Consumption.

Mary Anne, however, was the reverse; flourishing like a young sapling, she grew up vigorous and promising, and was a good specimen of a British soldier's daughter. She was a virtuous, honest, well-principled young woman; and, as her history will prove, was one worthy to have her humble name recorded among the females of England, for piety as a daughter, wife, mother, and widow. We shall find this narrative containing many severe trials, and that, perhaps, one of the greatest, which she has now to undergo, of having her life laid before the public, while she is still living, to hear the comments made upon it. God grant they may be for her own and others good!

'Hewitt! Thomas Hewitt is wanted!' called out a young soldier, who put his head into the mess-room, where the band of the 48th were engaged, playing their parts, not upon their respective instruments, but with their teeth, which were making a sharp attack upon a leg of Andalusian mutton, almost as tough as goat's flesh.

'Who wants him?' said Dan Long, 'man, woman, or child? Jew, Turk, or Christian, Barbary ape, or Spanish ass? Tell him, whoever he may be, that Thomas Hewitt is getting his dinner.'

'It is Colonel Donnellan wants him,' was the boy's reply; and, as may be supposed, Dan's fun was damped in a moment, as he saw young Hewitt rise up, and go off directly.

Hewitt was at the court-yard door in an instant, and, with his hand to his forehead, saluted his commanding officer.

'I shall want you, Hewitt, at my rooms, at seven o'clock, this evening, to take part in a concert; but as I simply want the clarionet, I shall not require more than your single attendance. But I did not call you out alone upon this subject. I was coming into barracks, and observed poor Nancy Armstrong that was,

waiting outside the gates. I spoke to her, and asked her if she wanted any one of the Regiment. She said she was looking for a messenger to send you word she wanted to speak to you. So now, do not keep the poor woman waiting at the barrack gates.'

'I thank you, Colonel; I will go directly.'

It was no sooner said than done; and presently, young Hewitt was seen walking down to Waterport street, with Anne Bell, who seemed to have something very particular to communicate. It must be confessed, that Hewitt's previous conversation with old Dan had rather awakened his suspicions as to the nature of the communication he was about to receive; but the young man had no idea of the kind interest which this amiable friend took in the secret nearest his own heart. When, however, they arrived at her abode, she very earnestly said to him:

'I am going to speak about Mary Anne Wellington.'

'I thought so,' said Hewitt.

'What made you think so? What made you think so?'

'Because I have had such a lecture this morning, from the commander of the band, that I fancy almost every one will cry shame upon me.'

'And was the lecture about Mary Anne Wellington?'

'Yes, it was. My friend Dan, in no measured terms, gave me to understand his mind.'

'Then Dan's a good fellow; and I will now give you to understand mine. Do you know, that poor girl is suffering tortures on your account? Here are you, always making her presents, always acting as if you really intended to make her your wife, but neither positively telling her, nor her parents, that such is your intention. I know you love her, and that she loves you; and yet I know that, for the want of a proper explanation between you, you may both be miserable for life.'

'You speak exactly as my good father in the band spoke to me this morning. I certainly do love her very dearly, and I certainly should be glad she should unite her fate with mine; and I have only been prevented from holding her to an indissoluble engagement, by the consciousness of her youth, and the notion that it was yet too early to think of matrimony.'

'And so you would let other young men come forward, and, if not cut you out, yet so afflict the poor young girl on your account as to make her life wretched, because she loves you!'

‘But do you think I may speak to her upon the matter?’

‘If you let twenty-four hours pass away without doing so, after what I state to you, then I almost wish you may never speak to her again.’

‘I will not let five hours pass. I will go directly, and, if I have appeared unkind, and so backward, and so cool, it has been much more from the very warmth of my heart towards her, than from any timidity or coldness. I am thankful to you, Mrs. Bell; and here I give you an invitation to our wedding, wherever, and whenever it shall take place.’

‘Off with you, then; for I have almost told her she may expect your declaration.’

‘God bless you! Good bye!’

And the young man was not long before he reached Wellington Cot. He found Mary Anne, sitting at her work, alone. As he entered, a visible anxiety and timidity, amounting to trepidation, came over her, for she had said, but one moment before, looking out at the window, ‘I wonder whether Mrs. Bell’s prophecy will come to pass!’ The words had scarcely escaped from her lips, with a sigh, before she felt confusion overspreading her face, as the door opened, *sans cérémonie*, and young Hewitt entered.

When we are expecting events, and fancy ourselves fully prepared for them, we are often surprised to find how unable we are to bear them without nervousness, when they actually do come. Anticipation is a pleasant thing to feed upon; but, when reality takes its place, we find a strange difficulty in comporting ourselves according to our preconceived notions of what ought to be our behaviour. So, when young Hewitt actually did come, and Mary Anne, of course, could suppose he was come but for one purpose, she felt such a strange sensation steal over her mind and frame, that she quite lost her accustomed composure. She did not look up and welcome him with the same liveliness as she had used: but her eyes were cast down upon her work, and her tongue scarcely gave him a welcome.

If she felt awkward, her strange manner made young Hewitt feel the more so; and, as if all that Dan and Mrs. Bell had been lecturing him upon, rose up against him, he felt as if he had been guilty of the greatest cruelty imaginable.

‘I hope you will forgive me, Mary Anne!’ he commenced.

‘Forgive you, Thomas—for what?’

‘For my past unkindness towards you.’

‘I am not aware of any. On the contrary, you have always been too kind to me, if possible, Hewitt. I have nothing to forgive.’

‘If you have not for the past, forgive me for what I now say,’—and Hewitt’s courage here began to rise, and his tongue to become as eloquent, as all people’s tongues are, at such a moment.—‘I have refrained from a decided declaration of my affection for you, not because I have not felt desirous to ask you to engage yourself to me, but because I thought it would be wrong in me to take advantage of your very youthful years. I hoped too, to let you see by my constancy that I was so attached to you, that you could not doubt my affection; and that, when you had seen other young men, and weighed me in the balance with them, I should preponderate. But I am told by my brave friend, Dan, that others are anxious to possess your good opinion, and to win you from me. This causes me to remain no longer inactive or silent; but I am come to declare, that, if you can prefer me, such as I am, I am your devoted friend for ever. You cannot doubt me, Mary! You must believe me sincere.’

‘I do, indeed, believe you. I have no reason to doubt you; and I honestly confess that I have been anxious, Hewitt, you should no longer disguise yourself under the idea of formal friendship, but that you should shew to others, as well as myself, that your intentions are sincere. You know my regard for you; and, with my parents’ consent, there is no part of the world to which I would not go with you. Come, there is my hand, and you already have my heart. But here comes my mother, and you must now reveal to her what you have said to me.’

This was soon done; and mutual good wishes were the result of this declaration.

‘I have to play to-night at a concert at my Colonel’s; and Dan, I fear, will be a little jealous, for I have to make my appearance without him.’

‘Then I must take charge of him during your absence,’ said his intended.

Hewitt was in all his glory that evening. His spirit was so full of harmony, his ear so well in tune, and his heart so happy, that when called upon to play a solo before an enlightened and elegant audience, the soul of the man seemed to come out of his instrument, and speak in the purest chords of love. He was a good-looking

young man, and never was he in a happier mood than he was that night, when he became, though but one of the privates in the band of the 48th, the sincere admiration of all the ladies on the Rock who had any soul for music.

He was invited to party after party; and each time he was presented with a guinea, and not unfrequently received handsome presents from strangers as well as friends. These never made him proud or extravagant; he laid them up in store for the exigencies of the coming year, in which he was to marry Mary Anne Wellington.

That year came—that day came—though it was late in the year; for, though so near Christmas, it was a happy season to all the humble friends of the parties. On the 15th of December, 1805, the young people were married in the chapel of the garrison, as appears by the under-mentioned certificate:—

‘Thomas Hewitt, Soldier in the 48th Regiment, Bachelor; and Mary Anne Wellington, Spinster, belonging to the Royal Artillery, were married by Banns in the King’s Chapel in this garrison, this 15th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, by me

J. HUGHES, A.M.

Chaplain, etc., etc

This marriage was solemnized between us,

THOMAS HEWITT.

MARY ANNE WELLINGTON.

In the presence of George Wellington, Anne Bell, Isaac Arberry, Susan Carter.

I Certify the above to be a true and correct extract.

J. J. HATCHAM, B.A.,

Chaplain to the Forces.

GIBRALTAR, *June 27, 1825.*

An extract from Register of Marriage kept in the Garrison of Gibraltar.’

But why was not the merry Dan of the wedding party? He *was* of the party, though not at church; for he had been commissioned by the friends of the bride and bridegroom to prepare their humble feast at the house of Anne Bell; and, if ever there was a joyful party upon such an occasion, this was truly such a one. Though in humble life, it was not overlooked by many in the higher circles; neither did the Governor, his Colonel, or the numerous friends of Hewitt, forget to add to the bridal festival some little delicacy, so well deserved by all the parties.

The Soldier’s Daughter thus became the Soldier’s Wife; and, as she was exemplary in her conduct to her parents, so was she a blessing to the soldier whose fortunes she had joined till death.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST TRIAL.

THE first year of matrimony ought to be, generally speaking, a year of happiness, and as free from anxiety as the circumstances of human nature will allow. In olden time, a man was excused going out to war during the first year of his married life, and was permitted to cherish his young wife at home, in all the duties and endearments of domestic life. The first year of our young couple's new state of existence, though liable to be interrupted by the call of war, passed without any such summons. It was for them a year of peace and harmony, not interrupted by any of those heart-rending, agonizing scenes, in which, soon afterwards, they became involved.

Hewitt found the soldier's daughter, young as she was, an exemplary soldier's wife. He was one of the stars of his regiment, for the steadiness of his conduct, the unwearied cultivation of his talents in the art of harmony and in the concord of sweet sounds, and was endeared to all his comrades by becoming the ready amanuensis of the whole regiment. This good fellow wrote letters for all his fellow-soldiers; so that, whether to a sweetheart in some country village at home, or to an old fond father and doting mother, to a hard-working brother, or loving sister—sometimes to the well-remembered minister of the parish, or to the shopkeeper of the district—Thomas Hewitt had to sign the names of all his companions, say something about them, and address each person to whom he wrote, as if he were a dutiful son, an affectionate lover, a dear

brother, respectful servant, or humble friend, just as the case might be. No wonder, then, that he was beloved by many, for he gave great comfort to hundreds, who otherwise would have had no means of hearing from those of whom they thought and talked in the years of their separation. Hewitt had thus given him an opportunity of conveying good instruction to many a wild young fellow, who afterwards acknowledged his kindness; for, if he did not write exactly what they were, he always wrote what they ought to have been, and as he always read his letters to them himself, the good private gave proof of a heart that felt for the circumstances of others, and thus inculcated many a moral and Christian lesson, which even the ministers of the Church could not give, because they had not the opportunity.

Of a religious turn of mind, and deeply reflective, it was a mercy that he was preserved in a station to do good, where the influence of a civilian would have had but little weight. This man's letters, could they be collected, would be found as full of heart-stirring strains of piety—ay, piety—sound piety, without fiction or hypocrisy, as any pastoral letters of a divine. He had to close the eyes of a great many of his brave companions, and to fulfil their dying injunctions by writing to their respective friends, from fields of slaughter, from hospitals, from camps, besieged cities, and from mountains and plains where victory crowned the commanders, and death rode triumphant.

Hewitt and his wife were much respected by persons in a higher rank of society—he, on account of his talent; she, from her long residence on the Rock, as the well-known child of the brave artilleryman whose name she no longer bore. But if she had served that name faithfully as a daughter, she was soon called into more active service by one who bore that name as a title of his highest honours, and bore it to a good old age, after having seen the mighty antagonist who exalted himself to thrones, kingdoms, and dominions, abased to the little rock of St. Helena.

Buonaparte would not long permit Europe to remain in peace. He had obtained sway over all the continental powers: was mighty with his armies, but insignificant upon the waters. The navy of Old England rode in majesty upon the waves, and was as mighty in opposing the tyrant on that element, as he had been in subjecting nations on the continent. The French army, and the British navy, seemed invincible. But the destroyer was determined to invite the

soldiers of Great Britain to his own overthrow. His restless ambition, though for fifteen years filling Europe with bloodshed, knew no satiety. The sword was the foundation of his sceptre, and when that should be broken, Napoleon must fall. O England! talk not of misrule, of tyranny, cruelty, and pride! When did ever a nation suffer so dreadfully from these evils, as in the days of conscription for the armies of the usurper? Let the most absolute monarch that ever breathed, produce a code of deeper tyranny than that which violated every tie, and tore up the bosom of every family in France, to serve the madness of Napoleon's pride!

Absolute, indeed, were his edicts; artful, his lying pamphlets; and treacherous the minions whom he employed to over-reach all who confided in him. Let those who delight to honour iniquity, raise his name high as the Prince of the power of the air can lift it: true wisdom will ever be able to weigh him in the balance of truth and justice, and will give him his due weight. It is said he was brave: there is no such bravery as that which would raise another's name above one's own. Could Napoleon ever bear to hear even his most favourite Generals extolled for manœuvres, battles, or victories, which he did not direct? A man who knows no greater than himself, may turn the arms of others to his own purposes, but he is too jealous to be a brave man. Let those who admire such an one praise him.

England exhibited a curious spectacle for the nations of the earth to look upon, in the year 1807. She was left without a single ally, to face Napoleon, who, having assumed the titles of Emperor of the French and King of Italy, with absolute authority over the resources of both countries, had crippled the power of Austria, completely subdued Prussia, and, warned, by the failure of his naval enterprises, had relinquished to Great Britain the undisputed sovereignty of the ocean. Reserving to himself, on the other hand, that of the continent, he compelled the States under his influence to renounce all commercial communications with England, and to seize and destroy all goods imported from that country, wherever they were to be found. While the whole of eastern Europe had submitted to his dictation, and joined, what he has pleased to call, the continental system—in the west, Portugal, faithful to her old alliance with us, refused to comply with his requisition. A French army, under Junot, was, in consequence, despatched to Portugal, which the French entered without resistance; while the royal

family, embarking at Lisbon, transferred the seat of Government to Rio Janeiro, in Brazil. Portugal was treated by the invaders as a conquered country; but numerous military bands were formed in the northern provinces of the kingdom, to rescue it from their grasp, and a British army soon arrived to aid and direct their exertions.

Just at this time, a family quarrel at the Court of Madrid afforded Napoleon opportunity to interfere, under the mask of a friendly umpire, in the concerns of Spain. The weak Charles IV. abdicated the crown in favour of the French Emperor; his son, Ferdinand, was compelled to do the same, when Napoleon transferred it to his brother Joseph, in exchange for that of Naples, which was given to Murat.

Such were the political events which called the British troops from Gibraltar, and summoned the subject of these Memoirs to leave her birth-place for the first time, and to accompany her husband to Lisbon. The 48th received orders to embark.

'We must to arms, Hewitt,' said the drum-major: 'we must be off to the war again; and, if I mistake not, we shall see many a bloody field before we meet upon this Rock again. What do you intend to do with your wife?'

'I will ask you, Dan, what would be best. Shall I send her to my mother in England? Shall I leave her upon the Rock with her father? Or shall I take her with me to the war?'

'In this, my good fellow, you apply to your leader of harmony for advice, when he knows not how to give it. Everything must depend upon herself. I never forced my wife to go with me; and you know, I had no reason to urge her to accompany me. But, you are a happier man than I was, in that respect; though I feel I ought to have been as happy as you. What says your spouse?'

'She will not hear of my leaving her behind. She says her father expects to be ordered to Cadiz, and that if she does not accompany me, she shall be wretched.'

Now, gentle reader, there was no compulsory separation of man and wife in those days, though the most savage and ferocious wars called the husband to battle. Military laws were more merciful in that respect, than the Civil Poor Law of England is at this moment; when, if able-bodied men want relief from any cause whatever, they must be separated from wives and children, and be

subject to a discipline more severe in its privations than even that of warfare. The soldier's wife might march with her husband, or might be his help-mate in the camp, in barracks, or on the field, and only during the hours of military labour—the same as a labourer in the harvest-field—was the soldier separated from his companion. England will see her error, one day, and correct this blot upon her wisdom and charity. Thousands who love her, sigh over the cruelty of this law. God grant it may be altered! Oh! that government could be induced to employ the poor in peaceful labours, instead of giving them the tender mercies of separation and confinement.

The gallant 48th had been greatly respected while in garrison at Gibraltar. Persons of all ranks felt sorry that the time of their departure had arrived, and farewell! farewell! farewell! was written on the barrack gates, by the hand of many a friend.

Wellington and his wife were much affected at the prospect of their daughter's separation from them; for they had found her as determined as if she had never known them. In vain they urged her to stay; she told them it was her duty to go, and that though she loved them dearly, yet she was persuaded she should love them quite as well, and they would love her more, when they found that she was bent on doing her duty as a soldier's wife. They could not compel her to stay; but, as young Hewitt was in circumstances to provide for her more comforts than themselves, and as he left it entirely to his wife's choice, to go or not, so her parents did not think fit to press the matter.

Dan Long, however, must have his say; and he was an experienced opponent, and had very forcible powers of argument, in representing his horrible experience.

'And so you are determined to go to the wars, are you, my dear?' said he to Mrs. Hewitt, a day before the transports were ready for their reception. 'Now, do you know, I could give you such a description of the sufferings to which soldiers' wives are exposed, that I feel persuaded I should shake your resolution.'

'You may do so, Dan, if you can; but if you can prove to me that it is not my duty to go, and that, if I go to do my duty, God will not take care of me, why then you may terrify me with your representations, and make me a coward; but not till then, brave Dan. So, say on what you have to say.'

'Well, I never met with such a resolute woman in my life!

Why, you would almost do to wear a sword, and I verily believe you have as much courage as a man.'

'A woman has always as much courage in real danger as a man, only not his strength to combat; but you were going to terrify me. Now, Dan, come, tell me I shall have to sleep on the damp ground, and so will my husband—tell me I shall have to march the shoes off my feet, so will my husband—that I shall be starved, be sun-burnt, be thirsty and hungry, faint, and weary, so will my husband; and I have promised to be his, "for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health: to love, cherish, and obey, till death do us part," and so, with God's help, I do not intend to part from him. Duty! duty! duty! Dan. You must do yours, I must do mine; and so now if you have any horrors to communicate, you may as well tell me the worst at once, and then, Dan, you will find me ready to go with my husband. But here he comes, and if he argues as weakly as you do, I shall soon be convinced that he is no better man than you are.'

'You have done for Dan. He will not say another word. Dan is conquered; but I would go from Ararat to the Andes, if I could find such a woman as you. She should be Mrs. Long shortly. Long should she live—long should she be beloved; as long as I, Dan Long, lived, so long would I love her; for I am persuaded, she would be my friend as long as she existed.'

'A brave speech,' said Hewitt, 'and much to the purpose; but I am come to say that we must go on board. I am so beset with kindnesses, now that I am leaving the Rock, that, my dear wife, I feel overpowered by friendship. If I stay longer, I shall be without any heart at all. What say you, my dear, to sailing?'

'Say, Thomas? that I am ready. Wherever you go, I will go; wherever you walk, I will walk; where you abide, there will I be; and, if my heart and hand do not fail me, I believe I shall be of some service as a soldier's wife.'

'Spoken like one, at all events,' said Dan; 'but we must go to play—ay, we must often do so, Thomas, while our comrades go to fight. Of all things in life, I do dislike to play a farewell march. I feel my heart rise into my throat, and there it sticks. I do not look at any one; if I did, their tears would make my own come, and then what a fool should I look! People would say, 'There goes blubbering Dan, the drum-major of the band of the 48th!' Come, my dear friends, you must say farewell to your relatives; say

it for me, for I am an old fellow, and may never see them again. Yet hold; give me ten minutes' start of you. I cannot leave Wellington, without my thanks, and a promise to your mother that I will take care of you.'

The brave fellow ran up the Rock, and soon entered Wellington Cot.

'Good bye, my friends, good bye! I am more fit to play the Dead March than the Conquering Hero, for my heart is more tender than I have ever known it since I served as a soldier. Though I have bid farewell to England, Ireland, and Scotland, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, I never felt so queerly as I now do, in leaving the Rock of Gibraltar. Your hands, my friends, and many thanks for your hearty kindnesses to an old soldier. I never knew what it was to have true friends, like yourselves. God bless you both, for I have never enjoyed such hours of peace, as in your family. That young girl of yours is a gem. Oh! how I wish she may be spared, and her husband, too! They are too good to be food for powder. But, if ever I can protect either of them, or do them any service, I will do it for your sakes, as well as for their own. Make yourselves certain that your daughter shall have my greatest care. There, if I stop one moment longer, I shall not be able to look Sir Hugh Dalrymple in the face; and he hates to see a soldier downcast when he goes to do his duty.'

'God bless you, Dan! God bless you! Our prayers shall be for you and our children. But we shall see Hewitt and my daughter before they sail? Where are they?'

'Now coming up the Rock. I shall meet them. Cheer up! cheer up! I will keep my promise; so Wellington, good bye!'

The word was spoken. Dan rushed out of the cottage, shook his head, stamped his feet, and then lifted up his brave head to Heaven, exclaiming, 'God's peace be with them!' The man who, in general, was light-hearted and off-hand, found himself heavy in heart, tearful in the eye, and trembling in the hand. His spirit, however, was none the worse for this gratifying effusion of Christian love.

Gentle reader, I would spare you the last interview between parents and child. But why should you refuse to let Nature drop one kindly tear of sympathy, when the writer of the page confesses that over the narrative of the soldier's wife, as he recorded this last interview of affection, he was betrayed into that weakness which it

is no shame for you, or for any man to experience? Does not the daughter of a common soldier feel as much as a princess at the separation of natural ties?—Romance and fiction may excite a momentary depression, and the effect passes away. Truth is more effective, and more enduring.

The brave soldier, Wellington, pressed his daughter to his heart. The mother wept upon her neck—the little brother, with his pale face, kissed the warm cheek of his devoted sister; and the young soldier, Hewitt, felt a severe pang that he should be the cause of such a painful parting.

‘My dear girl, I do not ask you to stay with me against your wishes, but promise me this one thing, that, if your husband finds the danger of his situation too great, and can obtain safety for you in England, at his entreaty you will leave him for a place of security.’

‘Dear father! dear father! make yourself happy on my account. Assure yourself that, if my husband commands me to leave him, I will obey him. It is not a little thing that will make him take that step; for he will never hear me complain of hardship in his campaign, any more than I have done of his kindness upon this Rock! I shall not cease to pray for you; I have just received a clasped Bible from the Rev. Mr. Hughes, and I shall make good use of it. Dear father and mother, may Heaven protect you both!’

Young Hewitt’s heart was too full for much speaking. He could only press the hands of Wellington and his wife, and, with one devout prayer, in which they all joined him, he left that cot, never more to see those friends in whose society he had so long delighted. It was the last farewell with them.

A vast concourse assembled to see the 48th depart. Sir Hugh Dalrymple and Colonel Donnellan were talking together, as the regiment arrived in companies to go on board. The Governor addressed the officers and soldiers uncovered; thanked them for their uniform good conduct, expressed a hope to hear of the same display of gallantry in the fields of Portugal and Spain that they had exhibited in Egypt: then, courteously bowing to them all, he was hailed with one hearty cheer from the ranks, and, shaking the Colonel and several officers by the hand, he raised his hand as a signal, and immediately the Rock sent forth such a thundering salute from its guns, that words of parting could be heard no more.

Handkerchiefs and hands waved long and lovingly from many a friend to the 48th upon that Rock. The boats departed. Troop after troop ascended the sides of the transports: 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' resounded from the ships, as the sails were unfurled, the anchors weighed, and British soldiers, amidst British sailors, left the Bay of Gibraltar for the bloody fields of Spain.

Wellington sat at one of the port-holes of the celebrated gallery, to watch the departure of her he so fondly loved. 'There she goes!' said he to himself. 'Oh! what a pang it is to lose a daughter! Yet, God's will be done! The young fellow is a good husband, and I ought to be glad. But Nature will be sorrowful, even when wisdom bids us rejoice.'

He watched the vessel till she became a speck, and then vanished from his sight. He had other duties to perform: he had to console his partner for her loss. He saw written in a thousand places on the Rock the praises of his friends, and found that an actual gloom was spread over many a fair face at their departure.

The vessel in which our heroine sailed duly arrived at Peniche, and, sometime afterwards, at the mouth of the Tagus. After all proper announcements, the Portuguese assisted the strangers to land, and they entered Lisbon amidst the exultation of thousands of those brave men, who, had they but before resisted the French invaders, would have found it an easier task to get rid of them than they afterwards did.

Barracks had been prepared for the English troops: the women who had families were sent to one quarter; those who were expecting a family (in which state was our interesting heroine) to another, and those in neither situation, to another. Thus the first trial of our young couple was over, and the soldier's wife began to prepare for the coming events of the campaign.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SEPARATION:

SIR HUGH DALRYMPLE soon followed to the Peninsula, to supersede Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Arthur Wellesley. The great General had already gained two signal victories over the French forces at Roleia and Vimiera, on the 17th and 21st of August, 1808. He had, in this short campaign, exercised that consummate skill which proved to every soldier under his command that he was the man to lead forth the armies of Britain to battle. When Sir Hugh arrived, he heard of the movements of Sir Arthur, and, with characteristic generosity and confidence in his skill, he did not interfere with his command; he went on to Mondego Bay, and there awaited the tidings of Sir Arthur's success. But when he found that this gallant and able commander had been superseded by Sir Harry Burrard, he then did not scruple to exercise the authority which he had received from England. Sir Arthur never knew the fact of Sir Hugh's non-interference, until he stood before the Court of Inquiry in England. Had he done so, there is no doubt, from the noble spirit of the hero, that he would have long before acknowledged the delicate compliment which had thus been paid to his superior abilities.

Never would the Convention of Cintra have taken place, upon the terms it did, on the 30th of August, had Sir Hugh's disposition towards Sir Arthur been known! It is of no use now to refer to these things. It is not the object of this work. The matter was brought to an end. The French evacuated Portugal; Sir Arthur left for England, and British valour, with Portuguese insurrections and Spanish disaffection, though continuing to stir up commotions in the Peninsula, led to the most disastrous consequences. Before Sir Arthur again visited Portugal, it was a very serious question with the British government, whether all interference in the struggle

between those contending parties should not be abandoned. Brave but unconnected efforts had been made : advances to Salamanca had been gained : Sir John Moore had been deceived, and all the advantages obtained had only provoked the French Tiger to come on the more fiercely to drive the English into the sea. True, the Briton retired like a lion, bayed by overpowering numbers, and at Corunna gave proof that he would not be beaten, though he was retiring. He was unwilling to give up a good cause, knowing that is much better to be a sufferer in such case, than to be triumphant in a bad one.

But the moral effect upon the people of Portugal was fearful, when they became alive to the thought that England was about to desert their cause. The people in Lisbon were almost mad ; and such a feeling of angry passion arose against the British soldiers, that the populace would undoubtedly have murdered as many as they could lay hands on, before they embarked.

But Sir Arthur arrived to take the command of the armies in the Peninsula, and hope again sprang up in the breasts of a brave people, who only wanted the discipline of British officers, and the example of British privates, to lead them on to the liberation of their country from tyranny and oppression. The moment it was known that Sir Arthur was in command, every soldier felt that he should soon be called into action ; and it was at this period that our young heroine, the soldier's wife, received from her husband a command most difficult to obey.

A letter had arrived from England for Hewitt, which informed him that his own mother was now a widow. She had left the city of Norwich, and had gone to a situation as housekeeper, in Colchester. She urged her son, if he could not leave the war himself, not to take his partner into danger with him, adding that she would take care of her in England, if he would send her over ; and that she had the means, and it would give her great happiness, to have her in Colchester during the war.

'Dear wife,' said the young fellow to her, 'I know, by Sir Arthur's arrival, we are not to be here much longer. He is not a man, as Dan says, to trifle away his time. He comes with full powers and fixed resolutions, and we shall have an onward march before many days. Now, Mary, I must give my most cruel orders. But, afflicting as they are to myself, they must be given, and you must obey them.'

'What are they? You will not find me disobedient. I only hope that they are for your honour, and I am sure they will be for my pleasure.'

'They are, dear Mary, to go to England, and live with my mother for a time.'

'I did not think you would order that, Thomas. Oh! let me stay! let me stay, I conjure you! You have never heard me complain; why banish me from you?'

'Because, my dear, you know I love you. You are not aware of the terrible state this country is now in; how horribly infatuated the people are; and how dreadful must be the hardships of a soldier's wife. Fancy your accompanying us, up mountain gorges, over rocks covered with snow, up steep ravines, through rivers, woods, marshes, and plains, sometimes without a covering, night or day. We have no tents to pitch at night, and our bivouac must frequently be made upon the wet ground.'

'And what are all these, Thomas, to being separated from you, and going to England with not a soul to care about me? Oh! give me leave to follow you!'

'I cannot give my consent. I am induced to be firm, not only from seeing the state you are now in, but also from the knowledge that it would be your death to follow me in a campaign, which must now be attended with such tremendous battles as Europe never beheld. Oh, Mary! think, my dear, what a coward it will make me, to know I suffer double hardship, double pangs, in your painful situation! Now, do accept my mother's offer. The Colonel has kindly promised me that he will himself speak to the Captain of the vessel, and he stated that the same ship which has now brought our able Commander to Lisbon, the *Surveillante*, takes back any soldiers' wives who may be disposed to embark. If not for my sake, dear wife! if not for your own, at least for your unborn babe's sake, your first—do not run the risk of its destruction!'

Poor Mary was silent. She sobbed bitterly, but she could not plead against nature. Her husband saw her distress, and, with honourable affection, urged her immediate departure.

'I should like my first to be born in England. I know my poor mother would be glad to be a mother to it. Come, cheer up, my dear! You know, I shall always reflect that I urged your going to England for your good. You shall hear from me frequently. So, cheer up, dearest! cheer up!'

It was no small fortitude that the brave fellow exercised at this moment; for his cheerful partner was, in a true and faithful sense, the soldier's friend, and sincerely, deeply attached to her good husband.

The vessel appointed to carry back the first despatch of Sir Arthur, after his arrival in Lisbon, was anchored near the Rock, and ready to depart. Many a brave fellow then separated from his partner for ever; for the kindness of officers had persuaded several soldiers' wives to return to England, so that our young heroine was not alone. Lonely she was, notwithstanding the great feeling which the sailors on board the *Surveillante* exhibited, in their hearts and manners, towards the British soldier's wife.

'Let's hope we shall all meet again!' said Dan to his daughter, as he called the young wife: 'let's hope we shall all meet again! Keep this little token of remembrance of me,' said the veteran, as he gave her a pocket-book, in which he had preserved his chronicles. 'Take care of it for me. If it please God any of us reach our native shores, we shall like to look over the chronicles of the 48th, and speak of past times, with a sigh. But, Mary, we must improve the present. So, dear, in the hopes of hearing of your good, and with prayers for your future steps, one kiss for old Dan, and God bless you.'

If Dan had one, how many had her fond husband? Reader, have you ever, like the writer of these pages, seen, in your youth, England's brave sons and daughters parting for the wars? If so, your heart, like his, has swelled with agony to think that such scenes were necessary. Husbands and wives, fathers and daughters, lovers, kindred, and friends, did the eyes, which now follow the pen upon the paper, behold in the writer's youthful days, parting, many of them for ever. He had brothers and sisters so circumstanced, and with words of comfort did his young mind seek to pacify their griefs. He was but a boy; yet the memory of hundreds whom he saw at Harwich, Ipswich, and Colchester, leaving their country for the continent, lives with him to this day.

Our young heroine was lifted on board, in a state of woe, which, though painful to all to witness, was not a singular case. She was not alone. Other soldier's wives sat around her on the deck of the vessel; and, if none were so young, yet were they equally bereft. There were ladies, too—officers' wives—whose subdued and tender griefs were fortified by stronger minds, by education, and condition

in life. They set a good example by their calmness, which greatly tended to raise the drooping spirits of those of their own sex on board. Our young heroine, among the number, was perfectly sensible of the kindness of those ladies, as well as the attentions of the officers of the ship, and of the sailors. The *Surveillante* reached Portsmouth in safety, and landed her crew and passengers at that sea-port.

Never did any poor creature feel so desolate as the young soldier's wife, upon her landing in England. No friend near her—no house—no home—no partner; she stood weeping upon the shore, with her bundle under her arm, looking the picture of wretchedness and anxiety. In vain did the wife of one of her husband's comrades try to cheer her. She could think of nothing but her husband, and wished herself a thousand times with him at Lisbon.

'What do you do here, young women?' said an officer to them, 'and why are you weeping?'

'Alas! Sir, we have left our husbands, and know not what to do with ourselves.'

'Have you no friends in England?'

'My husband's mother lives at Colchester, but I know not where Colchester is, nor how to get there; and my companion lives, or her friends rather, live at service at a solicitor's, in Billiter Square, London.'

'Well, there is no great difficulty, then, in either case. You must both lodge in Portsmouth to-night. To-morrow you must go to Portsea, where you will each receive, at the Pay Office, one guinea, to take you to your homes. You can both, then, go on to London together, by the waggon, to-morrow night; and any person will direct you to some conveyance thence to Colchester. But take care of your money and yourselves. My servant shall show you a respectable lodging-house for this night, and I would then advise you to go on your journey.'

This British officer was Ponsonby, who, to all the bravery and military talent of his profession, added the highest honour, and the noblest qualities of a Christian. He was a friend to the soldier's wife, and like a guardian angel on the shores of Britain, directed her from danger, and well merited her blessing.

The next day the two females went, with others, to Portsea, and their names having arrived from the Commander of the *Surveillante*, they each received a guinea, with which they took a place that

day by the waggon going to London. Not that Hewitt had sent his wife home without money. He had given her half of what he had earned, and it amounted to no more than a sufficiency; but his prudent partner well knew, that it would not do to shew money if it were to be taken care of; and how long it might be before she should obtain a further supply from her husband, she could not tell. He had not cautioned her in vain. She made no display, but bound up in the clothes she wore the store which Hewitt had provided; keeping a few scattered shillings and pence in her pocket. But all her travelling companions knew that she had a guinea, so that she could not have been thought to be in want.

The waggon arrived at the Saracen's Head, and she was directed to the Four Swans, Bishopsgate, for the Colchester van. On her entering a shop, or office, to enquire her way to the starting-place of the van, a gentleman, or rather a man who had the appearance of one, followed her out, saying he would show her way.

'Where are you going, young woman?' he enquired.

'I am going, Sir, to my husband's mother, who lives at Colchester, in Essex.'

'Husband! Why, surely you have not a husband! Where is he, that he should leave you to take so long a journey by yourself?'

'He is gone to the wars, Sir, and I am a native of Gibraltar, and have come from Lisbon, where I left my husband with his regiment, and I am going to live for a time with his mother.'

'Ho! ho! so you are a soldier's wife, are you? So young, too, and so fine a woman, you ought not to be left without a friend! I will befriend you. Here, step with me up this alley, I want some further conversation with you. This is all in your way.'

The poor unsuspecting woman followed her conductor, who, taking her out of the public thoroughfare, turned round, and in a familiar manner accosted her, offering to take her home, and to let her remain with him till her husband came back from the continent; telling her she should live like a lady, and want for nothing. He then ventured to shew her gold, and to propose terms of villany, such as at once opened the eyes of the young wife.

She was no fool to be thus dazzled by a tempter, to forsake her God, her faith, and her husband. She replied:

'I am a poor soldier's wife, and you are a fine gentleman, in appearance; but your heart, Sir, is blacker than any chimney in these streets. Was it for this you undertook to be my guide, that

you might take advantage of my misery? Oh! wretched man! Do you thus hope to be happy? Let me be gone, Sir; and if this be your proffered kindness to the wife of one who is fighting for your peace, may you soon know what it is to want assistance yourself, and then, perhaps, you will learn to pity others.'

There was that kind of bold front, of virtuous indignation in this simple declaration of innocence, that the seducer was cowed, and literally afraid to urge her by any further importunities. He told her the way she ought to go to Bishopgate, which was back through the alley she had entered; but, coward-like, and little caring whether she found her way right or not, when he saw he could not not have his way, he left her.

"Resist the Devil," she said to herself, "and he will flee from thee." I have not forgotten my brave parent's advice, "Keep God's commandments, and you may set the Devil's artillery at defiance."

She acted nobly upon that advice, and rejoiced that, through the temptation, she had found a safe way to escape. Alas! how many do not? How many are induced to listen to the voice of flattery and passion, and make shipwreck of their faith?

This was one of those events which teach a young woman that God is her strength, and that in the hour of danger she shall be protected. She was protected, by an unseen protection, at whose influence, in this instance, infidels may smile, but angels will rejoice. She arrived at the Four Swans, took her place, and went on to Colchester. She inquired of the waggoner if he knew where one Mrs. Martin, a broker, lived in that town. She was directed rightly, and knocked at Mrs. Martin's door.

A woman of low stature, and bent down rather with infirmity than age, opened the door.

Who are you, my good woman; and what do you want with Mrs. Martin?

'I am directed to ask for Mrs. Hewitt here.'

'Mrs. Hewitt! If you are a Mrs. Hewitt yourself, and a soldier's wife, come in this moment, come in!' and, with much eagerness, she was shown into a little back-parlour, on the same floor with the shop.

'There, take a seat, poor young soul! take a seat. Why, you have not come all the way from Portugal?'

'Indeed, I have!'

'Then you must be very tired, my dear! very tired!'—as if she

imagined that the soldier's wife had walked all the way from Portugal. 'Come, rest yourself, poor thing!' And the good woman helped her off with her dusty apparel, and did her best to cheer her.

'But where is my husband's mother?' asked the traveller.

'We'll talk about her presently, poor soul! How is your husband?'

'He was well when I left him. I am anxious to see if I can trace any resemblance to my dear man, in his fond mother.'

The young woman thought she saw a tear fall from Mrs. Martin's eye, and in a moment, filled with strange forebodings, she said:

'Hewitt's mother is not ill, is she? Where is she? Oh! do let me convey her son's love with my own lips!'

A tear did earnestly and quickly fall; for when the good Mrs. Martin lifted up her face to look more intently on the warm-hearted speaker, she saw such intense inquiry in her look, that she could refrain no longer.

'Alas! poor soul! Mrs. Hewitt has been dead and buried these ten days!'

The blow fell indeed severely on our young heroine, and was ultimately attended with consequences dangerous to her life. She spoke not, but fell into a chair, and swooned. The sudden shock of disappointment had been too great for her. Her senses swam in a strange whirl, and Mrs. Martin had to call in a neighbour to her assistance. The poor young woman was carried up to bed—the same bed on which her husband's mother had been nursed, and she did not leave it for near two months. So sudden a blow had caused indeed, a premature confinement, and in sorrow and suffering the little stranger entered this life, scarcely once to smile; but to pine, to linger, to be baptized, and to die.

Wretched was the mother—unhappy was the good woman; if the soldier's wife had been her own daughter, she could not have been more kind to her. Yet she was unhappy, because she had not perceived the state in which the young woman was, before she revealed to her the death of her mother-in-law.

Poor Mary Anne slowly recovered; she had great fever and inflammation, and at one time it was a great doubt whether she would lose her reason, or her life. Both were in great danger; but by God's favour and blessing upon a naturally vigorous constitution, the young creature gradually gained upon her enemy, and at length sat up in that bed where she had lain so long.

She was visited by the minister of St. Peter's, and others, who took great interest in her situation. Her history was well known at the time, and several ladies took upon themselves to visit and to comfort the distressed wife.

Her mind, also, gradually recovered its strength, and she conversed with Mrs. Martin upon her loss.

'Oh! had I known that I should have found Hewitt's mother gone, I would never have left Portugal; but did not any one write to her son? Oh! how I wish we had heard of this before we separated! What agony might it not have spared us!'

'Depend upon it, dear,' said the old lady, 'he knows of it by this time; for we wrote twice—first to tell him of our fears, and again to state that the worst had happened.'

'How wretched he will be on my account! He will be the deeper sufferer because of my absence. He dreaded leaving me only for a few hours unprotected. How will he feel now, when he thinks I have not a friend? He cannot imagine that I have so many kindnesses shown to me. Oh! let me not complain! But the poor mother! What was the cause of her death!'

'It was considered to be brain fever, brought on by over-anxiety. I never saw a creature so anxious to see her son. She told me, poor thing, her history. She was more than joyful at the letters she received, stating her son's marriage, and his intention of persuading you to go to Colchester. She was so desirous you should come here, and that I should do everything for you, that I believe she would have sold the gown off her back, for your comfort. All her earnings are in my hands, for you, and all that belonged to her is your property. Each day she lived, she hoped for your arrival; and when, poor thing, she was told she must not expect to see you, I shall never forget her pious resignation. How soon she left all worldly things behind her, covering them only with her prayers! She died a calm and placid death, though to the very last, big tears rolled from her eyes, as if the fountain within would never cease. When it became dry, life, was extinct. She died a sincere penitent.'

'So, Mrs. Martin, may you and I! I feel that I could have loved that poor woman with the affection of a daughter. But she is gone, and poor Hewitt will only afflict himself about me. When I get well, I will go back to Portugal. I must write to him as soon as my strength will permit, and I know how anxious he will be to see me.'

‘Do not make yourself over-anxious: my house may be your home as long as you like to live in it; but do not think of going back again to the wars without first hearing how it fares with your husband. I am glad to see you getting better.’

It was a mercy that our heroine had fallen into such good hands as those of the careful widow at Colchester. She was strictly an honest woman. She gave an exact account to the soldier’s wife of all that had been placed in her hands. She had the joy of seeing her gain strength day after day, till she was enabled to taste again the pure air of the hills, and to hope for a sufficient return of vigour to enable her to rejoin her husband.

That poor fellow was engaged in the struggles of the Peninsula; in how warm a manner will be learned by his own account, which reached his loving wife in a letter directed to her at Mrs. Martin’s, Broker, St. Peter’s, Colchester. With delight did she receive her husband’s first letter, which shall be given in the succeeding chapter. In this, it is only necessary to add, that in the course of three months she became convalescent.

CHAPTER XV.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE BATTLE FIELD OF TALAVERA.

A LETTER may not always be a pleasing prelude to an interesting chapter, but the heading of the present one indicates the species of communication proposed at the end of the last. The letter is an original one, and though written by a private soldier, one of the band of the gallant 48th, it exhibits strong traits of genius, and much good sense; it will not, therefore, be unacceptable to some readers, who can share in the feelings of the transcriber, in giving it the praise which it deserves.

It is written from the field of Talavera; and had the great warrior of that field read it, he would have been surprised to find that so humble an individual in his ranks should possess so much ingenuity and perception, without ever attaining, or desiring to attain, any remarkable notoriety. Singular enough, too, that this first great battle, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley had more difficulties to contend with than in any previous or succeeding one, should have changed his own name to that of the heroine to whom this letter is indited. Wellington was the maiden name of the soldier's wife, to whom this letter was written from Talavera; and it was that maiden's name, though conferred as a title, from the name of a place in the county of Somerset, which was raised to honour in the person of Sir Arthur Wellesley, created Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington in the County of Somerset. But the letter! the letter! Inferior as such matter may be, it must divert, if not increase, the interest of the reader.

'TALAVERA, ON THE BANKS OF THE TAGUS,

'MY DEAR WIFE!

July 29th, 1809.

'I am writing on Dan's drum, from the field of the most deadly battle we have fought since we left the Rock of Gibraltar.

Old Dan is sitting on his knapsack, and wiping away the perspiration from his brow, and saying as I write—"God grant the letter may reach your wife! Tell her," says he, "to keep your scrawl along with my Chronicles." So, my dear, you must put this letter into the midst of Dan Long's Chronicles of the gallant 48th. My hand is so swollen with the duty I have just had to perform, namely, the lifting of the wounded into the scantily supplied carts for their removal, that with some difficulty I trace my lines closely upon this paper. My mind is so carried back by past domestic concerns, and then so completely overturned by present conflicts, that you must forgive me if I write confusedly, and do not explain myself as I ought.

'Since you left us, dearest wife, I have received two letters from Colchester; and glad, in some measure, I am, that they did not reach me before your departure for Old England, because I could not have urged your removal from scenes of terrific grandeur, and of most appalling difficulties, with the same effect I have done. My poor mother's death would have destroyed my strength of argument for your journey. I am sure of one thing, that God has been merciful to you, in directing you to such a person as Mrs. Martin appears, by her letter, to be. And merciful indeed has that good God been to me, that I am in health at this moment to write to you. Such scenes have I witnessed! Such trials have we all gone through, that, comparatively speaking, one man's narration thereof is but a bubble!

'How shall I describe to you what we have gone through since we parted! I told you we should not be inactive, since the Spirit of Britain has come amongst us. We have not, indeed, been idle, our legs and arms have been pretty well employed; when I tell you, that in the short space of three months we have traversed the length of Portugal, from Lisbon to Oporto, struggling through difficulties and dangers, which nothing but such wisdom as our General possesses could have conducted us through. We drove the French from the Estremadura into Galicia, and returned to headquarters at Abrantes.

'You can form no idea of the discipline and activity of our commander! How delighted would Wellington, your father, be, to see how he orders every thing. He never directs a gun to be pointed without knowing exactly the effect it will have, the weight it will carry, and the consequences which must ensue from its

direction. We all feel such confidence in his command, that we know our greatest safety is to do as we are bid. He never deceives us! I dare not trust my brain to think of the movements of such masses as he directs, but I can see that when they do move, they fulfil the intentions of a master mind, which does not build upon mere chance, or individual bravery, for success. He projected such a plan of surprising the French at Oporto, as puzzled every one, but his own clear skull.

‘He moved his army towards the Douro. Night and day we were on the move, and arrived at the river, but not in time to cross it by the bridge, which was blown up about two o’clock in the morning, by the retreating enemy. Our regiment was one of the first which arrived on the banks, and the river was impassable without boats, and none appeared at hand! A poor Portuguese barber, with loyalty in his heart, and detestation of French treachery, came over to us, and hailing us as the true friends of his country, invited two or three of us to go over to the other side for some boats. Some barges were obtained through the influence of the barber; and though but a very few could pass at once, yet such was the unexpected attempt, that the enemy were not surprised until our gallant troops had assembled in some force in the very midst of the French army!

‘The first man wounded in this enterprise was the gallant leader of our brigade, General Paget, at the amputation of whose arm I had to assist; and nobly, and without a sigh, did this firm man bear the operation. I shall never forget the placid composure of his countenance, as if he really suffered no pain.

‘We were welcomed by the people of Oporto as their deliverers!—No plundering was allowed. We had sharp work.—No prospect of prize money, though vessels were in the port laden with thousands of tuns of wine, and other property. The merchants of Oporto are a mean set! But if they are mean, the Spaniards are literally brutes, for I verily believe that, at the moment I am writing, after the hardest fight the 48th has ever had, they would here, in Talavera, let us starve sooner than supply us with the necessities of life. Money cannot procure bread. I wish Sir Arthur would just let them see that, if they will not supply us when we pay, they should be made to do so, without delay.

‘But, hurrah! one of Dan’s staff has just returned to him with some Spanish black bread; and I assure you, dear wife, that no

school-boy ever enjoyed the sight of a plum-cake with half the ravishing delight that I do the thumping loaf Dan places on the head of his drum. I must jump up and eat, for we have been half starved these last four days. So before I begin the battle of Talavera, I must have a cut at the best friend of poor mortality in the scenes of death—bread—made of Talavera wheat, which looks as if it had been kneaded with gunpowder and water! But good, ay good it is, dear wife!—and the wine, though sour, is good also. So, as Dan says, “Here’s a health to those far away!”

‘There! there! if ever I felt so near like a tipsy man, as I do do now from taking bread and a little wine and water, I should think a very little more would make my head beat a strange tattoo upon the big drum. Bread after famishing has as much effect upon me as if I had drank a strong glass of rum upon the Rock of Gibraltar. There’s many a man there that has felt less lively than I do, though his potation has been three times as powerful. Fatigue, starvation and pain, are wonderfully allayed by a loaf of bread—and so I am off again to fight the battle of Talavera upon paper: ay, dear wife, the colour of my ink is neither red nor black, but a strange mixture of both; for, be it known to you, that so hot has been my pocket, that my ink was dried in its leathern case, and I had to fill it up out of a pool of mud, stained with the blood of horses and of men! Alas, dear wife! this is a bloody epistle! but thank God, it will reach you in a land of peace, and may He avert, ever avert from Old England the horrors of invasion.

‘But I must begin the description of the battle. First I must tell you the kind of friends and foes we have had to deal with. The Spaniards are exactly like their asses—tall, stately, self-willed, stubborn and strong; will do nothing without being humoured, and make such a terrible braying upon the march, that you would think they would frighten their enemies out of the field! But then, when we look for the roaring of a lion, lo and behold it is the braying of an ass. I happened to be waiting with a note upon General Hill before the battle, when who should come into our camp but the old Spanish Commander, Cuesta. He came in a carriage drawn by six long-tailed black horses, from which he descended with more pomposity than if he had been King of Spain. Our active commander, Sir Arthur and he, were a living contrast.

‘I could not hear their conversation; but it appeared to me as if

the cool, sarcastic countenance of our brave hero expressed the most vivid contempt for his ally. He stood in quiet dignity, biting his nether lip, with a determination to hear the pompous cadences of the Spanish ass with all the patience of Job, until all at once, as if he could stand it no longer, he unfolded his arms, and I heard him give his hands a smack, which made old Cuesta drop his ears and kick.

‘I know not what might be the word, but it was very effective. The Spaniard retired, and Sir Arthur was as lively as a lark, though, with a hawk’s quick eye, he surveyed the field before him. The Spaniards do not want for courage when fairly in a battle, and their cavalry are dashing fellows; but they are easily smitten with panic, and, when once off, run like asses over the country.

‘The French are as cautious as their leader. They walk like cats, and prowl like tigers: they watched old Cuesta for their spring, and had not our leader foreseen the cunning, and assisted the Spaniards, they would have been caught in a trap, and then been played with for a moment and killed. If you look at my letter T, it will give you an idea of the battle, only you must cut off the right hand branch; then you will have an idea of two rivers, called the Tagus and the Alberche: and between these two rivers the fighting took place. The Tagus is the stem of the T, and the Alberche is the arm. The English and the Spanish were situated at the foot of the T, and the French came over the Alberche to meet us. Talavera was on our right, and our army drawn up on the side of a hill, overlooking the country between the Alberche and the Tagus at Talavera. It was dotted with woods and hills, and on the noon of the 27th, looked as lovely and as pleasant as if it were a land of peace.

‘One of the 45th, who was brought to the rear, dreadfully wounded, told me that at three o’clock on the 27th, we were as near losing our General, as my pen is losing its ink; for Sir Arthur was at an old castle in sight of the Alberche, and had scarcely time to get out of it, before the French were upon him. Had we lost him, we should have lost our footing on the Peninsula, if we did not every one of us lose our lives. Thank God! we lost him not, and neither did we lose the battle. The brave 45th were the first to stem the torrent of the French advance, and the poor fellow whose limb I helped to bandage up, and who was wounded in the thigh, told me that the young troops gave way at first, till his

regiment stood like a rock against the flood. The 45th, and part of the 60th, under the immediate eye of Sir Arthur, cheered by his presence, checked the fury of the enemy.

‘But the battle came on, and the master mind had to watch the movements of an enemy twice his number, and formed of long tried, hardy soldiers. I was close by Dan Long, and stood on the hill in the rear of our regiment. He, with his usual quick eye, pointed out to me the different positions of our line, and said, “Depend upon it, we shall be among the first who are attacked this evening.” We heard a tremendous fire along the line, towards the town of Talavera, and presently afterwards the confusion of voices, but no reply to the firing: for the Spanish General’s brave troops, after pouring in such a volley as was enough to appal the stoutest foe, themselves were frightened and ran away, leaving their artillery without horses, and the men only anxious to see who could get away the fastest.

‘At the moment I am writing this, three regiments, the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th have come on to the battle ground, having pressed forward more than sixty miles to be present at the battle. Brave fellows! they have come too late for the present struggle, but in time to relieve our fatigued and starving troops. The description they give of the flight of the Spaniards towards Oropesa, is the most extraordinary. Some of them said they were informed that the whole British army was beaten, and in full retreat; that it would soon be a death-flight, and that they had better not advance. Our brave soldiers, however, only pressed on the more eagerly, if possibly they might afford assistance to their countrymen. Their steady step was a disgrace to Spain. Britons fighting for Spanish liberty, and they betraying them into the hands of their enemy. But Sir Arthur retrieved the step, and even old Cuesta is reported to have been ashamed of his troops.

‘We were soon to receive our salute, as Dan said. We were in the act of receiving orders from General Hill, and our brave Colonel Donnellan was talking to him, when down came a volley upon us from the summit of the hill; and the General exclaimed, “It must be our own men!” He rode forward with Major Fordyce, and was amidst foes instead of friends. Major Fordyce was cut down; but Hill, though his horse was wounded, spurred him down the hill, met the 29th, and gallantly led them up to the combat.

‘Then came the night attack, and fearful was it by the flash of

guns to witness faces within twenty yards of each other, firing by their gun-lights, at each other's heads. Tremendous was the work our regiment had that night; but we gained our position, and giving loud hurrahs, we were answered by our brave companions along the whole line.

'On the left the firing ceased, and we began to light our bivouac fires, and to exchange the heat of the day and of battle, for the heavy dews of night. As for me, I had no rest; my office was to assist the wounded to the rear; and throughout that dreadful night, many a poor fellow resting on my arm breathed his last, and lay upon the field. One young fellow whom I was leading from the fray to our surgeon's quarters, suddenly stopped, and looking at me earnestly, said, "If you live through the battle, send this letter as directed, and write on the back of it to my father, your boy died with no wounds in his back." He did die, poor fellow, not three yards onwards from that spot.

'But the firing was silent, save some distant shots among the Spaniards. Victory crowned no heads that night; but I understand that nearly two thousand of my fellow-creatures lay stretched upon the earth, never to rise again! Oh! that men could rejoice in the day of peace, at being free from war!"

'My dispatch, dear wife, is so long, that you will almost wish it were published; but mind and put it with Dan's Chronicle. I leave off, as Dan says, on purpose to begin again. I have given you a sketch of the 27th of July; but, as we say of an Oratorio, this was but an introduction to the great performance of the 28th.

'At five o'clock in the morning, the dreadful work began again. It appeared to be the object of the enemy to gain possession of the hill on the left; and dreadful was the combat in that quarter. Our own regiment was held in reserve this day, and Sir Arthur, who stood upon the eminence close by us, gave us several opportunities of witnessing the conduct of the man whose judgment was to fight the battle in his own mind, before he made the troops advance to perform their duties. He is not a man of great stature, but of a very singularly sagacious countenance. There is a strange fancy always running in my mind, from what I read at school, that his face and figure resemble that of Alexander the Great, a hero of ancient day, of whom, I dare say, you may have heard me speak, but of whom you know nothing. His countenance is as open as that of the brave eagle which stands upon the summit of your native rock,

and his composure is equal to that of this noble bird. His eyebrows are arched, almost like the arc of a circle; his nose is something more than aquiline; and his mouth is compressed, almost as closely and as rigidly as a muscle. His bearing is a personification of martial dignity and intellectual superiority. His smile is more in the eye than on the lip, for pleasure with him is the spirit of heroic deeds, and when a man does well under his eye, you may see it lighten up with the quickest admiration. I was so near him upon several occasions on the 28th, that I could read the man as he passed me.

‘He was here, there, and everywhere, in spirit if not in person; and he looked as if he would have had wings to fly from one quarter to another, to head the columns of attack. I heard him give his orders to his aides-de-camp with such precision and intelligence, that none could mistake or misunderstand him.

‘The fighting was terrific from five o’clock until nine, when literally both armies seemed to come to an agreement to halt. The French had gained nothing! The English lost nothing, save that which was common to both sides, viz. many a noble officer and brave soldier. The French artillery and the British bayonet, were the most destructive weapons of offence and defence. The sun was bearing a dreadful power upon us, and increasing our thirst to such a degree, that we required water, which could only be obtained at the risk of life,

‘During a long pause in the work of slaughter, the men of both armies met at a little stream which ran near the centre of the battle, and met together as friends, with one common desire, to satisfy a craving of nature, more urgent than the affairs of war. The British soldiers one side the stream, and the French on the other, filled their cans without any molestation of each other; nay, with words of kindred sympathy for one another.

‘The Spaniards being nearer Talavera and the Tagus, and having little to do with the battle, did not suffer as we did. Half our band went to the stream for water about ten o’clock, and each returned, bearing for his thirsty companions under arms, the life-giving draught of refreshment; many a poor wounded fellow did I that day receive a blessing from, when I held to his parched lips the anticipated cup.

‘It was a generous sight to see the armies, for a while, remaining quiet, and assisting to remove the wounded from that field over

which they were so soon to pour again the volleys of destruction. That pause saved hundreds who would have been trampled to death. Enemies met as friends, and when the trumpet gave again the sound to prepare for battle, soldiers waved the hand of friendship to each other, and resumed their ranks as hostile as ever! So strange are the incidents of war!

'The enemy, as if they had gained new life, began again the daring conflict. On the left and on the centre of our line, a simultaneous attack was conducted with such determined fury, that it seemed almost impossible to resist it. We remained firm, however, and in our turn we charged with fixed bayonets the retiring foe. The 23rd horse were dreadfully cut up; they charged the enemy, who stood upon the brink of a ravine, imperceptible upon the plain, and such was their headlong impetuosity, that they could not be restrained; they rolled over in the stream, and many were carried away; horses and their riders met a watery and a bloody grave, for the enemy's infantry poured in volley upon volley into their broken ranks, and the few that formed on the opposite side had a very narrow escape.

'I am now going to tell you an event of which I am not a little proud, for we received a personal command from our leader, which I verily believe was the master-blow of the day. The Guards under Sherbrooke received an advance of the enemy at the point of the bayonet; but, finding that the French columns thought better of their intentions than to put their mettle to the test, they in their turn determined to give them a proof of their courage. They pursued them along the plain with such success, that they were carried in their ardour beyond the line of order: and not preserving that unbroken front which they had presented at the onset, the French reserve attacked them, and must have inevitably gained the day, but for the penetration of our great commander.

'He ordered the 48th down the hill, and Colonel Donnellan, at the head of our body, marched in admirable order to the attack. We gave Sir Arthur a cheer, and he waved his hand to us, and we each felt as if that hand strengthened our own. We seemed as if we were the right hand of the victory. With firm step, our colours flying and our band playing, we moved on, well knowing every one of us that thousands were looking on. We met such a confused mass of the retreating centre, that but for the order to open file and let them pass, we should have been swept away. But Donnellan,

brave Donnellan, waited for his men, and forming them again in a beautiful line of British rank, we received such an acclamatory Hurra from an Irish regiment, that it was taken up along the whole line, and we went into the battle determined to die or be victorious.

‘We met the formidable enemy, flushed with momentary success. We met them as men should meet a foe, with a resolution that intends to stand.

‘We had a dreadful hand-to-hand engagement, for even the band had to fight in the ranks this day with their gallant companions, and I am happy to say I am to be a sergeant of that band, at least the Colonel tells me so. We were well supported by the return of the Guards and the German Legion. They had rallied behind us, and came on to prove, that if their ranks had been broken, their spirits were undaunted. The French gave way, and retreated in admirable order. The battle soon began to slacken on the part of the French, and confidence, throughout the whole line of the British, to rise. Shouts of triumph told our enemies that Britons were ready to meet them in any field of battle.

‘Just at this moment, our successes were damped by a sight such as harrowed up the minds of both armies. The sultry weather had so dried the grass, that the fire of our musketry had set it in a blaze, and it raged more fiercely than the enemy’s fire. The wounded were seen in frantic agony, rising up and falling down in the flame. Happy, happy they, whose bodies felt not this devouring scourge! Soldiers of all grades ran from the ranks, to carry out a wounded comrade who called for mercy, and individual acts of courage might be then seen, and men as magnanimous in saving life as they had been audacious in destroying it.

‘Dan, your old friend Dan, had a glorious reward. A French officer with a shattered limb, rose up in the midst of the conflagration, and with a heart-rending cry, and standing on one leg, he sent forth such a scream, “*Miséricorde! miséricorde!*” that Dan dropped his drum, rushed through the crackling grass, seized the officer, and jumping, literally jumping over the knots of flame, brought him to the rear of the 48th.

‘“Well done, Dan!” exclaimed the Colonel. “I would make you a Colonel in the band this moment, if I could.” The Frenchman proved to be a person of some rank. He gave his name to Colonel Donnellan, and it was sent to General Hill. He must have been of some note, for a broken gun-carriage, covered with a military cloak,

was sent for him, and he was conveyed to the hospital at Talavera. Dan was sent for this very morning, and he was permitted to receive a remembrance from Count Rouille, which he says he will let you see whenever he shall see you again.

'We bivouacked on the field, the French retiring by slow and well-covered retreats, until every force was withdrawn; and, before this day, the 29th, on which I am writing, they have all crossed the Alberche, and I do not think our Commander intends to pursue them. The worst news I can tell you is, our brave Colonel Donnellan is wounded, and will not submit to amputation. We all fear he will die! We shall lose a dear friend as well as a brave Colonel.

'Thus, my dear, have I given you some account of our doings. Do not think for one moment, that I ever regret your absence from these horrible scenes. God knows, I heartily wish the world was at peace, and men were contented to make the earth produce enough for us all. The sun never smiled on more beautiful fields than I have seen in this country; but surely death never frowned on more cruel scenes of desolation. You must not think that every soldier loves war. I do not believe our great General does. I believe that he feels himself a servant of God, his king, and his country, bound to do his duty to the best of his ability; and I believe he will do it to the satisfaction of Great Britain, as long as he lives.

'Old Dan desires his love! He promises to be godfather by proxy for our first, and I believe the dear friend of our youth would be delighted to terminate his existence in some such peaceful place as Wellington Cot, or Hewitt's cottage, at Gibraltar, Hingham, or in the Emerald Isle. My best respects to Mrs. Martin. A thousand thanks for her kindness to my poor dear mother; ten thousand thanks for her kindness to you, and, looking anxiously from Lisbon for a packet for the army of the Peninsula,

'I remain

'Your affectionate husband,

'To Mrs. Hewitt,

'THOMAS HEWITT

'At Mrs. Martin's, Broker, Colchester.'

The reader will perhaps think this letter sufficient for a chapter. It was read with eagerness by various classes in Colchester, and by none more than those friends of philanthropy, the Quakers of Colchester and Chelmsford, who agreed that it drew a vivid picture of the horrors of war.

CHAPTER XVI.

RESOLUTION AND REUNION.

THE receipt of the letter which gave such a painful description of the Battle of Talavera, did not destroy the intention which the soldier's wife had entertained, of returning to her husband. On the contrary, it made her more anxious to be near him, that she might serve him to the best of her ability.

'I think I shall return to Portugal, Mrs. Martin,' she at length said. 'Friends are very kind to me here, and I am sure they wish me well; and you above all others have been a very dear friend to me. But, looking a little forward, I see that I must become dependent upon the bounty of strangers if I stay here much longer, and I know my husband's wish will be that I should return, when he learns that I have lost my child.'

'His letter does not seem to favour such an idea; on the contrary, he urges rather that you should be absent from his dangers, and rejoices in your being here with me. Do let me persuade you to remain.'

'It is very good of you to ask me, and I feel sure that God will reward you for your goodness to me, a poor lone woman, little more than a girl. Yet I do not feel happy in the idea of years of separation from my husband. Every day I feel that I belong to him, and I wish to be near him. If he should be wounded, and no one near him, how should I then repent of not having gone to him. I do not mind privations, and somehow I think I might be able to procure something for the soldiers' comfort which they could not procure for themselves. All things seem to invite me to join my husband; when I sleep, I dream of him; and when awake, I think of him; and I do assure you my conscience will not let me rest, until I find out some means to embark for Portugal.'

'But do wait, my dear, until you hear from him again. You

ought to write and to have an answer from him, because there are many things he may suggest, which it is actually necessary for you to know previously to your departure. Your husband certainly seems a wonderful man; that letter speaks him one whose understanding is good, and his heart right. I should like to know him.'

'God grant you may! for I can assure you that he is a clever and a well-educated young man, and as good a husband as any woman ought to desire. He is much thought of in the regiment, and for so young a man, is considered the wisest among them. I never saw any one so quick at studying any subject he undertakes. I think it is his Bible that has given him this judgment beyond his years, for he delights to read it. He describes so well the characters he reads of that he makes them seem to be present with you.' He is also a very shrewd judge of men.'

'So he appears to be, Mrs. Hewitt; his mother told me of his progress at school, and what pleasure his master took in him. I am sure you are a fortunate woman to meet with such a husband. Your poor mother-in-law told me the history of your mutual attachment.'

'Well now, can you wonder that I should sigh, when I feel myself so far away from such a man?'

'I do not wonder at that; but do you consider the dangers you have to go through before you join the British army?'

'I considered all the hardships and dangers before I married. My father is a soldier, my mother is a soldier's wife and daughter, my kindred for ages back have been soldiers, and if I do not follow their example, what am I good for? I will write, dear Mrs. Martin, I will write, and follow my letter in a week or two; for I am come to the resolution that it would be better for me to be reunited with my husband than to remain here.'

It is not an easy thing to persuade persons to forego their intentions, when all their inclinations and their ideas of duty to God and man are wound up with those intentions. To go, our young heroine was determined. She loved the good Mrs. Martin; she loved the reverend gentleman who had been so attentive to her in sickness; she loved the ladies who had been so friendly to her; and the praises bestowed upon the letter of her husband made her love him so much the more, and so much the more did she desire to follow his fortunes in the camp.

Who should say 'Nay,' when the heart and understanding utter

'Yea'? She wrote to her husband as she promised, but her friends persuaded her to wait until she heard from him again. She had taken a fixed resolution to go, if, in one month from posting her letter, she did not get an answer. But the day before her intended departure she received the following letter.

CAMP, BADAJOS,

'MY DEAR WIFE,

August 30th, 1809.

'I have got your letter. Alas, for our loss at home! Talavera is lost, too. We have retreated to Badajos. We have been half starved—half, do I say? Some of us completely so; and yet, when we left Talavera and the French gained it, they found enough for their army for months to come. Never, in the history of wars, will Spanish cruelty and ingratitude be forgotten. If ever the British nation shall thoroughly understand the manner in which British soldiers have been treated by the Spaniards, they will bitterly repent the blood spilt for a people who have not the humanity of savages. Wild savages would weep over the sufferings of a deliverer; but these cold-blooded rascals will treat our Commander's requests with disdain, and swear that his soldiers are banqueting on the fat of the land, when they are literally starving. To see their cowardice, their beastly brutality, and abominable selfishness and inhumanity, is enough to make us wish they were our enemies instead of pretended allies.

'At our retreat from Talavera, I had to assist in the care of the wounded. The Spanish General would let us have but seven carts to move two thousand wounded comrades, who had bled for their safety. Oh, that Sir Arthur had suffered us to seize that to which we were justly entitled! Did the Spanish General care for us? not he! Starving, dying, we might fight, but he would have the glory; and what is worse, we could see all these things, and were compelled to be passive. Say not, ye chroniclers, that the English cannot fight without their bellies full! Many thousands had to stand the heat of Talavera with an empty stomach, and, after winning the battle, to meet with the most cruel neglect.

'Sir Arthur's humanity at the retreat from Talavera to Badajos, will, as long as any soldiers of the 48th shall live, never fail to appear to them the brightest action of his life. He was, as a good general, determined to help his own people who could not help themselves; and he would not leave Talavera until he saw the wounded carried out before his army—as many at least as forty.

carriages would hold, and we placed in a position to defend them. Whilst we execrated the Spaniards in our hearts, out of deference to our Commander we forbore vengeance; but many of us could scarcely keep our hands from their destruction.

'The French, our enemies, have more pity upon our wounded than the Spaniards for whom we fought. Those men whom we were compelled to leave behind, from being unable to carry them forward, on account of our having no conveyance for them, were treated with the kindest sympathy by Victor, the French General. A poor fellow who escaped to Badajos after the French entered it, tells us, that he would not suffer a single man in his army to receive his rations, until every wounded man, and the British first, and then the Frenchmen, had received nourishment. The French know how to treat these scoundrels. They give an order to the Alcalde. If not done, he is soon done up. Alas! Mary, Colonel Donnellan is dead! A gentleman! a soldier! and a Christian!

'The old Spanish General Cuesta is a murderer, and not a warrior! And what do you think of our living and fighting for such villains! He has ordered forty or fifty of his own soldiers to be shot, and would have gone on shooting them, on account of their doing as he himself did, flying from the field of battle, if our Commander had not told him he would not permit it. We are, however, out of his way, and have parted company with him, and I hear he is to be degraded. Time he should be, for we are in a most woeful plight, more through Spanish infidelity than from French rapacity. We are half of us ill. Our own brave fellows, are, it is true, in the best fighting order at this moment; but even we are miserable. *We*, who are tolerably well, ought not to complain, for all are suffering hardships. The offal of a hog sells now dearer than did two whole carcasses two months ago. We are compelled to rob the peasantry of their swine, because we have no means of getting meat supplied to us. The very foraging parties of our Generals are fired upon by our allies!

'And yet, dear wife, you wish to come to such a country as this, and call me cruel, for putting in a "Nay" upon the occasion. I do not doubt your constancy, and I am delighted to find you have so many friends. Your letter reveals to me your heart; and so well does it respond to my own, that I would gladly say come, if it were as easy to do it as to say it. Dear old Dan is daily my delight, drum never dumb; derrying down, he is always dunning; his drum-

sticks, he says, are damped; and could he get a Norfolk damper of a dumpling for his dinner, he'd kick up such a din as would damage even the deafness of his drum. But what do you think of him for a diversion? He has just now said, "Do not deny my daughter. Dear she deserves to be. Daunt her not, if she dare to come. Determined are her designs, and no denial will divert her; daring, dauntless, demanding, you durst not drive her to despair. Deceive her not, degrade her not; dangers deter her not! do not then deteriorate her disposition; but with dispatch let her take her departure, and Dan will be her Dan." So do not delay, my dear, but do as Dan directs, and let the letter D tell you Dan's delight; for he says you are his darling, and he will be your defender, and so will your self-denying, devoted drummer,

'THOMAS HEWITT.

'To Mrs. Hewitt,

'At Mrs. Martin's, Broker, Colchester, England.'

As may be supposed, this letter did not a little please our heroine.

'Consent! consent!' she exclaimed to Mrs. Martin, 'I have got his consent; and I do not see now where the obstacles can be to hinder my going.'

The good soul read Hewitt's letter; and not overjoyed at it, as was the young wife, she most piously wished that it might be for her happiness, and did not attempt to prevent her going.

True love has the widest wings that were ever spread; not only the widest, but the strongest. Expanded, they fill all space, and seem to cover with their feathers all the stars of heaven. True love, faithful, fearless, and hopeful, is not to be dismayed by any opponent. What are Russian steppes, Spanish mountains, African deserts, northern snows, eastern suns, southern gales, or western prairies, to the resolution of true love? There are no toils which love cannot endure; there are no dangers which she cannot surmount; no difficulties she cannot conquer. Death she defies; life she lengthens; duration she makes indefinite; and, after all, she does as she would be done by, and must be dear to every one.

So reader, the heroine of this tale, which is true, departed from Colchester, destined to encounter many a severe trial, but ultimately to outlive them all, and in a good old age to make a declaration of her thankfulness to thee, for the kindness of thy decision in her favour.

She bade her benefactress farewell. She reached Portsmouth, and found a vessel bound for Portugal. Her ideas did not comprehend distances; and instead of Lisbon, she arrived at Oporto, and had to seek her husband in that country of contention. She gained no inconsiderable portion of respect on board the Neptune; she had shewn the Captain her letters, and he was so struck with their simplicity, and with the earnest warmth of devotion which the young wife displayed, that he would not suffer her to go on shore until he himself had been, and found her a place of security.

‘Your husband is not near Oporto, and you will have a long, dangerous, and tedious march before you can reach him. I cannot find a vessel bound for Lisbon, or I would persuade you to go to that port. I have found a Frenchman, named Alberry, who married an Irishwoman, and who is willing to take care of you until an opportunity shall occur for your journeying to join the British army. But do not attempt to travel in this country without a guide and a guard. Your husband is either at Abrantes or at Badajos; and two hundred miles, without a guide, in a strange country, whose language you do not understand, would be too much, even for your undaunted spirit to undertake. Remain, therefore, with the friends I have provided for you, until some safe conductor can be found to convey you to harbour.’

The young soldier's wife did as she was advised, and found good friends in Alberry and his wife. She remained with them for six weeks, before any one could be found to help her on. Her impatience received a severe check in this long delay, after arriving in the country where the army was; but Alberry, who was town sergeant-major at Oporto, did not cease to make inquiries for a good conductor.

‘My husband,’ said his wife at length, ‘has found a friend in whom he can confide. A comrade of his own in the 97th, a sergeant Yarmy, and his wife, are going to join the army at Viseu: what say you to going with them?’

‘Say, why that I am ready to start this instant, let him travel how he will. But I cannot go without giving you both the most grateful thanks for all your kindness.’

‘You are welcome, very welcome; and, could we have found a fit companion for you, we would have forwarded you sooner. My husband says that your own ought to publish your husband's letters, they describe so exactly the scenes of the battle.’

Sergeant Yarmy was in the German legion. He had married an Englishwoman, who followed his fortunes, even to the memorable battle of Waterloo. They were twelve days journeying from Oporto to Abrantes. It was at first their hope that the 48th might be at Viseu; but there they learned that General Hill's division was at Abrantes. At Viseu, her kind friend Yarmy had to leave her. She will never forget that man's kindness; he not only protected her thus far, but, through the aid of a Portuguese priest, he obtained for her guide a muleteer of such a character for steadiness and honesty, that she could confidently trust herself in his hands. She had to pay this man a dollar a day; but each day she paid it with increased satisfaction, as he brought her nearer to her husband. When she arrived at Abrantes, she met with another disappointment; for, though her regiment was there, yet her husband was not; he, with part of the 48th, was then at Portalègre, in charge of some sick and wounded, who were left to recruit their strength before they rejoined the regiment.

Colonel Duckworth, however, was there; and when he heard that Mary Anne Hewitt, whom he had known as Mary Anne Wellington upon the rock of Gibraltar, had arrived at Abrantes in search of her husband, he soon found her an escort to Portalègre, which gave her infinite delight.

Her old friend, Dan Long, was ordered to take charge of her.

When she saw him, in spite of the presence of the Colonel, she ran to him with childish delight, and the veteran received her with open arms. Had he been her own father, greater regard could scarcely have been felt than was displayed in the warm friendship which this good man entertained for her.

'What! come to camp are you? Come to camp, at last! Oh that I could bid the band play its merriest tune to welcome the soldier's wife into the heart of the 48th! I thank you, Colonel, for placing this precious charge under my care. Your honour does me an honour I shall not easily forget; for my friend's joys are my own, and I think your honour will have made three of the happiest beings in the regiment; bless your honour's heart for your kindness!'

He was a hearty old fellow, was Dan; inexpressible pleasure was visible in his countenance, for he looked the very picture of joy, as he held the young wife of his friend in his arms, and thanked God for her safety. Politeness, native politeness, is the

offspring of a generous heart, more than of any studied form or fashion of the world. It will be found sometimes under a rough exterior, but is always gentle in its actions: never more so than in offering protection to helpless age, defenceless woman, or confiding infancy. Shew me a man whose heart is always ready to obey the summons to such duties, and whether he shall grace the saloons of London, Paris, or Rome, or dwell in some of the almost impenetrable passes of the upper Nile, I shall hold him to possess the true virtues of politeness, and to be worthy of the name of a gentleman.

In everything but formal fashion and wealth, Dan was a gentleman. In his feelings he was generous, in his dealings upright, in his doings he was praiseworthy, and in the conduct of his band, nothing could have given a better account of the native vigour of his mind, than the good behaviour which his generalship produced. It was his office, too often, to see soldiers punished; but throughout the campaign, no drummer's boy of the 48th ever came under the lash.

But hurrah for Dan's present happiness and politeness! As we often find in life, our own anticipated enjoyments are the best and purest pleasures when we view them innocently, so the thought of making another happy is, if anything, greater than any prospect we can promise to ourselves. Did not Dan, when he took charge of his young comrade's wife, think of her father, Wellington, and of his promise to him? And was there not a joy in fulfilling it beyond any selfish gratification of the soul? Did he not think of the pleasure of surprise to the young soldier, and of the delight of the young soldier's wife? He did, indeed! and as he led the mule upon which she rode, neither Don Quixote nor his squire Sancho was ever elevated with half the romance of devotion to the sex, that Dan honestly and sincerely owned, in this journey from Abrantes to Portalègre.

They had enough to talk of, both in prospect and retrospect.

'Dan,' said the soldier's wife, 'do you remember the promise which you gave, that I should see the present which the French Count made you after the Battle of Talavera?'

'And so you shall, my dear, and here it is; and if you like a pinch of snuff out of it, or would like to see a charming face under the lid, there you have it.'

With that, Dan presented to his fair friend a gold snuff-box, with

the portrait of a very beautiful female under the lid, enough to tempt any man to take snuff, if only for the pleasure of looking at the features of that face.

‘What an elegant box, Dan! And is it real gold?’

‘Indeed it is! and I promised to keep it in remembrance of the giver. He says, if I survive the war, and bring that box to France, he will redeem it at a great price. I am sure I am not worthy of it. The young man is one of the French noblesse, and thought that he could never do too much for me. Now I did no more than many others did in that devastating fire; but I chanced to save a man who had not only the title, but the heart of a nobleman.’

‘God grant you may live to see each other again!’

‘I do not like to let it be known that I have such a valuable box about me, lest I should be plundered; and therefore I shall gladly commit it to your care, when I see you happily located with your husband.’

‘Now, Dan, you touch upon a subject which fills me with anxiety. How has my husband conducted himself through the campaign?’

‘As an honest soldier ought, with skill and obedience, contentment, and firmness, courage and discipline. He has had but one severe struggle yet, and that was at Talavera. He has had duty enough in attending upon the safe custody of the wounded. He saw, I believe, the French Count, and is the only one besides yourself, who knows of this handsome present and its purport. The young man told me, that if ever he returned to France and recovered the use of his limbs, he expected to marry the lady whose portrait you see there; and that he should be proud to introduce his deliverer to his wife.’

‘That would be a happy day for you, Dan, I know, would it not?’

‘It would be a happy day to me, to see others happy: and could I but see these beautiful valleys, through which we are passing, blessed with peace as they are crowned with plenty, it would be indeed a happiness. War is a dreadful plague—a curse at any time; but war where all is smiling around you, and mountains, and hills, and valleys, and meads are looking like domestic happiness, makes a contrast and change which it is frightful to contemplate. You will see enough, before long, to make you wish yourself back again in England.’

‘Not if you and my husband be not there. War is bad bad at

any time ; but with the actual cause of war, soldiers have nothing to do. They are but the instruments in the hands of the directors ; and if those whom they are to protect require the sword to be drawn, the government must answer to God for the evil or the good done.'

'You talk like a philosopher in petticoats ; and if half the world did but view the responsibility in the same light, we should soon enjoy a general peace.'

They were then travelling through the loveliest scenes of Portugal—vineyards, and oliveyards—orange trees filling the air with perfume—all Nature smiling in the glowing tints of a bright season—and they were drawing near to Portalègre, where each expected to find happiness in the joy of the other. Oh ! that such a country and such hearts should ever be desolate ! They entered the town, just as a long procession of priests were coming out, attendants on the festival ceremony of their favourite saint ; and, seeing Dan and his daughter, as they concluded her to be, coming into the town, they stopped them, to inquire if they were Christians.

'What country are ye from ?' asked the padre.

'We are Irish,' was the quick reply.

'Then ye are not heretics but Christians, ye are not heretics, but of the true church ; pass on, pass on, and God speed you wheresoever ye go !'

It is quite true that, throughout the length and breadth of Portugal, all the Irish were considered Christians, and the wounded had many kindnesses shewn to them in their dying hours, on account of their being considered within the pale of Christianity ; while an Englishman was looked upon as a heathen, let his manners, his devotion, or his conduct, be what they would. Our heroine, on account of her Irish extraction, had many favours shown to her, though she was born, bred, and brought up a Protestant of the United Church of England and Ireland.

They arrived in safety at the hospital ; and Dan found, upon inquiry, that Hewitt was then on duty, so he placed his charge in the safe keeping of a comrade of his own regiment, and went in search of him. He found him preparing to remove some of the wounded who had been pronounced to be in health sufficient to join the camp again, and receiving his orders from the surgeon for their removal. Mules and muleteers were ready for the starting,

and Hewitt had then asked if he were to accompany the party. Dan arrived just in time to say that he had orders from the Colonel, to take charge of any party that might be ready to go to Abrantes.

‘ So, Thomas Hewitt, you may stay where you are.’

‘ What, Dan! is that you? and is that your order, and must I now remain another month before a second party shall be strong enough to move? Oh, how I wish you had not come to supersede me!’

‘ And why so, you bad piece of harmony? what think you should bring Dan Long from the 48th, but urgent business? S now remain thankful at Portalègre!’

‘ You know, Dan, the reason I am so anxious to join my regiment.’

‘ I know you will not be so anxious to do that as you seem to be. Which would you rather do at this moment, join your regiment, or your wife?’

This was a question which, in one moment, changed all young Hewitt’s manœuvres. He saw, by Dan’s eye, that he had got some good news for him; and, regardless of the presence of the surgeons and the sick, the muleteers and the long ears of the mules, with their bells and trappings, he exclaimed: “Is my wife come? Is my wife come?”

The whole company burst into a laugh, as Dan replied: ‘ Most noble soldier, just now so anxious to join thy regiment, wilt thou permit me to take thy place, and wilt thou go and take mine? I have conducted thy wife into the town in health and safety; shall I remain with her, or wilt thou, for one month longer, wait upon the sick?’

This was said with such playful gravity that even Hewitt scarcely knew how to think Dan’s intelligence correct. He knew, however, that he would not mock him. He was overjoyed, poor fellow, and was pardoned by all for betraying those honest raptures of the heart, which the best nature of man could alone appreciate.

He was soon in the company of her he loved; and, gentle reader, neither you nor I will ever think that the young soldier had any objection to let Dan depart for head-quarters, which he did, leaving the soldier’s wife to be rewarded for her long and toilsome march, by the reunion with her natural protector, from whom she was never again willingly separated till death dissolved the bond and left her a widow; and then, as now, she bowed, and bows, to the will of God.

CHAPTER XVII.

BUSACO.

NEVER were the affairs of the Peninsula in a more disorganized state, than in the latter month of the year 1809 and the beginning of 1810. Never was Lord Wellington in a more critical position. Confident in his own mind, whilst all exterior circumstances seemed to convince others, and to confirm their opinions against him, he was sure that Portugal might be defended, though Buonaparte should now turn all his energies from Austria to drive the "leopard," as he termed the English, into the sea. At home, a powerful opposition was stirring against the British General. The Government was weaker than ever in numbers, but it shone conspicuous in energy, and if not supported by large majorities within the House, it carried with it the voice of the nation against the great disturber of the world.

England beheld the pusillanimity of the grand boaster of liberty, the vaunted lover of morality and freedom, the gigantic Lilliputian Ruler of France, setting aside his amiable partner, Josephine, to take unto himself, in the sight of all Europe, the daughter of Austria, to establish his own security upon the throne of France. The eyes of all honourable men were open to the violence and injustice of this alliance. Frenchwomen thought themselves insulted by this degradation of one of the most virtuous and amiable of her sex, in being put aside for mere political expediency. But when did such motives ever prosper against true love? Napoleon lost more by this one manœuvre, in the eyes of his own nation and in the favour of every sincere lover of constancy, than he ever gained by the conquests of countries. His greatest friends now saw that his ambition was without principle, that a Napoleon dynasty must be established by French deterioration, and that the man who boasted himself the despiser of all the time-worn, honourable crowns of Europe, was

only anxious to have one placed upon his own brow, from generation to generation. 'Bah! bah! bah!' was the emphatic exclamation of disgust from thousands who once admired the man as well as his talents: now those alone who loved the sword and worshipped military glory, clung with devotion to the man whose overgrown pride, having taken its highest step, was to be overturned.

Never did Spain so fearfully tremble as at this time. Her pride was shaken, but her prudence could no where be found. Her display of external dignity was just as great as in the days when she conquered Mexico; but her rulers had no wisdom. With a people capable of resistance unto death against the tyranny of France, she exhibited such a spirit of endurance as struck the world with admiration, whilst the fate of her people was deplored. Such instances as those of Saragossa and Gerona, afforded convincing proofs of bravery, determination, resignation, and devotion in behalf of their liberties, as were scarcely ever more nobly displayed by any people. But what was individual bravery capable of performing against the united masses of a well-disciplined force? Spaniards were too proud to permit the superior direction of military tactics by any any other generals than their own. Wellington could not command their co-öperation with him, and he saw that it would be the utmost folly to trust the fortune of the British arms to Spanish misdirection.

In vain did our Ambassador represent to the Junta, the folly of letting national pride stand in the place of national deliverance. Mr. Frere, conscious of the necessity of the combined efforts of England, Spain, and Portugal to foil the power of the usurper, and at the same time equally conscious of the superior military talents of the British General, did all that man could do, to convince the Junta of the necessity of acting under the direction of Wellington. Frere was a man in whom patriotism and humanity were the honourable motives of all his diplomatic proceedings. No man loved or honoured his own country more than he, or was ever placed in a more harassing and responsible situation. No man knew Spain better, and none was there from England in whom suspicious and proud Spaniards had more confidence. At the time that he was at Madrid, he was an Englishman in wisdom, and felt and acted as such, notwithstanding all that violence of passion and misrepresentation raised against him. After all, England never found any one who could better direct Spanish counsels with ability

and honesty, than he did. He felt for Spain, he recommended the removal of Cuesta from the command of her army; and when he himself was, *pro tempore*, removed, like a good, generous, and upright man, he still did everything he could to promote the liberation of Spain from the dominion of the oppressor. He furnished Lord Wellington with most important assistance in all his operations, namely, the most accurate maps of the whole country, obtained by his own indefatigable exertion, and without which even Wellington might have been at a loss how to act. This the great General acknowledged; and he safely returned to the ambassador those maps wherein the plans of the campaigns were first considered, before the gigantic operations were performed, with all his notes, observations, and private marks upon them.

Lord Wellington had disposed his troops for the defence of the Portuguese frontier, and awaited an opportunity to act in the common cause. At this time, the spirit of Spain was roused to a new species of warfare, consequent upon the inability of rulers and generals. The people formed armed bands called *guerillas*, headed by favourite leaders, of their own choice, no matter whether priest or layman; and exhibited such a formidable irritation against the invaders, that they found it impossible to keep up a communication with their own posts, without employing strong military escorts to defend their couriers and supplies.

These bands of predatory soldiers, like the troops of banditti in Italy, lived in the fastnesses of the mountains. They cut off all stragglers, attacked the convoys, plundered the ammunition stores, and in every possible way annoyed the great armies of the invader, without, at any time, affording him opportunity for a battle.

These people did more towards the liberation of their country than did the efforts of the regular troops. They became formidable both to friends and foes. They were not over nice whom they attacked. They lived by plunder, and were sometimes driven to the necessity of stopping even the convoy of provisions and pay intended for the Spanish troops. The voice and arms of the people were with them, and they rose to commit daring exploits, and in many cases, most barbarous cruelties. Yet they carried along with them high characteristics of the old Spanish politeness and formal courtesy; and, when robbing any but Frenchmen, they would most politely doff the broad Spanish hat, and perhaps return a portion of their booty, especially if they found the sufferers not disposed to

give them the trouble to be outrageous. A Frenchman, on the contrary, they never spared, nor did the French spare them. The high trees along the roads, the most conspicuous places on the mountains—nay, the borders of the rivers, bridges, and fords, exhibited melancholy proofs of the most diabolical vengeance.

Reader, you will be glad to turn from these public scenes of political hatred and private animosity, to the quiet duties of the hospital in which our heroine, young as she was, became celebrated for the aptitude she displayed for smoothing a brave soldier's pillow, and giving comfort to his wounded spirit. Hewitt and his wife were almost as expert dressers as the students of St. Bartholomew's or of the London and Middlesex hospitals.

After the publication of these pages, I expect that I shall receive many a letter which this brave young fellow wrote to the relatives of the wounded, then recovering from fever, starvation, and fractures, in the English camp. And if they could have written themselves, they would have spoken most emphatically of our heroine, of whom, of course, her husband could not make particular mention: highly he might, and did, appreciate her honourable services.

Lord Hill and his division advanced to Portalègre, with the hope of cutting off some of the enemies of Romana, and of giving support to that General, who, on learning the state of affairs in Spain, had brought back from Denmark a division of the army, which Napoleon had artfully caused to be removed to that distant country. Thus the men of the 48th were again brought together, and Dan had the pleasure of seeing Hewitt and his wife charitably employed in duties for which they were peculiarly adapted. Hewitt's intelligence, and our heroine's humanity, were founded upon the strong religious basis of faith and duty. Inferior as was their station in the British army, we shall find that they commanded the attention of the highest and noblest in its ranks, both for their activity, honesty, and unflinching, undeviating sense of duty to God and man.

It is well, indeed, that amidst the scenes of savage warfare, there should be some gentle spirit capable of giving comfort in attendance upon the sick. Surgeons do not, at such times, and perhaps cannot have, that gentleness which the more polite of the profession exhibit in a lady's sick room, or elegant boudoir. An expert operator, a skilful prober, or gentle dresser of wounds, is all

that is expected in a military surgeon or his assistant ; but should these pages meet the eye of the ever-active Stevenson, or his assistant Macauley, of the fighting 48th, they would bear testimony to the confidence which they reposed, in numerous instances, in the care and attention of our heroine and her husband.

‘We must be off again, Hewitt,’ said Dan ; ‘and now, my brave fellow, that our General is, I hear, retreating, and commanding the country to be desolated, you may expect he is up to something. I hate to hear all this croaking about Lisbon, and the ships in the Tagus—this desponding about perils and dangers. When did Wellington—for so now we must call him, and I know you love the name—when did he ever flinch from his guns ? I would as soon believe that the brave fellow on the Rock of Gibraltar whose name you are so proud of, would suppose that he might see the guns he directed silenced from the Spanish lines, as that his namesake, our General, expects to be driven into the sea. Confidence, confidence in the head, becomes every man who occupies station in the ranks. Without a head, and a head like his, we should soon be like the Spanish armies, incapable of meeting the foe. But have you heard the news ?’

‘No ; I have not ! So completely have I been occupied in the duties here appointed me, that I have not heard the reports of martial movements.’

‘You mean to say also, that you have been so occupied with your domestic happiness, that you have half forgotten the hardships of the camp ?’

‘No, I have not ; but, Dan, I tell you in truth, I have found so much real satisfaction in attending upon the wounded, that, but for the love I bear you, old fellow, and the constant pleasure I feel in serving under you, I could almost wish my services confined to the hospital staff throughout the war.’

‘For that I thank you ; and I only hope we may always be good company for each other as long as we live. But we are ordered to join the Commander-in-chief, and the whole of Hill’s division is to cross the Tagus again, leave Abrantes, and draw closer to the centre. You have long ago heard of the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo ; the masterly retiring of General Craufurd’s division, and, alas ! the fall of Almeida, by the bursting of the bomb-proof magazines ?’

‘I heard of these things ; but what immediate news have you, Dan ?’

“Why, that we must be off immediately, unless the 48th are to remain in the rear; and that we shall know when we reach our lines. The best thing that we have ever done is, to have got rid of the Spaniards, and to be dependent upon our own resources. We are now moved by steady marches, without fatigue, and though, like a lion bayed by a pack of wild dogs, we may retire before their barking; yet just let them come near enough to attack our Commander in position, and he will soon shew them his teeth. I have full confidence in whatever he does; and it will be time for us to think our case hopeless when he orders us on board the transports of Lisbon. I believe he would see every man of his army on board before he would leave Portugal, and then would leave it with regret. Go; and tell your wife that if she wishes to go with you, she must pack up her traps, tie up her sandals, and carry all she can upon her back.’

‘She may do that if she likes it best, Dan; but I have wherewithal to provide her a mule, and a Portuguese boy to lead it; and, now and then, with your permission, I shall look after lad and lady. I know she will be ready.’

Ready was she, and with cheerful heart, and confident hope in God, she mounted the mule provided, which carried many a necessary article of medical provision in the panniers, and followed the camp to the field of battle.

‘What a fine specimen of a British soldier’s wife you are, my daughter!’ said Dan. ‘I should like to see some limner taking a sketch of you, as you now sit. You want nothing but a pair of wings to make you look like an angel.’

‘For shame, you old flatterer! for shame! An angel on a mule’s back, with a pair of wings covering these panniers, would be a pretty picture to hang up in the parlour of some country village, now, in Norfolk. You make me think it would be a good sign, Dan, for an Angel Inn, and underneath it might be written “Daniel Long. Good accommodation for man and beast!”’

‘I’ll tell you what, Hewitt, your wife, who has only heard you talk about Norfolk, Norwich, and Hingham, has not been to England for nothing; her wit is sharper than my wisdom.’

‘That’s only because you flatter her, Dan. If you spoil her, I shall have her eternally praising you, until she makes me jealous; but who comes here?’

‘It is a courier bearing some dispatches from Wellington. No;

it is a Lisbon post, with news from England. Ay, he delivers a bag for the 48th !'

When the regiments halted, the letters were delivered, and there was one directed for Dan Long, or Thomas Hewitt, of the band of the 48th. It was opened on the spot. It was from the Spanish Commandant at Cadiz ; it was very short and very painful, and gave a severe blow to our heroine and her friends.

'SIR,

'CADIZ, *September 9th, 1810.*

'I am directed to inform you of the death of George Wellington of the British Artillery employed at Cadiz. He was wounded by a French shot from the heights, when engaged with the British sailors in extricating a ship from the fire of the French batteries. He was brought in here, in a sinking state, and expressed a strong desire that you should inform his daughter that his last dying prayer was for hers and your safety, which wish I have now fulfilled, one hour after his departure from this life.

'And I remain, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'D. ANTONIO ALBERTE,

Secretary to the Commandant at Cadiz.'

Here, then, at the moment of first marching with her husband to battle, did our young heroine receive intelligence of her fond father's death. The tears that fell were mingled with ominous forebodings for her husband and his friend ; but faith and hope came to her help, as she spoke of her father lovingly, in the bitterness of her heart.

'I shall never see him more ! never till the great trumpet of eternal victory shall sound ; and then God grant it may be with joy !'

'Amen ! my dear,' said Dan. 'Sure, a better soldier, and a better Christian, and a better father, there was not in his Majesty's service. Oh ! what a comfort it is, my dear, to feel that he was prepared, by long trials of obedience, for the soldier's rest ! I was always happy in his company. He was always so thoughtful, so steady, and so truly pious, that one of his sentences was like a proverb when delivered, it contained so much solid truth. "Duty ! do your duty ! Be steady and content ! Violate no law ! Speak the truth ! Never be afraid ! Deceive no one ! Libel no man ! Relieve distress with promptitude ! Never delay doing it, lest another take the honour from you ! Always work ! Do something ! Do not talk, but think and act ! Fear God and keep his Commandments, and you may set Napoleon at defiance."'

'Dan, dear Dan, you must be a good man, or you would never so treasure up my poor father's maxims, and comfort his daughter. Is he not a good old fellow, Hewitt?'

'Now, don't say a word about me, Hewitt; comfort your wife, she must feel this a great blow just at this moment. There is no pleasure without pain. A moment ago we were all fun; how soon do the clouds hide the sky and weep upon the earth; and yet the tears water it, and do it good, soften the soil, and make it bring forth fruit. So do tears soften the soul of man, and bring him down from his too buoyant state of joy on earth, to think of his future state.'

Old Dan and his companion held a long and oft-renewed conversation upon the uncertainty of a soldier's life, and upon the folly of ever delaying repentance, and exercising faith in God. Some scenes, as well as some sufferings, will produce such reflections; and never were they more forcibly called forth than when, upon the heights of Busaco, on the 26th of September, 1810, General Hill's division joined Lord Wellington, and every soldier saw before him the advancing columns of Massena's hosts. It was the first time that our young heroine had ever beheld the British army assembled before a foe, the first time that she had ever seen the French army; and truly never were two armies beheld to greater advantage than at that moment. She would not have seen the enemy at all, had not the regiment arrived late on the evening of the 25th; and she would not part with her husband, but remained in bivouac upon the ground, resting her head upon a soldier's knapsack, and guarded by Dan and Hewitt through the dangers of the night.

The morning of the 26th broke in lovely grandeur upon the most magnificent scenery in Portugal. Dan awoke the young heroine, and called her attention to the positions of the English and their enemies.

'Yonder, look yonder! you see them advancing in rapid movements towards us. What a countless host they appear! They seem as if desirous of shewing off their numbers, for they move without the least attempt at concealment.'

'Oh, how lovely looks the plain! God's sun is shining bright, and yonder troops seem to enliven the prospect; but it makes me shudder, Dan, to think that death precedes them. Oh, what thousands must die, of those living foes and these living friends! Where is Lord Wellington?'

‘He is in the great convent, which you behold in the midst of that great wood, on the summit of the range of mountains. That Convent of Carmelites is his head-quarters.’

‘But what a mockery it seems, to see that huge cross reaching up to the skies, emblematical of peace, whilst all before it speaks of war.’

‘If every soldier did but think of Him who died on Calvary, that cross would not be displayed in vain. The poor monks, however, who go barefoot every morning to kiss its pedestal, and deem that mortification of the flesh is the best devotion of the spirit, have never seen from the Convent of Busaco such a display of terror, as that which is now exhibited in view of that immense stone cross.’

‘How the scene moves my heart, Dan. It is so lovely, and yet so terrible! I wonder how soldiers feel who await the battle?’

‘I can tell you, my dear. We feel confidence in God, and in each other, otherwise we should tremble at the vast power of our enemy, and be conquered.’

‘God bless you, Dan! that is the spirit to go into battle with, if into battle you must go; but oh, that the olive branch could this moment be accepted, and every man could return to his own land in peace! I wish the time was come for swords to be sheathed, and ploughshares and pruning hooks to be the peaceful instruments of the soldier’s labours. Alas, that it should not be so now!’

‘But you must withdraw, my dear; for our regiment is ordered into the reserve, and you must go even to the rear of that, to be out of the way of danger.’

‘Farewell, my brave fellows!’ said our heroine, as she left the heights of Busaco, and the marching music of the advancing hosts produced the harmony of sweet sounds, which was soon silenced by the thundering of the British cannon.

The battle of Busaco was fought with a display of that military power which Wellington derived from his admirable position of defence. In vain did the columns of the French army advance, under Reigner, to the attack, though he had the easiest ground of ascent in the Sierra. In vain did Ney advance with his brave soldiers in the front of the Convent of Busaco; the British artillery swept, with awful effect, the whole face of the ascent, and troops upon troops were hurled down by it. In vain the enemy came on, and gained a momentary stand upon the summit of the position; the 45th and 88th came upon them like an avalanche, and

overthrew them with dreadful slaughter. Reignier's troops were coming to a stand upon the edge of the rocky summit, and might have maintained their position, had not the brave Colonel Cameron, with determined courage, charged them at the point of the bayonet, and driven them over the precipice with such absolute destruction, as to prevent their ever again attaining the crest of the position.

General Simon was taken prisoner after such an attack, in the very face of the British horse-artillery, as none but the armies of France could make. They actually drove the guns away; but General Craufurd's charge with the 43rd and 52nd, accompanied as it was with a cheer that rang through the Sierra, was totally irresistible. He swept all before him, leaving one mass of mutilated foes, from the very summit, to the base of the mountain.

Never was confidence so completely overthrown as was that of Massena and Ney in this engagement. They had come on with a determination to force their way to Lisbon, and live upon the vitals of the country. They did not calculate upon such a stand, much less did they calculate that it was possible for them to sustain defeat.

Thousands of hearts were alive at Viseu and at Ciudad Rodrigo, to welcome, as they felt sure, the conquerors of Wellington. This latter place had become a little Paris of dissipation, and had driven away care of thought of defeat, with fêtes and frolics. How soon was the countenance of frivolity to undergo a change? The angry French Generals, though conscious of defeat, were resolved to have vengeance. They lost the battle of Busaco, and Wellington did not choose to pursue them, but took up his position at Coimbra.

The duties of burying the dead fell upon the victors, who nobly performed it; and, with generosity and humanity, had the wounded carried to the rear, where British surgeons attended to their wounds, and British soldiers sympathized with the sufferings of a brave enemy.

Our young heroine here became again conspicuous by assisting in the duties of the hospital, and, in thankfulness to God rejoiced in the safety of her husband and her friends. Dan led into the English camp a poor peasant girl of Portugal, who had wandered from the hills, driving her beast through the very midst of the French and British armies; to the honour of all, she passed through the fray without the slightest molestation. The old soldier confided her to the care of our heroine until her brother, one of the peasants of the country, employed in laying it waste according to orders, arrived to protect her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HORRORS OF MASSENA'S RETREAT.

THE French had pursued the English with more haste than judgment through Coimbra, and Trant had made good his way through the rear of the advancing enemy, and had cut off several of his troops. He had done this with his Portuguese Militia, and created great surprise and admiration in the army. He had secured many French officers as prisoners, whom he treated with that attention which makes the strongest impression upon the human heart. A soldier without a sword is no longer an enemy, and, if a good man, should be treated with respect.

Lord Wellington had gained the celebrated lines of Lisbon, where he had, with comprehensive calculation, determined to make his stand against the hosts of France. Portugal seconded all his efforts; the peasantry worked with zealous ardour. Forts, redoubts, scarps, and counter-scarps, were constructed along the formidable range of mountains from the Tagus to the Ocean. Lisbon supplied every requisite for the army, and the people were well fed and supported in their state of hostility against the common enemy. No want was experienced within the lines.

On the part of the enemy, however, his ill-advised advance, and too confident expectation of winning Lisbon, without a due calculation of the character of the English general, led him into the greatest distress. The check he met with here, and the failure of his supplies, the harassing of foes in his rear, and the inclemency of the season, produced what Lord Wellington anticipated—discontent, desertion, and distraction in his forces.

But it is singular that, at this very period, while the French fared so badly, and the English were so well off, so many deserters should leave the British and go over to the French. Singular it was, but it principally took place among some of the wildest of the

Irish, who, unable to content themselves within the confines of security, fancied a better state of things amidst their enemies, and, seized with a restless spirit, deserted their real friends. They suffered severely for their folly.

‘I hate a deserter,’ said Dan, to a party of his comrades, who were enjoying themselves in good quarters; ‘I hate a deserter, be he friend or foe. I neither like to see these poor fellows coming in from the French troops, nor to hear of those who leave our own. Had I my will, every deserter should be treated as a prisoner.’

‘That would be hardly fair,’ replied the master of the band, Henry Stuart. ‘That would be hardly fair, Mr. Drum-Major; for those young fellows are forced as conscripts to join the French army, against their own inclinations and opinions; and I think it quite possible for many a Frenchman to hate Buonaparte as heartily as an Englishman can.’

‘Well, that is no reason why he should serve against his own countrymen. Let all deserters, say I, be sent to another service at once. That’s what I mean. What madmen some of our fellows are, to leave our lines and go over to an enemy, who perhaps will make much of them for a moment, but afterwards treat them as they deserve, with contempt!’

‘But I generally observe,’ said Hewitt, ‘that those fellows fight the most desperately when they recognise a comrade who knows them.’

‘Yes; because they know that their cry for quarter, if complied with, would only lead to their being condemned to be shot by a court-martial. For my own part, if I met any of you fellows in the ranks of the enemy, I should be strongly induced to disregard the call for quarter, even from my most intimate friend.’

‘Why, Dan,’ replied Hewitt’s young wife, who, with her husband and some of her own sex, formed a party of the 48th in the camp, ‘you would not kill my husband, would you?’

‘Yes, my daughter, that I would, were he so unworthy of Wellington’s daughter, as to leave her to join her foe. I am sure you would not love him, for I am persuaded treachery has no part in your breast. I should, however, as soon think of your deserting him, and he deserting you, as I should of either of you going over to the enemy.’

‘Well, Dan, I hope you will never find me before a court-martial for desertion. I will only go, when you go with me; and that will be *Long* first, and Hewitt afterwards.’

'Well said, my boy!—well said! I have no reason to suppose you would leave my daughter here; and if you did, an old fellow like me would take care of her. How are your patients in the hospital, Mary?'

'All doing well, expect those who are too impatient to get well; and they, generally, are the longest time about it.'

'No man of active spirit likes to be on the sick list.'

'No, Dan; but it may be the better for him to be so sometimes.'

'That he may learn, I suppose, the value of female kindness? Well, there is something in that, I will own; though I have experienced but very little of it in the nursing line! Yet I can imagine, and I can see it in others. If I should be ill, my dear, I shall look for your help.'

'And if I can serve you, Dan, I will; but I had no intention of suggesting that it was good for a soldier to be in affliction sometimes, because of the vanity our sex may feel in nursing him. No, Dan; I meant that it was good for his soul. Ay, you may all start! But I suppose a soldier has a soul as well as a Bishop; and the patriarch here, though he is so high a politician, yet said, speaking of his own people, that on this account it was good for them to be afflicted.'

'I believe we shall none of us deny the soundness of your argument, young woman; and I, for one, should feel myself blessed, that any person of your disposition waited upon me in sickness, because she would be, through God, a comfort to my soul, as well as to my poor sick frame. I often wish,' added Stuart, 'that I might live to retire to some quiet village in my native country, and end my days in peace.'

'You may end your days in peace, if you will, in this country as well as any other, and even in the midst of war, if you are so disposed.'

'How so, my friend? how so? War and peace must be opposed. The sword of the flesh and the sword of the spirit, are two opposite things! How can we wield both at the same time? I think you will find this more difficult to answer, than our General would to reply to the enemy's cannon.'

'No, I think not,' said Hewitt. 'As the head of my wife, I shall answer that by the words of my Bible: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's!"'

‘Well, I have read my Bible, young man, and I remember that passage had reference to the paying of tribute. But what of that?’

‘Why, very much. If Christ commands us to pay tribute to whom tribute is due, and therefore to render all homage to the lawfully constituted authorities of the countries to which we belong; and if he worked a miracle to pay it for himself and his disciples, he surely never meant that we soldiers should refuse to do our duty to our King and country, to serve him more faithfully! I should be very unhappy, if I thought that my soul would be lost because I go into battle.’

‘Well, but you will admit that a soldier’s life is dangerous to his salvation.’

‘Yes! I will admit that it is; but so is every man’s: and frequently a civilian’s life is much more hazardous in that respect than a soldier’s.’

‘Why so?’

‘Because I see so many unrighteous, hard-hearted, hard-fisted, mean, treacherous, wicked men, with all the external semblance of peace, who are so far from God as to let nothing rule them but covetousness. They are ten times more rapacious than soldiers—ten times more cruel, more violent; because some of them are so wrapt up in what the world, and their own peculiar society, think of them, that they will sometimes do violence to their own nature, as well as to the laws of God.’

‘Why, Hewitt! one would imagine you had been a preacher.’

‘Dan here, and you too, Mr. Stuart, know that I have not been such without being a practiser. I love harmony, I love peace; and I should be glad, with God’s permission, to see the day of general peace. God grant it may come! But whilst I am a soldier, I will do my duty as such, and still hope for salvation, as my Bible teaches me. I have known even a Quaker’s son stand a penitent at his dead father’s gate, yes, even on the day of his funeral, and yet his mother and his former friends refuse him admission into the house. Rich! rich in this world’s goods! Ay, I have often seen those friends behind their counters, with rolls of gold before their eyes—but I say, master, what was in their hearts? and how will they stand before their Heavenly Father, when they could all pass the poor boy coldly and silently by, in funeral procession, and leave him to sit alone on his father’s grave; yea, though he had been a

sorrow to him, without one word of nature or Christian comfort to his afflicted soul ?'

'The young one must have offended them beyond endurance, or such a thing would never have happened.'

'And pray, my good master of the band, what endurance is that which knows the boundary for forgiveness ? Ho ! ho ! You would have judgment rejoicing against mercy, would you ? If so, we should have a race of cruel soldiers indeed, proclaiming peace, with hearts at war with God and his mercies ? Wars will not cease, till covetousness, extortion, pride, and presumption, have given way to that grace and humility of heart which, while they purify nature, prove that eternity has overcome time.'

'Well, Hewitt, no man shall say you are not positively a divine, though you wear a red coat. But what have you done with that poor handsome creature, who, in her innocent simplicity, drove her beast through the battle without any opposition ?'

'Nay, you must ask my wife ; she took care of her.'

'I delivered her up in safety to her own brother, who recognised her in the camp. Poor thing ! she had no idea of her danger. She had received orders to go to Lisbon, and only waited to relieve her poor aged mother, till she commanded her to go on. But the child would not leave until she had closed the eyes of her mother, and then, covering her with her mantle, she proceeded, unconscious of the lateness of her movements.'

'Well, Dan,' said young Leonard, a friend of Hewitt's, 'I never felt my heart quiver for any one so much as I did when I saw that simple child driving the ass along the very fiercest quarter of the battle. I was afraid a stray shot would strike her. I was afraid a Frenchman would seize her ; I was afraid some of our own men would insult her—but every man let her pass ; officers gave way for her ; the men cheered her ; and, like innocence passing through the fiery trials of life, she surmounted all the dangers, and arrived at Lisbon in safety.'

'Neither you nor I could so have done, my comrade ; we may rejoice that she did. I am glad she has found her protector. She was a beautiful peasant girl.'

'That she was,' replied our heroine ; 'and from what I could make of her, seemed to me to be worthy of the consideration she received.'

If such incidents as these, and such conversations, formed the

subjects for reflection in the soldiers' camp, war would afford many a lesson not unprofitable to the general reader. But it must be confessed that such things seem more romantic than real; and had they not been corroborated by historians who have recorded the fact, the narrative of this common soldier might perhaps have been doubted. But stranger things than these, in this history of the Soldier's Wife, will be found perfectly correct.

The difficulties which Lord Wellington had to contend with, single-handed, seemed almost romantic. Though defending Portugal, its government seemed more ready to betray him into the hands of his enemies, than to assist him. He had to contend with opposition, not only in the hosts of Massena, but in the counsels of his country, and those of the country he was defending. A master-mind is greater under the pressure of difficulties, than it is in the presence of advantageous circumstances. Wellington shewed himself a sincere patriot and a good politician, when he wrote home thus :—

‘ I should be sorry if Government should think themselves under the necessity of withdrawing from this country, on account of the expense of the contest. From what I have seen of the objects of the French Government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt, that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French Government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his Majesty's dominions. *Then, indeed, would commence an expensive contest.* Then would his Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, *by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge*; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants, would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. *God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene !* *

Yet, at this very time, this great man was enduring from the Patriarch of Portugal, and the Government, tantalizing trials and indignities which can scarcely be credited. The Portuguese actually refused supplies to their own troops, and many became dependent upon British charity. Officers who arrived in Lisbon

* Letter to Lord Liverpool, March 23, 1811. Read this! Ye who are true patriots and true Christians!

were quartered in empty and deserted houses, and troops had to bivouac in the very streets, whilst the defenders of the country were harassed by the French, and spending their money and their lives for an ungrateful people. Well might Wellington depict the miseries of his own country if invaded, from the terrific lesson then before his eyes, and say: 'God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene!' Every good man will devoutly echo that language, and as devoutly pray that God will preserve us from such calamity. But if it be necessary to reduce our national pride and national madness by such a visitation, it will assuredly come if our people forsake their God! Men, in the days in which we now live, are wonderfully speculative upon every thing which appertains to the calls of Mammon, and but little consistent in matters of religion.

The horrors of war were indeed to be unfolded in the retreat of Massena from Portugal.

'Up, my boys, up!' was the exclamation of Dan Long to his comrades in the latter part of October, 1810. 'We are not going to remain long within the lines of Lisbon.'

'How know ye that, Dan?'

'By the orders we have received to beat to arms. General Hill's division is ordered to move towards Badajos; and if our Commander has not some intention of playing a new game, I am mistaken. Up with you, master of the band, and you, Thomas Hewitt, drummer, fifer, and bugleman. Up with you, and mind your wife follows us closely; for my belief is, we shall never fall back again upon these lines, when once our General has left them.'

This old fellow had no bad idea of the measures of his commanding officer, for Lord Wellington had resolved to follow the retreating hosts of Massena, and to pounce upon them whensoever he could. Ably did that General conduct his retreat. Cruelties, however, unheard-of cruelties, disgraced his retrograde march. Villages were burnt — convents destroyed — men, women, and children murdered — helpless peasants robbed and butchered. At one time, five hundred Spanish asses were ham-strung and left upon the road, that the poor beasts might no longer be of service to any one.

'Are these creatures really men?' exclaimed Dan to his comrades, when he saw the poor beasts lying upon the ground, unable

to rise, and looking the most melancholy picture of dumb despair. 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast.' And these poor beasts of burthen have borne the supplies of Massena's camp without a murmur, and see how he has treated them! God will not permit this monster to prosper. Surely he will visit him. He might have left them to run wild, or have driven them before his camp; but to cut their ham-strings, and leave them to be eaten alive by the wolves! Oh, Massena, I would give thee no quarter, did I meet thee in single combat this day!'

Dan was not the only one in the British army at that moment who said as much as that, for every soldier who saw the sight execrated the man for the deed. But this was not the worst cruelty. They murdered the peasantry in cold blood. They drove them into houses, and starved them to death.

Our heroine entered a chateau in the mountains, to see if she could find any refreshment left by the enemy. Such a sight did the hall of that once hospitable, though retired mansion, exhibit, that she ran out of it again with extreme horror, and calling to a troop of the 43rd, then passing on a lower ledge of the mountain, she begged of them for God's sake to come up to the old house. The Colonel of that regiment was one of the first to enter, and there he beheld a scene which is almost too horrible for pen to describe. Fifty defenceless females and children had been driven into that house. The gates had been closed upon them, and they were left by the merciless troops of Massena to perish.

'Oh! my countrymen!' exclaimed our heroine. 'Oh! my countrymen! Each of you give me a morsel for these poor wretches!'

Alas! they could not eat. Thirty-five of them were lying dead, and fifteen sat beside the dead, in momentary expectation of giving up their breath. But one man was there among them; and when our heroine, with trembling hands, presented him with a biscuit, he almost seized with his teeth the hand of the kind creature who supplied him. Yet he had not strength to stand. The poor women seemed less ravenous; they could not open their jaws to bite the biscuit, though their frantic eyes bent with unearthly fixedness upon the food. So long had they been without sustenance, that the very muscles of their faces were drawn back, and they looked more like corpses from the catacombs than living creatures. The children all died first; and those who survived had shewn that female

delicacy which in death is so decent and becoming. They had laid them out one beside another, and covered them with their garments, and then sate themselves down quietly to die! Oh! ye who live in rich saloons, furnished with soft cushions, and lie on beds of down in your sickness, lift up your hearts to God in thankfulness that you are spared such horrors, and be truly humble for your sins!

‘What is to be done with these poor creatures?’ was now asked.

‘I will remain with them, Captain, if you will only order one of your men to send some of the band of the 48th to be my guard,’ was the answer of the soldier’s wife.

Alas! our heroine had but short time to help them; they dropped off quickly: seven died that very day, and the rest, from drinking some strong brandy, furnished with more generosity than judgment, became delirious. But two of the whole party stood up again, the man and one woman, who were conducted to the ruins of Redinha.

Such scenes of devastation and cruelty everywhere marked the footsteps of this bloody army; but vengeance pursued them. The very dogs became familiar with French blood, and were taught, with strange aptitude and sagacity, to distinguish between a wounded Frenchman and one of another nation. The peasants themselves encouraged and taught them this refinement, and pursued the French with retaliation and death whenever they could.

The Convent of Alcobaça was defiled and burnt; its antiquity was disregarded. The towns of Redinha, Canderia, and Miranda de Corvo were given to the flames. In the district of Lyria the population was diminished from forty-eight thousand to sixteen thousand. Wolves, dogs, and vultures quarrelled over the remains of men even in the very streets! Our heroine herself but narrowly escaped being seized by a wolf even in the broad day. She had gone to a well in the vicinity of Pombal for a draught of water, and was returning with her can to her husband, who was sustaining a wounded and sickly comrade whose strength had failed him on the march, when a wolf was seen tracing her steps from the ruins of the town.

Her husband saw the ravenous beast before his wife was aware of her danger; and, taking up his comrade’s musket, ran towards her. This action first made her aware of danger, and she turned round,

expecting to see a Frenchman following her: she beheld the enemy, with his open jaws and ravenous eyes, galloping towards her. The soldier's wife knew in an instant that it was of no use to fly. She turned—she stood still, nor dropped the can of water from her hand. The wolf stopped also, within two yards of her, ready to take his spring. At that moment, a bullet from her husband's musket rolled the monster at her feet, and she was in her deliverer's arms!

'You have had a narrow escape, my dear!' said Dan, when he was told of the circumstance. 'What did you think of the wolf?'

'I had not much time to think; but I saw that if he seized me, I had more chance of resistance with him in front than if I ran away.'

'Well said for a soldier's wife! But take care you do not wander near the ruins without a protector. Death has made even the birds and beasts of prey so familiar with the taste of human flesh, that they begin to despise horse-flesh as much as we do. And you would have been a tender morsel for them!'

'Well, Dan, thank God I am safe amongst you again!'

Lord Wellington pursued the retreating foe. The treacherous Governor of Badajos yielded, or rather, sold himself and his countrymen to the French Marshal. General Imar had succeeded the noble Menacho, and, amidst the scorn of the foe, marched out of Badajos with military honours, but eternal disgrace. He had been promised relief, but he chose the coward's reward, dishonour. He hid his head from that day, and dared not look at a friend, much less a foe.

Many severe combats, with varied success, were the consequences of Lord Wellington's advance. Massena invaded Portugal with sixty-five thousand men, and left it, most unwillingly, with but thirty-five thousand; thus losing thirty thousand men, without gaining a single battle against the English. He had met his equal in arms, and more than his equal in judgment; and, after proudly boasting that he would annihilate the English, and drive them into the sea, he found himself at last driven along by men whom he began to find as brave and strong on land as they were upon the ocean. The Portuguese themselves beheld, at last, the invader expelled from their country, and no French remaining in it save as prisoners.

'Well, my boys, we have done it, have we not?' said the merry Dan, after being quartered in cantonment with his regiment, on the hill of Almeida. 'We have beat the French out of Portugal!'

'You have beaten your drum, and the armies have beaten the enemy,' said the soldier's wife. 'But may I not say *we*, as well as you, Dan?'

'And so you may, to be sure, my dear. What's an army without drummers to beat to arms; and what's a drummer without the arms of his wife to help him? You would make now a better sketch for an artist, than you would have done when I told you that you looked like an angel.'

'And pray why so, Dan?'

'Because now you look like a soldier's wife. There you stand, with your arms a-kimbo, resting on my noble drum, determined I suppose, to keep that silent, whilst you give free scope to your own voice. I say you look now the exact picture of a soldier's wife.'

'Well, Dan, I think, now *we* have beaten the French out of Portugal, *we* may talk a little; and if *we* boast a little, *we* cannot say it is of our own strength. *We* have done well, Dan! and I suppose *we* must do better. *We* must rest a little while before *we* begin to fight again. This is but a wee-wee bit of a speech, Dan; so the sooner we end the discussion, the better.'

'Here comes a limner, Mary; young Leonard takes likenesses; if you have a mind to oblige old Dan, stand still for a few moments just as you are, and let me have you, drum and all, and as long as I live I shall like it.'

She consented. A few hasty traces of the pencil, and there was the soldier's wife, looking over the plains of Elvas from the hills, the camp seen in the distance, and Dan's drum in the foreground. Her bonnet fell back from her head, and exposed a fine, broad, intelligent open forehead. She had grown a very fine young woman, and would have been no disgrace to the pencil of a better artist. She was tall, very tall, and proportionately stout. Benevolence was the ruling characteristic of her features; and the attitude in which she was taken, whilst Wellington was resting on his arms, and Beresford before Badajos, was no inappropriate position for a soldier's wife.

CHAPTER XIX.

FUENTES D'ONORE, AND ALBUERA.

THE month of May, 1811, was remarkable for two of the most bloody contests in which the British soldiers were ever engaged in the Peninsula. Both victories were attended with deep mortifications to both the Commanders; to Wellington, on account of the escape of the garrison of Almeida when there was every probability that the thing could not be effected; and to Beresford, at having gained a useless battle, at such a loss as crippled his exertions afterwards, and rendered the work of the great Captain of his age doubly arduous and difficult.

Massena had received powerful additions to his forces, and urgent commands from the despotic master whom he served, now politically and effeminately engaged in the saloons of Paris. The acquisition of empires gives no peace nor security to an usurper. If Napoleon hoped to feed upon the praises of posterity, he went the worst way to work to perpetuate the supply of sustenance for the public mind. He had certainly raised to an enormous height the military glory of France; but, had the man conquered the world and become its king, his ambition would not have been satisfied. He would have wanted new worlds for his further exaltation. Oh! let the little rock of St. Helena teach the lesson, not to France only, but to every ambitious man who seeks his own glory, that pride must have its fall. Perhaps Napoleon was greater, when digging in his garden on that rock, than at any other time after he had married the Princess of Austria, and sought to perpetuate his overgrown and absolute monarchy.

But he had felt the first blow to his invincibility, in the military glory which began to crown the arms of the people against which he had sworn everlasting hatred. His anger was proportionately strong. Compelled as he was to remain in France by unpleasant

tidings from the north, he sent all the reinforcements he could into Spain, and commanded Soult to join Massena, and drive the leopard from Lisbon into the sea. But Massena had already been driven from Portugal, and Soult, rather jealous of his fame, or not exactly agreeing in his views, instead of joining Massena at the Lines of Torres Vedras, directed his army towards Badajos. The result was that the British army divided, had to fight two dreadfully unequal battles, and in both came off victorious.

It would be interesting to many of my readers were I to expatiate upon the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, and to treat of the gallant manner in which Lieutenant-Colonel Williams of the 60th Regiment took up his position on the memorable evening of the 3rd of May; how Major-General Nightingale was wounded in the heat of the battle; how, after Lieutenant Colonel Williams was wounded, the brave young Cameron was carried off the field. The letter which Lord Wellington wrote, in praise of this young warrior's end, will form a memento of worth to the writer and the family to whom it was written, as long as the memory of battles shall remain. The writer feels the glowing enthusiasm of the victors of that day. He could speak of Picton. He could tell of Major Dick's gallantry with the 42nd. He could make honourable mention of Cadogan, and Major Chamberlain. He has something to tell of Houston, Mackintosh, Nixon, and noble Craufurd, and Sir Stapleton Cotton, Colonel Ashworth, and Colonel Hill. He could expatiate upon Lord Blantyre, and the 2nd Battalion of the 42nd; Lieutenant-Colonel Guire, and Captain O'Hare of the 95th. He could speak of Major Woodgate, Major Macdonald, and Major Aly, of Major Pinto and Colonel Sutton; of Lieutenant-Colonel Pym, and the Hon. M. Trench; of Major Russell Manners, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace; of Major Wild, and Lieutenant-Adjutant Stewart; but where every soldier behaved like a Briton under his Commander, it would fill a volume to note the actions of individuals on the eventful 5th of May, 1811. Our heroine was not at this battle. She was, however, with the army of England in a more doubtful contest, which happened soon afterwards.

Lord Wellington's military tactics were efficiently displayed at the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, where, for three days—that is, from the evening of the 3rd to the evening of the 5th of May—he maintained his position against an adversary greatly his superior in

troops, in position, and supplies ; but his inferior, that day at least, in the judgment of advantage to be obtained.

Not long after the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, the second division of the British army, under Beresford, had to fight a battle which has scarcely its equal for bloodshed, when the numbers are taken into consideration. Soult had left Seville, determined to relieve Badajos. The siege had gone on slowly, on account of the rocky nature of the soil through which the men had to cast up their works.

News reached Beresford of Soult's advance. He held a conference with Blake, and Castanos, the Spanish General, and it was agreed to meet the French in the field, with all the forces they could collect. Orders were given for every man to be in readiness to meet the foe.

'Now, Mary, my dear,' said old Dan to young Hewitt's wife, as they were taking leave of each other at Elvas, 'don't you be far behind us, and take my old cloak for a covering; for I am persuaded, notwithstanding the uncommon heat of the weather, that you will find that cloak of service during the night. Besides, you may be of some service to your friends, for I feel we shall want friends soon. We are going to fight. Lord Wellington is not here—Hill is not here, and Beresford is a brave fellow ; but he knows little of the treachery of Spanish pride. I declare I hate a battle where we have anything to do with Spaniards for our allies. I cannot forget Talavera, and God only knows where we shall fight the French ; but I pretty well know we shall have the fighting, and the Dons will claim the honour.'

'I will not be far behind you, Dan. I thank you for your cloak ; I shall be comfortably wrapped up in it under the boughs of trees, and I will not forget to pray for you all. My husband says that our numbers are few, and he has caught your feelings about the Spanish troops.'

'I say, my dear, take this snuff-box. You know why I ask it ; and I know I may trust it to your keeping. Had Wellington been here, I should have ventured to keep it myself ; but I know not how it is, I have some dread of the consequences of this battle. Only keep yourself with the wives of the 48th, and be you as brave in defending the fallen after the battle, as we are in it, and I know you will do us some service.'

'Trust me, Dan—trust me. There are fourteen women in our company who have vowed to defend the dying and the dead of our

army from plunderers ; and we have promised that we will aid one another in preventing the wounded from being stripped of anything they possess.'

'Now tell me, Mary, whose suggestion was that?'

'Well, Dan, it was my own.'

'Then God bless you for it! It is the best feature I have ever known in a camp-follower. God bless you for it! I wish all soldiers' wives could be so formed into a troop of angels, to act in defence of those brave fellows of any nation who are left dying upon the battle-field. We cannot then help ourselves. Too often our armies cannot help us, on account of their reduced numbers, and for fear of a fresh battle. But if all the women were like you, Mary, to employ themselves in such a manner upon the dreadful field after the fight, I need not say ye would be blessed indeed of mankind, and deserve your blessing.'

'Hewitt will tell you, Dan, how shocked I have been to hear of some of the tales of the camp-followers. I never wished so much to possess a sword, as when I heard them speaking of stripping the wounded, and leaving them naked as the dead. My heart rose with indignant passion, and I did not refuse to give the heartless wretches their answers. From that moment I became eloquent in my entreaties among the wives of our company and others, to join a band called 'The Soldiers' Friends'! and I wish our company was ten times its number.'

'Again I say, as an old soldier, God bless you! I wish our Colonel may hear of your band, and I will venture to say he would give it promotion. He is a very strict fellow; and, though some call him half a sailor, yet let him once get upon the battle-ground, and I warrant he will prove as brave on land, as old Admiral Duckworth, his father, was at sea.'

'As you know he is so strict, Dan, I wonder you stand talking with me when your regiment is ready to march. God bless you! my dear friend, and you, my dear husband. Though we part, I will keep you in view as long as my poor limbs are able to sustain my weight.'

Our heroine had reason, indeed, to summon up all her fortitude, for the field of Albuera was an eventful field to her.

The army under Beresford marched forward to the village of Albuera. They took up their position on the ground, the Spaniards on his right, and the Portuguese on his left. It was wise in

Beresford to separate as much as he could the troops of these two nations. His own influence was great with the Portuguese; but no man, not even Wellington himself, ever had influence sufficient to command the Spaniards. Had not Beresford risked this battle the Spaniards must have been routed, and the first moral lesson of the second war in Spain would have failed. Besides, the Portuguese themselves would have been thoroughly dispirited. As it was, these brave fellows, though officered by Englishmen, had been shamefully neglected. Half of them would have been unfit to advance to battle but for the supplies they received from the British Commissariat.

It is a well known fact, that at Fuentes d'Onore the Portuguese troops had not a sufficient supply of ammunition to fight the battle, but had to gather up the spent balls of the enemy to charge their own guns.

Beresford wisely separated these two allies, Spain and Portugal. The people of each nation were jealous of the other, and they despised each other. Only pass the border, and you are sensible in a moment that you are among a different people. The Spanish and Portuguese, though both suffering from the inroads of one common enemy, and both desirous for his destruction, would never unite to fight together. No, they would rather fight one with another, so great is their mutual dislike. The presence of a superior British force could alone command a co-operation from both. Dan's prognostics proved but too fatally true.

The Spanish cavalry did not arrive on the field until midnight of the 15th of May.

The British had eight thousand in the centre; on the right, ten thousand Spaniards; and, on the left, about seven thousand Portuguese. When it is considered that here were troops of three nations, met against an experienced veteran army, and that many of these three nations were but raw troops, that they had been totally unaccustomed to act together, whilst all the soldiers of France had been disciplined with each other, it is wonderful, indeed, that the victory was gained at all.

The night before that battle was one of awful suspense; suspense to soldiers, and to their friends and foes. Beresford had a risk upon his shoulders which would have terrified a braver man than he, if such could have been found. He must strike a blow for England, Portugal, and Spain, which he felt must be of the utmost

importance. A battle lost must, he felt, be better than a hasty retreat; and, conversing that night with many of his staff, he spoke of Wellington, Hill, and others, with a hope that the conduct of his companions in arms would be worthy of the notice of all brave men.

Dan and his comrade sat, or rather reclined against their drums. The common soldier knows but little of the disposition of a battle. He has confidence in his Commander, and, obedient to his orders, he is ready to do the work appointed him. It is generally the duty of the band to be in the rear, and attend to the wounded, unless they volunteer for action, or are permitted to exchange places with a wounded or sick comrade. There are instances of men of the noblest courage being suddenly taken ill the night before a battle, and being quite unable to stand.

Such was the case with one fine fellow of the 48th, who actually fainted away on that night, and was carried into the rear for dead. Dan, with the band of his regiment, lay near him. Stewart, Ashby, Betts, Hewitt, Winter, Holmes, Davies, Harbours, Leonard, Johnson, the cymbal-beater, a man of colour, Charles Thomas, Darby, Kenedy. Nor did they fail to think and speak of their officers and comrades. Some men sleep well before a battle; others never rest at all: so much depends upon the habit of mind. Our friend Hewitt never failed, any one night, either in the open field or in the camp, to commit himself to the care of God. He never forgot his prayers for the safety of his own soul, nor for that of his friends.

‘What a beautiful night it is, Dan!’ said he. ‘The stars seem to be talking together as brightly as on the morning of Creation, and ride on in the grand ethereal space above us, as magnificently and as peaceably as if there were nothing but harmony before them.’

‘Nor is there, Hewitt. They obey their Creator, and do not, like ourselves, fall into disorder.’

‘No, not just yet; but when I look at them, Dan, and think that the night must come when they shall fall from their courses, I cannot help wondering what will become of them all!’

‘It is but little matter to us, my lad. What may become of us, before those beautiful glittering stars shall shine again upon this world of war and carnage? How many of our brave comrades must leave their bodies on this plain before to-morrow night! God grant their souls may go to Heaven!’

‘Amen! say I, Dan; Amen! Nothing can be lost. Our souls cannot be lost; they must exist somewhere.’

‘Ay, Hewitt, but where?’

‘That depends, Dan, upon their prospect. You and I have lived long enough amidst scenes of death, not to know by what uncertain tenure we hold our lives. But few around us care about anything but their bodies. God be praised, Dan, that I have not forgotten all that I learned in my early days; and I bless now that kind master and friend at Hingham, who taught me ever to believe that God takes care of our souls, ay, takes more care for them than for our bodies. He knows the direction of every bullet in the army, of every sword in the hand, and he can defend us against our foe when we despair of our strength.’

‘I love to hear you talk, young man. You teach even old Dan.’

‘Now do not say I teach you, Dan. You knew, long before I knew you, that you had a soul, or you would not have conducted yourself so steadily and so kindly as you have done.’

‘Well, I knew I had a soul; but I do not think my steadiness has been on account of that, so much as for the sake of discipline and order in the sight of men. I wish I had made a better use of my views of discipline. I fear I have too often forgotten the responsibility of my soul, for the right conduct of my body.’

‘I am glad, my dear old friend, that you thus let me into the true state of your heart. I love you all the more dearly for this honest confession, though I am no Popish Priest to demand it of you. I freely confess to you, that I have not only had many forebodings of evil for my soul and body, but I have spent days and nights in anguish, and in prayer, for many thousand actual sins which deserve the deepest and severest punishment. I tell you truly, Dan, my Bible has always been the best preacher to my poor soul. I make no parade of godliness. But I have sought, my dear companion, sought earnestly for God, for pardon, for salvation, for comfort, for consolation; and Dan, dear Dan, I may tell you on the battle-field, without any fear that you should now think me a hypocrite, I have found it in Jesus Christ.’

‘Hypocrite I never thought you; and God forbid that I should think any honest man such! You make me wish to pray.’

‘Ha! say you so, Dan? Say you so? Then, thank God, for that is His influence. And do not fail to bless Him that he gives you that desire. I will come a little closer to you, and unite with you in prayer, not only for ourselves, but for all around us.’

Could the whole army have witnessed these brave fellows kneeling against their drum, humbly confessing to God their sins, and imploring his mercy even upon the hosts of enemies around them, they would have been struck with the simplicity and earnestness of heart with which they made their requests known unto God! Nor did they both fail to pray for a blessing upon the arms of their country on the morrow, that those far away might be protected from the common foe.

What a contrast was this to the conduct of the foes around! They had not been reared in principles of religion, but in the ways of infidelity and false glory. They hoped for the morrow, for the eye of man, and were creeping along the battle-ground in silence, to take up a position on the height which had been neglected by the Allied Army.

Our heroine was in the rear of the battle-field, towards Elvas, behind Hamilton's division of reserve. She, with her companions, had constructed a tent of boughs, upon a rising ground beneath one of those shady hills which grace the country. She had wrapped herself in old Dan's cloak; devoutly prayed for her husband, and for the provider of her covering; and, feeling that his gold snuff-box was safe in her pocket, she commended herself to God, and slept soundly.

'I shall volunteer to-morrow for the ranks,' said Dan; 'and, Hewitt, what say you?'

'I have no objection to fight by your side, Dan; and may God preserve and keep us both!'

The brave fellows shook hands, as did many that night, and committed themselves to Him who best guards the sleeping soldier, and can alone give him rest.

The day dawned, but heavy clouds gathered over the distant mountains, and the mists of night rose up from the plains. At eight o'clock the trumpets sounded, and the regiments prepared for battle. The clouds which had gathered began to send down their showers, and the enemy commenced his attack upon the Spanish right. So slowly had these troops acted, that the French were upon them before they could form their line. So severe was the slaughter on the hill, that the Spaniards were driven from it like lightning, and in the utmost confusion. Soult conceived the victory gained at once, especially as the confusion seemed to extend itself almost to the centre. General Stewart tried to rally the Spaniards; he led up his forces to the attack, but his columns were

beaten back; and the Polish Lancers, favoured by the rain, wheeled round the hill, came upon their flank, and dispersed them over the plain. The Lancers separated, galloping here and there, spearing defenceless men, who knew not where to form or how to make resistance. The Spaniards durst not advance against them. They neither would, nor did.

The English General tried what force would do. He seized a Spanish Ensign, and forced him forward; thinking, perhaps, that the troops would follow their colours: but not one would stir, and the moment Beresford's grasp was off the coward, he ran into the midst of the Spanish troops again. At this moment, a Polish Lancer dashed at Beresford, who with calm intrepidity warded off his lance, and seized the fellow by the throat. He forced him off his horse, and one of his dragoons coming up at the time, despatched him. The personal prowess of the English General was conspicuous on that occasion. If his men were exposed to death, he himself set them an example of fighting, which could not fail to tell them that death or conquest must be the order of that day.

The British cavalry saw the murderous cruelty of the Polish Lancers; they saw the cowardly conduct of the Spaniards; they waited with anxiety the order to charge, and, when it was given, it is impossible to describe its fury.

Solidly, steadily, but speedily, galloped General Lumley and the British cavalry against those too sanguine spearmen, the Lancers. They were irresistibly overthrown. The sabres threw up the lances, and cut down the Lancers; and those who escaped, came but once more to show their faces on that battle-field. Never did the cavalry of England, though not half the number of its antagonists, bear so fierce a front. They rode as one man, and with such a determined bearing, that nothing could stand against them.

The brave 31st gained the hill in beautiful order. The battle was restored; Houghton's brigade cleared the way, and they stood on that summit firing until their ammunition began to fail. Then came up the French reserve. The Lancers charged again, and victory seemed to favour the enemy. The retreat had nearly been sounded, and another minute or two would certainly have seen the British army retiring. But Colonel Hardinge made his memorable advance with the 4th division.

'Now, my brave fellows,' he exclaimed, 'let not England be beaten! Remember Talavera!'

How do a few short words, with a fixed resolution, inspire the soldiers with hope. They did advance, and saved the battle. Desperate indeed, now became the contest. The British officers seemed inspired with all the ardour of heroes who were never to be conquered. They cheered on their men, and set them such an example as made them perform prodigies of valour.

The gallantry of the Fusileers and of the Buffs will be remembered for many generations. Brave Ensign Thomas died with the colours in his hand, having refused to surrender them with life: and Walsh, who recovered them, when he had the staff shattered in his hand, and fell desperately wounded, even then tore off the flag, thrust it into his bosom, and said, 'If I must die, let the colours of my regiment be my shroud!'

The brave fellow, though left upon the field, sustained the horrors of the night, and was discovered with the colours upon him, when carried to the hospital.

Soult found that, notwithstanding all his personal bravery, he could not conquer the indomitable spirit of the English. Arbuthnot and Cole scattered his forces. Nothing could withstand their prowess; nothing could disorder or check the steady advance of the Fusileers. But, oh! how few stood upon that hill when the French retired! One thousand five hundred only, out of six thousand English, were left living upon that hill!

What havoc was made in every regiment! The British gained the victory. The French retreated, and durst not advance to renew the combat. The remnants only of regiments were left at eve, in battle array upon that bloody hill. The 48th had had its share of fighting. Alas! it again lost its Colonel, as it had done at Talavera. Colonel Duckworth was killed; and our good old friend, Dan Long, had fallen among the slain, whilst Hewitt stood without a wound, and was ordered that night upon picquet duty.

Torrents of rain fell upon the living and the dead, in the night after that battle. So few had Beresford left of his glorious army, that he could not spare a man to look after the wounded, till he was sure the French would not again attack him. So bold was the dauntless front he shewed, that Soult, thinking he must have reinforcements at hand, gave up the contest, and retired from the plains.

It was a mournful night, the 16th of May. The rain that fell caused such anguish to the wounded, that their moans filled the

camp with terror. Next day, Beresford requested the Spanish General to lend a hand in the removal of his wounded; but that coward and cruel Spaniard refused a single man to help the British who were then bleeding in his cause.

Towards evening of the 17th, the camp followers came upon the plain, and, like a herd of harpies, began their work of plunder. Old Spanish crones, and Portuguese Jews and Jewesses, forming bands of ravagers, fell upon the slain. They stripped the wounded and the dead, and many a brave fellow had to defend himself from these reckless followers, at a second risk of cold-blooded murder. Not all were such demons. No! For the wives of brave British soldiers formed a company of formidable defenders upon that well-fought field. It is not to be denied that many have met death, after a battle, by the hand of a murderer, who, thinking no eye could witness his atrocity, has killed a poor fellow for the sake of his purse, or his watch, or even his clothes. So dreadful is sometimes the warrior's death!

Our heroine and her company were upon the battle-field, helping to remove the wounded, and collecting papers from the persons of many, and forwarding them to the head-quarters of their respective regiments.

Their eyes were frequently directed to the blood-stained hands of marauders, and heartily did they wish for a troop of soldiers to drive these wolves from their prey.

As Mary Anne was moving along, here and there lifting a head to see if life could be perceived, she discovered the well-known face of one of the 48th, Sergeant Vincent, and Richard Jeckles, both natives of Bungay, in Suffolk, lying dead close to each other; another, and another, and another of the 48th. Her heart quivered, for neither Dan nor her husband was in the rear, or among those who were removing the dead.

At length, she came upon two or three trampers stripping a body, and a painful groan was uttered by the very man whom they were thus robbing. It was well she heard it. In another moment she would have heard no more, for already had a Portuguese hag raised a hammer to strike the blow upon his forehead, when her arm was arrested by the powerful grasp of the soldier's wife.

There are times when a woman feels the strength and daring of a man; and such was the case at that moment with our heroine. She

forced back the miscreant's arm with such violence that it was dislocated at the shoulder in an instant—the hammer fell from her grasp, and she herself fled cursing from the field. Our heroine called to her companions of the 48th, two or three of whom immediately came up, and they helped to lift up the wounded man; when, what was at once her horror and delight, to discover that the soldier who was stripped was her dear old friend, Dan Long !'

'Dan ! Dan ! Dear Dan, it is I ; do you not know me, Dan ?'

Dan feebly opened his eyes, and smiling upon his deliverer, could only just articulate, 'God bless you !'

That deliverer was not without help. She applied her well-filled can to the soldier's parched and feverish lips. She dressed him in his own suit, which the wretches had not carried off ; and, finding Dan's ankle shattered, and his body pierced with a spear, she chose to sit by him till some of the soldiers appointed to remove the living should approach to lend their aid. All that night she watched over Dan. She examined his spear-wound, and took out part of the clothing which had been thrust into it. She covered the wound with dry rags ; she collected knapsacks for his head, got his own cloak under him, and wrapped it round his limb ; and, fearless of wolves or plunderers, she sat by her dear old friend, nor felt that she could do too much for one who had shown her such repeated proofs of his love.

She anxiously put one question to him : 'Is my husband alive ?'

'I hope so, Mary ; but, if dead, he is happy ; for he is a true Christian.'

A night of prayer was spent beside the wounded and the dead, and the morrow brought relief ; for Hewitt heard that his wife was on the plain, and truly guessed where he should find her. He came, with some comrades, to the joy of his faithful wife ; and Dan, the Drum-major and volunteer for the battle of Albuera, was removed with care and caution to the hospital at Elvas.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HORRORS OF BADAJOS:

IN a lone cottage on the outskirts of the town of Elvas, the hospital being crowded, old Dan was billeted with a Portugese widow whose husband fell at Busaco. The Adjutant of the 48th, under the express direction of the surgeon of the regiment, sought for the soldier's wife, our heroine, to wait upon a wounded officer.)

'I wish, Hewitt,' said he, 'you would persuade your wife to come and attend to a wounded officer. She shall be well paid, and you shall take no hurt.'

'I will do my best, Sir ; but a dear old friend of her's and mine is wounded, and I know she will not desert him.'

'But he shall be attended to, and Stephenson tells me your wife is the best nurse in the army.'

'She is a very clever young woman ; but I tell you again, I hardly think she would desert Dan Long, the drum-major, even for Lord Wellington, unless expressly ordered by Dan himself so to do.'

Nor would she desert him at that time, though sought after by several for her aptitude and activity. Not a little was it to her honour, that money could never move her to leave her friend. She had no heart to seek for selfish advantage, when her best friend must languish ; and for him she refused many an importuning offer to wait upon his superiors. She was true to her colours, as a brave ensign is in battle. The colours she served under were those of the "Soldier's Friend"; and she conceived her old friend Dan wanted her help as much as any officer wounded at the battle of Albuera.

'Dan suffers as much as the General,' said she to her husband. 'Dan's wounds want dressing as well as a Colonel's. A drum-major feels as sharply as a Major of Dragoons ; and until Dan can move

his drumsticks again, I will stick to him, with your permission, Hewitt, as long as I can be of service to him.'

Nor did Hewitt secretly wish that she would do otherwise. He was quite as partial to Dan as was his wife; and though he was obedient to his superiors, yet he could not command his wife to leave a tried friend to his sufferings for the richest offers of any officer in his Majesty's service; and he honoured her for the integrity of her conduct.

'Well, Mary,' said Dan, 'I told you long ago you were an angel; and truly you were my guardian angel on that dreadful night of the 17th of May! Old Dan would have been dispatched, had not God provided me with a friend in the hour, ay, in the last moment, when I wanted one.'

'An angel, dear Dan, is a very humble instrument of the Almighty's. He can make a plough-boy his messenger, as well as any aide-de-camp of the General. It was certainly a providential thing my hearing you moan on the battle-field, and God put it in my heart, before I knew who you were, to come to your rescue. Thank God, my dear friend, that I was so near you!'

'And thank God that you are near me now! for, what with my wounded side and fractured ankle, I know not how long it may be before I beat my drum, or blow a bugle again. You will not leave me, Mary?'

'For none but my husband, Dan. No, not for the Marshal himself. So cheer up! cheer up! Macauley says your side would soon heal, if the fever which the irritation of the wound produced, the night after the battle, would but leave you. Your ankle, he says, will take the longest time; and, if you go to the wars again, you must take the trumpeter's place, and ride one of our new Colonel's horses.'

Dan sighed, for he thought his marches were over.

'Is Duckworth dead?'

'Duckworth is dead! He fell while leading his regiment gallantly up the hill. I hear that General Houghton is dead, and is to be buried here at Elvas. Mayers, the brave Sir W. Mayers, has died since he was carried off the field. General Stewart is wounded, Major-General Cole is also wounded; and I hear near two hundred officers are in a state to render their services, for some time at least, of no avail.'

'I never saw such a battle, Mary; and I have been in a few in

my life—in the west and the east. I never saw such a fighting battle before I fell. How thankful ought I to be that, when so many officers are wounded, I should have so kind an attendant!’

‘No more than you require, Dan. Make yourself easy, my dear friend. Hewitt says you shall want for nothing; and moreover, he has declared that if his regiment moves away from Badajos, I shall remain at Elvas until you join the regiment with me.’

And so she did. The siege of Badajos was raised, even though Lord Wellington himself, and Hill, and his bravest officers and soldiers, stood before it to direct the siege. The *matériel* they had was insufficient for the purpose. Bravery and resolution were not wanting, but both time and ammunition were. And what could be effected by force without these things?

Wellington retired from the siege. He strengthened the Portuguese frontiers, made Portalègre his head-quarters, and invested Ciudad Rodrigo. The enemy scoured the country, and laid waste the whole of the Spanish and Portuguese frontier, until they were compelled by want of supplies of forage and cattle to separate—Marmont going northward, and Soult taking up his quarters at Seville. These movements induced Lord Wellington to leave the Alentejo in the care of Hill, whilst he more immediately hastened to his observations of Ciudad Rodrigo.

So powerful were the arms of France, in point of numbers and strength, that it was impossible for Lord Wellington to prevent their relieving Ciudad Rodrigo. An army of sixty thousand men, in all the grandeur of French discipline, paraded ostentatiously before the gaze of Wellington, who had only about one-third of the allied force at his disposal. Had the French General known the exact position of the English, he would never have retired as he did without doing anything. But it will happen to us all that, when we stand in the most dangerous position, the ignorance of our enemies may save us from destruction. Happy the man, who, in the midst of his own well-known weakness, has confidence in God!

In the mean time, Dan began to limp about, and his kind friend was enabled to lend her assistance in the hospital at Portalègre, where Dan and she once more joined the gallant 48th. General Hill had received orders to take active measures against Gerard, who was sent by Soult to cut off the supplies of the Spanish army; and secretly and gallantly was the work performed at Aroyo de

Molinos. General Gerard escaped with but three hundred men, and upwards of a thousand French were taken prisoners, whilst the English had but seven killed, sixty-four wounded, and one missing. The effect of this gallant action raised the spirits of the British army, and induced both their enemies and themselves to think highly of their commanders. General Hill became Sir Rowland Hill, honoured with the Order of the Bath, in consequence of this action.

Ciudad Rodrigo was invested and besieged in the month of January, 1812. On the 8th, the ground was broken, and on the 19th the citadel surrendered. The brave Mackie, who led the forlorn hope, was the first to find a passage into the town, and the first to enter the citadel, and receive the surrender. Here fell the noble Craufurd, whose body was buried in the breach before which he received his death-blow. Here fell M'Kinnon, a man whose education and manners equalled his courage, and who, to the consummate bravery of a British soldier, added all the influence of learning and religion to govern both his public and private character—a gentleman, a hero, and a Christian. The honours of a Spanish dukedom, and an English earldom, were conferred upon the hero of Ciudad Rodrigo.

He returned again to Badajos, resolved that this time the place should fall. It would fill a volume to describe all the works, either of the town itself, or of those who besieged it. Dreadful, dreadful indeed for reflection, was the sacrifice of life in that most sanguinary contest. The heart bleeds at the description, where bravery in those who stormed the different points, and those who defended them, was conspicuous on both sides. The demon of Discord and Darkness hovered over the gloom of that dreadful night, when Wellington's orders for the general attack were given. The brave soldiers of the forlorn hope were sacrificed by the bursting of a terrific mine. It is wonderful that a single lodgment should ever be obtained by any, before such skilful defenders as then stood upon the walls. When it is known how few can gain a footing at one time, it seems as if each single soldier had to contend with the whole garrison, before he can be joined by a companion.

'You shall not leave me to-night, Mary,' said Dan to his daughter, nurse, and friend, as she thought of her being useful after the siege. 'You shall not enter that place. Your husband must take his chance, but I know the fierce nature of that assault, and the horrors that will be perpetrated after the place has surrendered. I am left here under orders to take care of the men who were wounded

in the sortie on the 19th at night: and Colonel Fletcher has ordered me to provide a nurse, not for him alone as chief engineer, though he is most severely wounded, but for others who shared the same danger, and lie around him. You may now see Lord Wellington if you will, for he comes to consult Colonel Fletcher every day. You have plenty of work to do, and I know you will be unable to restrain the impetuosity of the Portuguese, or even of your own countrymen, when once they shall have got possession of the town.'

'But, Dan, do you not think I might help the wounded?'

'You may do that with less danger to yourself in an open plain, than within the walls of a town. I tell you, you have no idea of the madness of a host of successful besiegers. They forget death—they forget God—they forget honour—they forget virtue—they forget everything but what they can lay hands upon, what they can devour, and how they can satisfy their lustful vengeance. It is all very fine for men who do not see these horrors, to say that soldiers are entitled to a little licence after their fatigues in storming. A little licence given to them is often the eternal damnation of their souls. Had I my will, the very first soldier who committed any act of wanton barbarity after a place has once surrendered, should be instantly hanged beside the British flag on the height of the citadel, that all the army might see that England detests a villain, though he may wear the dress of a soldier. You shall not go out of the camp, my dear, until Hewitt returns from the breaches.'

'God grant him a safe return! I cannot think our soldiers are many of them so cruel. I know the 48th are not.'

'Of that you know nothing. Some of the best soldiers forget their nature at such times, and become bad men. The eyes of their officers are perhaps closed in death; they see no commander, receive no orders, and, not thinking the eye of God is upon them, they commit depredations which, at other moments, they would be horrified to contemplate.'

'I have seen something of their horrors in the hospital,' continued Dan. 'I shall never forget one instance of remorse. The soldier knew he had but a short time to live. He put out his hand to me, and, with an agonizing cry, exclaimed, "Oh! my friend, would to God I had been killed before the surrender! My terrors are more dreadful than ten thousand deaths. God is angry with

me for an act—a cruel act of wanton wickedness, which now seems to search my soul with fiery indignation; and who and what shall quench it?" Never, Mary, did I witness such a death, though all but the dying man were awed into silence! You shall not leave me until Hewitt returns.'

'Well, Dan, I will obey your wishes, and attend to my duties here. I hope your forebodings may not prove such terrific realities.'

'We shall see—we shall see! Time will prove.'

And time did prove. Three days after the seige, Hewitt came into the camp in the evening, leading a poor Spanish girl, remarkable for her beauty and her sorrows.

'Wife! wife!' said Hewitt, 'take care of this poor girl. She has been in my bosom forty-eight hours, and has never ceased weeping one moment. Even now, she is loth to leave me. She knows not what I say, yet she clings to me as if she understood all that I would do. Oh, wife! never—never shall I forget what I have seen. Take her! take her, poor young creature! I know you will be kind to her.'

She was a beautiful girl; her Spanish velvet spencer fitted tightly to her delicate frame; her dark black locks fell over her pale face; her lustrous pupils, black, and surrounded by the inflamed eyelids, bursting with tears of agony, would have melted any but a heart of stone.

'Poor girl! take her into your own quarters; I will tell you all about her: but soothe her—soothe her! Give her some refreshment. Oh! may God forgive the wickedness of man!'

Scarcely could the poor trembler be persuaded to leave the British soldier. She looked so earnestly in his face, clung so closely to his side, and seemed so unwilling to part from her protector, that it was with reluctance she yielded to the persuasion of our heroine's benevolent compassion. She smiled for the first time, when she made her comprehend that her deliverer was her own husband. It was the smile of gratitude, than which Heaven has not afforded a richer reward to a good man's heart, nor a more beautiful sight to the human eye. Oh, reader! may you see it in your happiest moment, and you will own that the writer of these pages has not written an exaggeration.

'Dan, I want to have some talk with you; let us walk out towards the banks of the Guadiana.'

'Then you must pardon my limping, and I must have your arm

on my left, and my stout cane in my right hand, and perhaps I shall get on. I half guess, however, what you are going to say. You want to speak of the horrors of the siege.'

'I do—I do; and, would to God that I had never been witness of such a sight. My brain is heated, not with the fury of the contest—not with the terrors of swords, axes, bayonets, and pistols, but with the madness of our comrades. Oh, Dan! God can only expose the guilt of what I have seen. Man will never be acquainted with all the deeds of darkness which that town has witnessed. I want this cool air, this refreshing spirit of friendship, my good old companion, to shake off the load that oppresses my heart.'

'Give it vent, my boy; give it full vent, and you will feel the better for it.'

'I verily believe Napoleon would have wept to have seen what I have witnessed within the walls of Badajos.'

'Ah! indeed—indeed! Then must he have been smitten with remorse for having caused it. Remorse, however, would never have produced tears in him. I think I see such a man weeping for the iniquity of others, when he can never perceive his own guilt! It would be a strange sight, indeed!'

'Our loss has been awful. I hear that upwards of three hundred officers, two hundred sergeants, and more than four thousand privates, have been killed or wounded; and yet, Dan, here am I, black, it is true, with powder, but untouched by the enemy, though I have had a fearful contest with a comrade. I hear that Wellington is astounded at the loss he has sustained, and actually gave way to a paroxysm of grief when he heard what a number of officers he had lost; but, had he witnessed what I have beheld, his grief would have burst into madness at the abominable cruelty of those under his command.

I volunteered, with a party of the 38th, to storm the bastion of St. Vincent, where General Walker was wounded. Part of the besiegers had been falsely alarmed at the idea of a mine being about to be sprung, and we had to face the enemy, driving our terrified companions along the ramparts; but we stood firm, beat back the French, and followed them into the Plaza. Almost at the same time, other troops came pouring in, and filled the city with maddening cries for plunder. How many windows were instantly closed with shutters! How many terrified citizens sought the

deepest shades of obscurity ! That very night were some crimes of deep and deadly die committed ; but all safety was not yet secured. When San Christoval surrendered in the morning, the plundering began. No more opposition from the enemy. Men began to glut themselves like beasts, upon whatever they could find. Robbery, murder, massacre, violence, brutality, and every species of licentiousness prevailed. I saw none to resist the fury of the soldiers. Each seemed only anxious to surpass his companion in excess.

‘But, as night drew on, the contagion spread far and wide. I was hurried onward, amidst crashing doors, flying missiles of all kinds, shrieks, curses, lamentations, wailings, and despair. Yet I could offer no opposition. I saw men actually cut down their officers, who sought to rescue some unfortunate victim from the grasp of the soldiers. Helpless old men and women were bayoneted in the streets, by the drunken soldiers. I saw jewels torn from the necks of the most elegantly dressed females, mothers butchered, helpless infants thrown from the casements, and neither age nor sex spared from the rapacity of marauders.

‘On the second day, the camp-followers came into the city, and behaved worse, if possible, worse than the soldiers. I was present at a scene in one house which defies description. A villian of a soldier demanded of a young Spaniard the person of his sister, whom he was defending. She crouched behind him. He bravely resisted, though armed with nothing but a stiletto. His mother rushed between the soldier and her son, and in instant, he bayoneted them both. They fell into each others arms, and died. The young girl looked as if she were mad. She seized her brother’s stiletto, sprang at the soldier’s throat, and stuck it directly through his neck. The fellow could not articulate ; his blood choked him, and, with a swollen face, he sank, and died of suffocation.

‘The girl looked at me for a moment as I entered the room from the corridor. Whether she read compassion in my countenance, I know not ; but in another moment she dropped her dagger, and rushed into my arms with such a cry for mercy, as made my nerves tremble lest I should be taken for her murderer.

‘What was to be done ? I carried her out of that fearful place ; and as I knew it would be the utmost folly then to attempt to bear her through the streets, or even to remain in the rich saloon, especially as I already heard assailants at the door, I fled up stairs, bearing the poor fainting child as high up as the roof of the mansion.

‘We entered a small room, with a sky-light above, where an old half-witted woman was seated, counting her beads, at a little table, before a crucifix. She was the nurse of the family. The child flew to her, and again fainted away. In another moment, the old woman seemed to recover her senses; she seized the child, opened a sliding wainscot door in the apartment, and thrust her in : but she would not go without me. She seized my arm, and spoke most imploringly to the old woman, but all seemed of no avail ; as if propriety were more to have been regarded than the child’s terrors, she would have prevented my entrance. But I saw the danger, the terror, and the despair depicted in the young virgin’s countenance ; I saw she trusted me ; I saw she confided in me as a brother and a deliverer, and I followed of my own accord, and with my own hand drew back the sliding arras, and sat down in darkness, with my poor companion resting in my arms.’

‘Well done, Hewitt ! And is this the poor girl you have brought to the camp ?’

‘It is the same. But, Dan, never shall I forget the quivering anxiety of the poor child, as, with terrified ear, she listened to the thundering noise of heartless plunderers ravaging every part of the house. It was well we entered as we did, for soon came a party of Portuguese and English bursting into the room, where the faithful old domestic, as I presume, sat still counting her beads by her taper, and watching her crucifix. The miscreants threatened her with torture if she did not tell them where the money chests of the house were concealed. One took some keys from her, another took her beads, another her crucifix, another her missal, and then they made the poor woman go before them down the stairs, and delighted to torture her, by urging her forward at the point of the bayonet. They did not neglect to thrust their bayonets through the wainscot, in several places, and so near my head did they come, as actually to fix the feathers of my cap into the opposite wood-work. God be praised that they found not our concealment !

‘We heard their revels all that night. Wine they had in plenty ; and such was their intoxication, that we could hear them firing their guns down into the streets, or at the opposite windows.

‘We dared not stir, for fresh parties kept ascending, and we received no friendly assistance by way of notice or information from our aged friend. I had, fortunately, a small supply of water in my can, and a biscuit in my bag. I made the poor child sensible of

this, by first eating a bit myself; but she could not touch a morsel. All the next day there was nothing but riot and plunder in the place. Secretly I thanked God for sparing me the sight of such scenes. I thought of Him, and prayed for His protection.

'As night drew on, the mansion appeared to be deserted. All was silence once more. I forced back the arras. My charge kept hold of me, trembling: by the light of the moon I saw that everything in the room was overturned; but the old woman was not there. We descended the marble staircase. Nothing stirred; yet there were inhabitants, for we could hear the heavy snoring of some lethargic fiend, who had drunk himself into a state of insensibility, and was unconscious of our departure. I found a soldier's cloak in the hall. I wrapped it round my charge, and came away for the British camp. Your name, Dan, saved me from interruption, for when I said I was in search of Dan Long of the 48th, the sentinel exclaimed: "The lame drake is attending upon the lame ducks." And the fellow pointed out the quarters where you might be found. Is it not a miracle that we have reached you?'

'No, my lad, there is nothing miraculous in it; because it is not out of the ordinary dealings of that Providence which watches over the innocent, and provides for their safety in the midst of danger. But God is to be praised still, for his evident, though simply natural interference. Victory, young man, is a terrible tyrant over a besieged city. God preserve our own country from invasion!'

It will only be necessary to add, that Hewitt's conduct was duly reported to his commanding officer. Inquiry was made as to the parents of the child. The father was with Phillipon and Vieland, a prisoner; and the child, after a few days, was restored to her parent, who would have rewarded our heroine and her husband had the besiegers left him anything available in his house save the dear old servant of his family, who was found secreted under some tapestry.

CHAPTER XXI.

SALAMANCA.

TEN thousand soldiers in the city of Badajos, plundering and destroying everything they could lay hold of, and followed by herds of camp-followers, would not leave much order for a conqueror to glory in, or much that would bear reflection. Wellington had to exercise a strong hand on the third day, to put a stop to the madness of his troops. He had to march a brigade into the city, and to place provosts in the squares, with authority to inflict summary punishment on the marauders. Pity this was not done before! It may be said that he knew not the extent of the iniquity. Happy for him if he did not; but dreadful, unspeakably dreadful was the devastation committed in that place. Oh, that the horrors thereof might warn others of the miseries of war!

His army might well require rest after its fatigues. Satiety had glutted the many, and it required some time to cool the blood of these violent men, and to bring them again into orderly conduct. This was done the more urgently on account of the proximity of the enemy, a sudden attack from whom, upon disorderly troops after a siege, would endanger the possession of the advantage won, and tarnish the reputation of the conqueror.

‘Dan, my brave fellow,’ said the Adjutant of his regiment to him, ‘do you hear what your companions say? They positively tell the Colonel you must go to battle with them. They will not march without you.’

‘I thank you and them for the compliment; but Old Dan would not wait for the asking, if he could only march like a Briton. Tell the brave boys of the 48th, that Dan grieves to think he shall not be able to accompany them on the march, unless each troop will take it by turns to carry him. No, master, no; I suppose I must be

left in Badajos; but I hate being cooped up in walls whilst my brave comrades are encamped upon the plain.'

'You are not to remain at Badajos nor at Elvas; but you are to go with the regiment on the march.'

'Then I must ride upon a mule's back!'

'No; your nurse may ride upon a mule, Dan, but you are to be honoured with one of the Colonel's horses. See, Dan, what a good thing it is to be popular.'

'I certainly never was so exalted before; but I shall have the pleasure of looking over all my comrades, and seeing how they behave. I did not dream of my being a man of such importance.'

'It is in consequence, Dan, of our first trumpeter's death, and they say that no one but yourself or Hewitt could sound a charge as Quenton could. And, to make sure of two good fellows, you are to mount the Colonel's second horse; and to make yourself as conspicuous as you can.'

Now Dan could but ill conceal his joy, for he had been fearful that his crippled state would render it necessary that he and his regiment should be parted. This poor fellow had been in the 48th from his boyhood. He had served with it in the West Indies, and was now the oldest member of it. One William Jones was his junior by a month; and, as he was in the line, and Dan in the band, they went by the respective names of Old Harmony and Old Discord. This latter personage was always for fighting, never so happy as when in battle; whilst Dan was never happier than when his band was in full play, and every soldier looked fit to be seen.

'I give you joy, dear Dan,' said our heroine; 'you and I are both to be exalted. My husband has provided me a mule (the reader must be informed that she was then in an interesting state), and we are to advance to Salamanca like the grandees of Spain; you on the Colonel's crop-eared black horse, and I on old Cuesta, as my husband names the beast I am to adorn.'

'Good, my dear; good it is to be. I once was servant to an officer, and was very partial to his horses. I made them understand my ways in a short time, for I never gave one his dinner without making him go down on his knees for it; but that was when I had little else to do. Where is Hewitt?'

'He is gone after the mule and the man; and, between ourselves, I understand the man is as much of a mule as the beast. He will have his own way.'

‘If it be but a good one, so let it be. I am all anxiety for the march.’

It was not long before the British army were upon the road to Salamanca. On the 23rd of April, Old Dan received his orders, and began to get acquainted with his horse. No more drumming! Dan was now the glorious trumpeter of the 48th, by appointment, or election, or request; and he was as high in favour, though mounted on his horse, as he ever had been on foot. The men of every regiment have some general favourite of their own, though in the ranks, and not unfrequently look up to some veteran campaigner with all the respect they would shew to a superior officer.

It is wonderful how soon some men get the perfect management of the disposition of a horse, and how soon horses know the kind of managers they have to obey. Some animals never will let a man they do not fancy approach them; others take a long time to subdue, require much humouring, and no little care and caution in their treatment. Some men win a horse in a moment. Old Dan was one of those who were never afraid even of the wildest brute; though he was but a foot soldier, he knew how to humour them in an instant. He had had much practice in his boyhood in the stables of an Irish squire, who rode such horses as no other man could ride, kept such hounds as no other man kept, and had such stables and kennels, as would set all modern ideas of a hunting establishment at defiance.

The horses were good, the master was up to his business, and he used to make Dan sometimes his boots, sometimes his jockey, sometimes his huntsman, always his groom; and more, he would put the boy on any raw colt, make him dash over the leaping-bar, or rattle him over a wall, till Dan was tired of stables which were ready to tumble down, while he slept in the loft of a kennel which could scarcely keep the hounds from breaking out, and of a master who seemed determined to break his neck without a halter. So, after two years of such sport, Dan left his charge of horse, and enlisted in the 48th at Dublin, and lived and died in it.

No wonder then, that the spirit of his boyhood should return to him when he found himself mounted on his charger, and following the 48th to Salamanca. He soon became acquainted with his nag, and his nag with him, until the Colonel said he might as well give it him; for ever since Dan had ridden it, the beast had been very

loth to carry the Colonel. Dan had taught him many a trick. He never gave him a meal but by sound of his trumpet; he never tethered him at night, but by some different note of the same instrument. So that, if the animal came for water or corn, to be saddled or to be foddered, to be tied up or to be mounted, all was done by the voice of the trumpet, which gave him so certain a sound that it never could be mistaken. His loudest blast was the morning call, to be cleaned, fed, accoutred, mounted, and to march; and let the beast be raging where he would, the moment Dan's peculiarly merry note rang on his ear, he would come galloping and neighing, at full speed, and with distended nostrils—to the great delight of all who knew him.

He was a remarkable horse, not for his size, but for his mould and his peculiarities. He had lost an ear by a musket ball; and, for the sake of uniformity, the other had been docked to the same proportions. He was a jet black, with a star, and, not a straight line down the forehead, but one that ran directly to the near-side nostril, just from between his eyes. He was a well-bred animal, with limbs compact and clean, tail well set on, mane very thin, and a head shaped like a stag's, with a muzzle so small that Dan could cover it with the palm of one hand. His eyes were so prominent that they and the lids above and below seemed to cover half the face. His os frontis wide, and his arched crest and high shoulder well sloped, told that he was born where the Arab blood had been prevalent.

Don Quixote on his Rosinante, and his Dulcinea by his side, could never have been more elated than was our heroine on her mule, and by the side of the gallant trumpeter of the 48th, when approaching that renowned seat of learning, Salamanca, the glory of all Spain. Lord Hill had joined after his victory at Almaraz, which gained him more confidence, if possible, with Wellington, and not a little elevated the tone of enterprise in the British army.

The morning of the 17th of June, 1812, was one of the loveliest that ever broke upon the face of Salamanca. Great General! couldst thou recall thy particular individual feelings on that day, when, accompanied by thy staff officers at the head of the British army, thou didst enter the fair city of Salamanca—a glowing sun shining with ardour on the glittering array of thine arms; thy foe beyond the Tormes—fair and sunny faces, and bright eyes, looking upon thee from every balcony, and hailing thee as their deliverer—

couldst thou recall thine own individual feelings on that day, would they honestly speak most of joy or lamentation? Conquerors and commanders know more than the mere expansive bubble of the moment. Wellington knew that that fair town must shortly hear the roar of cannon, see the bloody sword-blade dripping with the work of carnage, the rushing Tormes half choked with the bodies of the slain, and the beautiful hills and plains of Salamanca covered with the dead and dying. True, Marmont had retired, and the streets and squares, the taverns and the palaces, the shops and lodgings, all were open to the British. The army of England would pay for its accommodation, though it might take what it could get with less politeness than the French, who took it for nothing. Policy alters the face of things most wonderfully: 'Vive le Empereur!' under the portrait of Napoleon, soon gave way to the 'Hôtel d'Angleterre,' with the motto of 'God save the King!' under a head which might as well have passed for Dan Long's, as for his most Gracious Majesty's.

But 'See the Conquering Hero Comes!' was the tune familiar with every student of Salamanca, as the British troops filed into the Plaza with all the dignity of a triumphant entry.

Our heroine and one or two other British soldiers' wives were received with great kindness, and loaded with wine, fruit, and stores for their respective friends, who awaited the great purposes of their Commander, on the Sierra of San Cristoval. Nor could she or they have been more agreeably employed, than in conveying refreshment to some of those troops, who could only thus share at a distance the entertainment of their General.

It was not long, however, before the booming of cannon and the moving of troops, the crashing of buildings and the clashing of swords, together with the advancing corps of observation of the enemy, told that the forts were making formidable resistance to the efforts of Wellington. From the 19th of June to the 27th, with various intermissions, and with some dreadfully sanguinary attacks from the enemy and from the allied army, did the siege of the forts continue. On the 27th they surrendered, and Marmont, who had intended to relieve them at the expense of a battle, retreated. Joy then again burst forth in the streets of Salamanca. Illuminations and displays succeeded; a solemn *Te Deum* was sung at the cathedral, and Wellington and a numerous body of his officers attended, thus giving a proof that they respected the religious persuasions of

a people, whose liberties and deliverance from an infidel power they came to vindicate and accomplish.

‘We shall not rest long,’ said Dan; ‘my nag is very restless; and you, my dear, must now cease to bring us a supply. You must take up your quarters in the city, and get as good as you can. The enemy have retreated, and we shall soon be after them, and perhaps have two or three battles with them before we come again to Salamanca. Serjeant Clayton and his wife are to be left with a company in charge of the sick and wounded; and there you are to be, and I know you cannot be better employed.’

Our heroine again took leave of her husband and her old friend Dan, and became located within the walls of Salamanca, attending, with her customary zeal, upon the wounded British and French soldiers, who were billeted in houses near the suburbs, adapted for the purposes of an hospital. Wellington pursued the retreating army until they faced him at Castrejon, where some smart and severe attacks caused Sir Stapleton Cotton to retreat to the banks of the Guarena, and join the main army. Various and important combats took place, fugitives and prisoners were continually taken, and the two great generals kept cautiously manœuvring and watching each other's motions, with the hope of advantageously attacking each other. Never upon any former occasion were, and scarcely ever since have been made such incessant movements of one army in the face of another, for so long a period, without a decided attack.

It was, indeed, an imposing spectacle to see these great generals trying to beat each other by military tactics, moving about bodies of men to different positions, to see if each understood the other's game; and this not one day only, but for several successive days and nights. The armies bivouacked in each other's presence, the sentinels exchanged friendly greetings, having no hostility or rancorous feelings in their hearts, nor interfering with each other, any more than the men upon a chess-board, till directed by the master's hand.

‘When will the scratch come?’ said Hewitt to his friend Dan, as, on the night of the 21st of July, they crossed the Tormes, and bivouacked on the plain; whilst Marmont, having also crossed the Tormes, took his bivouack in the forest opposite to them; the heights of San Christoval being still occupied by the British, and the Castle of Alba garrisoned by the French General.

‘We have been each day expecting a battle; we have each day confronted the enemy; and we seem to be doing nothing but shewing ourselves off to each other in defiance, and yet neither dares ventures to fight.’

‘I can pretty well guess Lord Wellington’s disposition. He is a most extraordinary man. You have seen him dash at two of the strongest fortresses of Spain—Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos, and carry them by a *coup de main* with the rapidity of lightning, and now see how cautiously he acts. He will not be provoked by the irritating insults of the French to fight, until he chooses. He counteracts all their movements with skill, and says, in his cool, collected way, “Keep your temper”; meaning all the while to provoke them till they grow mad with impatience, and make some desperate plunge. You will see; we shall fight then.’

The old soldier comprehended the spirit of his General, if he did not exactly fathom the depths of his intentions.

‘Hewitt, get yourself into your drum if you can. I would give something if I could find a shelter for myself and my beast this night. The heavens are growing black with thunder-clouds, and we shall have such a night as none but those who have lived in a mountainous district can conceive.’

‘Your forebodings, Dan, are generally so ominous, that you make me dread something for the morrow. Do you think the battle will come on?’

‘If it does, we shall have a grand prelude to it, in the elementary warfare of the prince of the night, my young friend. Do you not hear the distant grumbling of what you call Jupiter Tonans? These big drops now splashing upon our heads portend a coming torrent. I hope our troops will secure their fire-locks, and every man guard well his ammunition: never mind rust on the scabbard, if the blade is not tarnished. There it comes with a vengeance. Woho! Bellerophon—woho! my boy.’

Such was the name of Dan’s horse, which having, at his command, laid himself down at his master’s side, sprang up with affright, as a flash of lightning and peal of thunder through the Sierra, announced the sudden beginning of a storm such as the British army had never before encountered. That at Albuera was but a trifle compared to the impetuous torrent which now came pouring down upon the thousands who had nothing to do but to endure it.

It came, not like an English thunder-storm, with intervals between the flash and the report. Thunder and lightning came together, with such a crash that the very mountains of the Sierra seemed to strike fire, and to open like the sides of a volcano. Ordinary troops would have been terrified, and have sought shelter in the woods, rocks, caves, forts, or towns around; but the British soldiers had to remain at their posts.

Yet the heavens frowned terrifically; the thunder roared incessantly—aye, so incessantly, that if all the artillery of the contending armies had opened at once, it would have sounded as no more than a pop-gun, compared with the jarring bursts of the mighty elements above. Clouds rolled over clouds, and seemed to hurl each other down upon the warriors of the earth, and then to burst, with such awful discharges of electricity, as overpowered human vision with the most darkening confusion.

How the troops contrived to keep possession of their horses, and to maintain their posts, is wonderful. Some of the animals, indeed, could not be controlled, but, with bursting girths and furious madness, broken reins and terrified faces, ran wild over the plain, dashing through the infantry, blundering against the artillery, and rushing headlong into the Tormes, down the swollen current of which they were carried, till they reached some shallow but angry ford, and there they lay to choke the passage. Oh, that night! what a fearful havoc was made with the terrified animals! The men had to control them if they could, or lose their horses. Several Dragoon horses were struck dead by the lightning; yet, singular to relate, the men themselves, though holding their attractive swords, were not hurt.

‘Woho, Bellerophon! woho! There, gently my lad, gently!’ said Dan, patting his black friend’s neck, and holding him in the midst of such a torrent of rain as made him at that moment think of the great deluge.

To more minds than his did it seem as if God were pouring out the vials of his wrath upon the armies of men. Officers and privates, should any of them read these pages, will bear testimony to the truth of this description of that terrific night, the 21st of July, preceding the great battle of Salamanca.

‘Woho—woho! Quiet! quiet! quiet!’

But Bellerophon would not be quiet. He foamed at the mouth and champed his bit, and cast his head up to the skies, and shook

in every limb, whilst his bold, broad, wall eye looked more like some spectral, glaring orb, than that of an animal of flesh and blood. His whole bearing was a personification of unrestrained terror. His distended nostrils almost touched each other, affording the smallest channel for the rain to run down from his forelock. His plunging became so fierce, that neither Dan nor Hewitt together, nor several others assisting, could hold him. At last, down came a flash of lightning, with an accompanying thunderbolt, and struck the earth directly in front of the affrighted animal.

He sprang up into the air, above the heads of all the soldiers who were holding him. His reins were instantly snapped like threads, his saddle fell to the ground before him; and, when he did alight upon his haunches, it was a sight that would defy all the powers of a Landseer and a Fuseli united to depict. Four soldiers, in the attitude of unbounded astonishment—the unbridled animal, with his fore-legs like posts stuck out of the side of some dangerous fosse; his hind quarters doubled under his body, and his head raised to the utmost stretch, as if in the vain endeavour to look into the skies. The whole group stood for a moment, as though they were marble monuments of fixed astonishment. Dan's voice first broke the pause:

‘Woho! soho, my steed!’

In an instant up sprang Bellerophon, burst away from the scene, and never relaxed his speed, which carried him directly into the forest, till he was there stopped by rushing into the midst of the French horses.

Poor Dan's lamentations were in vain! He had lost his horse; and, should he have to retreat on the morrow, he must very soon be overtaken by the foe. The storm had not abated till long after the sun had risen, and the battle of Salamanca had begun. The light troops were skirmishing with each other, and many desperate individual combats took place.

As a cavalry regiment of the enemy wheeled in front of the 48th, every soldier saw the trumpeter's horse in the front rank of the enemy.

‘There is your charger Bellerophon, Colonel, with the French trumpeter on his back! I wish we could get him for Dan again,’ said the Adjutant.

‘If what I have heard be true, Dan can best get him for himself. Order the trumpeter to the front of the ranks.’

'Do you see my horse?' said the Colonel to poor Dan, who came limping, trumpet in hand, into the presence of his commanding officer. 'I have heard you can make that horse do anything. Now tell him to come here; and I will give him to you if he comes, and you shall never be charged a penny for his keep.'

The old soldier's eye twinkled with joy.

'He's worth a good blast, your honour; and, if the Frenchman has deprived him of his breakfast, I should not be surprised, your honour, if he should want one himself. Hurrah for the trumpeter's horse!' said Dan.

And with that he applied his trumpet to his mouth, and gave the French regiment such a loud and merry call, that they half suspected a charge of cavalry from the British Lines. What was their astonishment, however, to find that both regiments were to be convulsed with laughter at such an awful moment! In vain their own trumpeter sought to restrain the English horse. He turned his head, and in a moment galloped forward, in the sight of all the troops, to the British trumpeter, who kept on blowing his merry morning call, till rider and horse reached Dan Long to receive their breakfast.

It was in vain that the Frenchman pulled against Bellerophon. He had made up his mind to go to his old master, and if he would not let him go without him, why then, *volens volens*, he must keep him company.

'Ha! Monsieur. How do you do?' said Dan. 'Allow me to have the honour of holding your stirrup whilst you alight. Brother trumpeter, I am glad to see you come to partake of British hospitality. I am glad you like my steed; and if you just come to the rear with me, I have good entertainment for man and beast.'

It is not very difficult to divine the poor Frenchman's feelings. He looked as if he would have killed the horse; and probably, had he had time and opportunity, he would have so done before he would have been taken prisoner. But the thing was so rapidly performed, that Dan was master of his horse before the poor fellow could recover his senses. Another minute, and the rightful owner had changed places with the usurper, and the gallant 48th beheld their trumpeter exalted in his right position.

But the battle raged. England and France met in hostile array, and the manœuvres of the Generals gave place to the hottest fight.

Various success crowned the heights, and various contests blackened the plains. The sun burst forth, and warmed the freshened air, and quickly raised the steam from the earth, and dried the jackets of the men. The dust soon flew again, and mingled with the smoke of the combat. From morn until two in the afternoon there was incessant fighting, whilst high over the heads of all the vultures of the air wheeled their circular flight, expectant of the feast they were to enjoy. The no less ravenous vultures, the camp-followers in the distance, hovered about in troops, to see which army should first sound the retreat.

It was dusk before that moment fully came. The British General had taken advantage of the false move of Marmont, to cut off his communication with Ciudad Rodrigo; and he pressed his adversary with increased vigour. The French fled from the field, pursued all night by the victors; and the combat was renewed with double ardour with the morning light.

The most furious charge was made upon the enemy by Major-General Anson's brigade of cavalry, and Major-General Bock with the German Legion. In sight of Lord Wellington, and in fulfilment to the utmost of his most sanguine wishes, these gallant troops carried into execution the very thing he desired. They secured the whole body of infantry of the enemy's first division, and made them prisoners to a man.

The pursuit continued through the whole of the day, even into the next night, to the walls of Penaranda. The enemy's headquarters were disturbed, and they fled towards Valladolid. A halt was sounded, the British army rested; and an account of the dead, wounded, and prisoners was prepared, and sent to the camp.

Alas! Major-General Le Marchant was killed. Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton was wounded by one of his own sentinels, after the halt was made. Lieutenant-General Leith was wounded, Cole was wounded, Beresford was wounded, and the whole country was covered with the dead and wounded. But worse were the depredations of marauders, than all the terrors of the fight. Hordes of guerillas passed over the plains in bands, robbing all they could lay hands upon. Nor would the Spaniards assist in burying the dead, unless compelled to do it at the point of the bayonet. Singular, that a people in every way so cleanly and particular in their outward dress and deportment, should shew so little decency towards the dead!

A decisive victory was gained, exhibiting the talents of the General and the intrepid conduct of the soldier. Our veteran friend Dan, and his companion Hewitt, were here untouched, and rested in safety after all their fatigues in the beautiful village of San Ildefonso.

‘Thank God for his mercies, Dan! Here we are safe, wind and limb, after all our dangers. You have double reason to rejoice, Dan; for your horse has been a prisoner of war, and you have not only regained him, but he stands in closer relationship to you than ever!’

‘Thanks to our Colonel, and the brave support of my friends. Not that old Bellerophon was not as good as mine, to all intents and purposes, for I had him more frequently than the Colonel; and though he was called the Colonel’s, he was just as if he was my own. Now he is my own, but must still be called the Colonel’s. Here’s a health in a good glass of wine to your wife, Hewitt. She is praying for our safety, and may God preserve her for your comfort, and for the help of many a brave and wounded companion in this dreadful battle!’

‘Amen! say I, Dan—the most devoted husband to an honest soldier’s wife; and I only wish, Dan, you may live with us in your old days, in some retired village in my native land.’

‘That we must leave to God. So, peace with all, after this tremendous battle of the brilliant Salamanca.’

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRISONER.

WAR is a game at which those who win, frequently do so at a severe loss—like unfortunate victims in a law suit. Justice, equity, right, nay law and all its accessories, may be in their favour, and yet the result may prove ruinous to the clients: but the law and lawyers prosper. So, though soldiers conquer, and victorious armies march into cities the admiration of men, what is it they themselves frequently gain?—reproaches, indignities, and often all manner of losses, but that of their honour. An Englishman will die before he will lose that.

Many, many have so keenly felt the very idea of the loss of honour, as to prevent it by a sudden death. Certainly it is like female virtue; once lost, it becomes, in the eye of the world, irretrievable. Such high feeling stimulated thousands of British soldiers and sailors in the period of the long continental warfare, at the beginning of the present century.

Flushed with victory, our gallant troops pressed on their way to Madrid, and entered the capital of Spain after many a hard-fought battle, many a blood-stained field, many a dreary bivouac, many a night of storm. Over lofty mountains, traversed before by scarcely any but goatherds; through rocky passes winding along the sides of frightful precipices; through marshy grounds, where the foot was frequently without a standing, and arms and legs had to be used in extricating the soldier's body; through fords, where the neck was but just above the water, and frequently the stream so rapid as to carry the men off their legs—add to these a burning Spanish sun, to parch the limbs and scorch the skin! and then to have to fight for a nation who would do nothing for them, and scarcely thank them for their trouble, must not some nobler stimulus than mere mortal hopes and experience would warrant, have urged them

to perform their task? Yes! a sense of duty—a high sense of duty to God, their King, and their country, could alone have borne British soldiers through such difficulties as their Commander alone felt them equal to; one who had the wisdom never to put them to the trial, without having well considered and prepared them for the event.

Had the writer of these pages to undertake the great task of defending his brave countrymen in their perilous course, he could not do it better, than by making extracts from the despatches of their leader, the simplicity of whose style is so clear that a child may comprehend it; whilst the movements and the conduct of his army are laid down with such precision, accuracy, and intelligence, that England's proudest senator might study the sentences of a warrior, and learn from them that his words, descriptive of the great events, will never be surpassed by any historian.

Such an undertaking would be inconsistent with the humble object which these pages have in view. The general reader must, therefore, pardon the writer, should he pass over many a gallant action which the records of history have noticed, though his pen would delight to dwell upon them could he bring them within the compass of this narrative. He is compelled to pass by many a formidable barrier, which it required the efforts of thousands to surmount, and to dwell upon the simple records of an humble individual and her friends, whose history he has undertaken to give to the world. The hope, however, of affording aid to the soldier's daughter, wife, and widow, carries him onward before an indulgent public, and enables him to offer the best apology for the enterprise.* Disappointment he may gain, as he often has done; but he remembers that the greatest General of his day gained the same, even at the very time that his victorious army entered the walls of Madrid.

What did the Spanish government for him or his army? True, they received him with open arms, with flattering words, and the most ceremonious respect. They loaded him with empty titles, indulged him with a national bull-fight, and greeted him with *vivas*, making the air resound with the acclamations of ten thousand voices. They did one good thing—they made him Generalissimo of all the armies in Spain; but did they provide anything for his Commissariat? Did they fill his army chests with dollars for the

* How nobly that has been responded to, the widow must, by the hand of the author, most gratefully acknowledge.

pay of his troops? Or did they furnish his troops, already impoverished in their victorious march, with any supplies adequate to their deserts, or even to their pressing necessities? No! If they had, Wellington would have remained at Madrid. But he required some more substantial proofs of Spanish devotion to the great cause, than the mere adulation of their females, however magnificent or lovely in their persons or manners. Neither he nor his forces could live upon fair words or splendid triumphs. His watchful enemy was at hand, and the General knew that no exchange of fair words would drive him from the fastnesses of the country.

It is true that, at the siege of Burgos, Wellington failed; and it is equally true, that he as honourably confessed the causes of his failure, and nobly exonerates from blame the government at home, or any other persons. The conqueror of Rodrigo and Badajos confesses that his error was, not in the inadequacy of means to obtain the end, but in the employment of men who were never before engaged in a siege; and he owns that he saw, too late, that he should have brought up the men of Rodrigo and Badajos to execute his commands.

It was necessary for Wellington to retreat, or he would never have left the capital of Spain as he did. Various causes united to make him come to this resolution—causes which those who acted under him, or possessed minds of less comprehensive capacity, could never have calculated upon.

‘Dan, my boy, you must turn your horse’s head the other way, and sound a retreat,’ said one of his comrades, as Hill’s division received orders to fall back upon Tormes. ‘The foe is a bit too strong for us just now, and these mighty bombastic Dons, as lordly as Kings, but with no generosity in their composition, have given us but poor encouragement to fight their battles for them. I am not fond of hearing the sound of a retreat.’

‘May be not, Collins—may be not: but we must be fond of our orders. I’ll be willing to wager my brave Bellerophon against the tupidest Spanish ass, that our General does not retire but to gain more honour and renown for us all than he would do by advancing.’

‘That may be; but we feel our spirits flag tremendously, when compelled to turn our backs upon the enemy, and in the sight of all Spain to commence a retreat.’

‘Now, my spirits rather rise than sink, because I know the General is not a man to do so without just cause. Do you think

his honour is not more at stake than ours? If he lost a great battle by unskilful advances, would not his reputation fall with ours? And do you suppose that he, who has all of us under his direction for the honour of Old England, would not have every one of us do our best to follow out his instructions? Go your way; get on with your baggage, and leave me to sound a retreat at Wellington's command, with as much confidence as I would the onset in the battle. If you see Hewitt anywhere in the camp, tell him Old Dan wants to see him.'

'I am glad I spoke to you; you give me, by your confidence, courage and strength to make the retreat hopefully.'

'Go your way, my boy; if once a soldier lose confidence in his Commander, there is an end of discipline. We have had no reason to doubt the good intentions and good orders of our General.'

Hewitt was soon by the old soldier's side, and partook of the natural fears of his companions—not for the safety of the army, for of that he never doubted for an instant, but for the safety of his wife.

'This retreat to Salamanca may be dangerous to her, Hewitt,' said Dan, 'unless we could send off some of the peasants, or one of the guerillas, to inform her of it, and advise her to get upon the high-road to Badajos or Rodrigo; for I suspect we shall not have much rest until we reach one or the other of these strongholds of the country.'

'I will look out for a messenger,' was the reply.

He did look out—he found one, and paid one; but he was a false knave, and in all probability his loving epistle to his wife was safely conveyed to the hands of the French General, and did not reach Salamanca before the French troops came thundering into that city.

As it was, the British Commander would have risked another battle on the heights of San Christoval, had his opponent thought fit to measure swords with him. Many were the instances of bravery and intrepidity, both in the French and the English soldiers, in that memorable retreat from Burgos to Salamanca, and through that city to Rodrigo.

One instance of intrepidity no historian can fail to remark, namely, that of Captain Guingret; though in an enemy, it was as meritorious for its novelty and daring, as any recorded throughout the whole Peninsular War. His conduct at the Bridge of

Tordesillas will never be forgotten ; it made even Wellington alter his plan. He had arrived at the bridge, and found it broken down, whilst the Brunswick Oels troops occupied the tower and the runs to prevent the passage of the enemy. But they could not do so ; Captain Guingret, with sixty swimmers, stripped themselves, though in the cold weather, and having made a slight raft, upon which they placed their clothes, pushing the raft before them, and carrying their naked swords in their mouths, they arrived on the opposite bank ; and, in as primitive a state as the savages of any new found island, rushed naked to the contest, and carried the tower, as they deserved to do. It was an exploit the mention of which may be worthy of being pardoned, even in this humble narrative. It might have been the very circumstance which prevented our heroine from hearing in time from her husband, and caused her to be taken prisoner.

News arrived in Salamanca that the English were retreating ; and very soon the flying squadrons of Dragoons came thundering through the streets. Already the British forces had filed through the suburbs, and were upon their old battle ground. Their distress at this time was very great. Our heroine heard of the 48th, and fled out of the city to meet her husband and her friend.

She had a short, a loving interview with Hewitt and Old Dan ; but she was struck with alarm at their ghastly and half-famished appearance.

‘Wife, I thought you were by this time at Rodrigo,’ said Hewitt. ‘I sent you word ten days since that we were in full retreat, and I expected to hear nothing of you until we reached our destination.’

‘I heard nothing from you !’

‘Then have I lost my dollars, and you, my dear, my letter. But I am glad you are safe. That is a blessing, at all events.’

● ‘But you look wretchedly thin, Hewitt ; you have been half starved—and, as for dear old Dan, his cheeks look so thin, that I wonder how he can blow the trumpet in his hands !’

‘We have not fared very sumptuously, my dear ; and I do not think our General is aware of the extent of our privations. The Commissariat is pushed forward, and is going on and on, whilst we have hardly strength to overtake it. Still, cheerfully do we bear our privations.’

‘I think I can get you some provisions. I began to be so well

known in Salamanca, and to be so well treated, on account of my attentions to the wounded, than even the French prisoners loved me!

'Thank God for that! I am glad to hear it, my dear. It is good even to gain the love of your enemies, far better than beating them with your swords.'

'You would be surprised, Hewitt, to find what fond creatures these Frenchmen are, when any one is attentive to them in sickness. There is a great deal of good nature in them; and, as to patience, as to gentleness, as to gratitude for my attention to them, they surpass so greatly anything I have met with in my own countrymen, that I heartily wish we were all friends instead of foes. I am not afraid to go back into Salamanca, even if it should be in possession of the French; and I am positive I could gain you some supplies.'

'You must be quick then, my daughter. Go! You have my permission to go. Clayton and his wife, you say, are still there? You may go in safety, then.'

She went. She had filled her bag with provisions, and was engaged for a moment taking leave of her patients, when Clayton rushed into the room.

'Off! off! The French are upon us!'

She had but to strap her bag over her shoulder, and, poor woman, she was laden before and behind.

'Adieu! adieu! adieu!' called out several French sufferers—for the English wounded had been removed—and our heroine essayed to go. But at that moment a French officer entered the apartment, and behind him several guards; and our heroine, Sergeant Clayton's wife, and two other women, were made prisoners.

It was in vain that she solicited permission to go. The tears ran down her cheeks, her anguish was very great; but the French officer was inflexible!

The wounded soon made known to the officer the kind treatment they had received at the hand of the soldier's wife, and it obtained for our heroine the respect she deserved. She was permitted to remain at large in the same house, and was treated with the most delicate attention, though, at the same time, with a firm denial of release. She was, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner, and she saw no likelihood of escape. She thought of her husband, of Dan, and of the British army; and, though she had nothing to complain

of in the treatment she experienced, yet she could not bear even the limited imprisonment she endured, notwithstanding all the politeness of French behaviour.

She frequently eyed the sentinel at the bridge, and longed to escape.

As she stood one evening looking into the Tormes from the battlements of the bridge, and wishing most heartily she could pass the sentinel unobserved, she was surprised to hear herself accosted in her own language by the sentinel on duty.

‘What do you do in Salamanca, young woman? I perceive you are English, and so have I been once; and, if I mistake not, you are the wife of one Thomas Hewitt, of the band of the 48th.’

‘I am so, Sir,’ said she, ‘I am so; but who are you? You know me, and I ought to know your voice; but I do not know who you are.’

‘How is our old friend, Dan Long? Is he alive still, and in the campaign?’

‘He is alive. I left him the day before yesterday to come into this city, with his permission, to get some food for him, for he is half starved in the retreat. I was too late to make my escape, and I am now a prisoner in Salamanca, with Sergeant Clayton’s wife and two other women.’

‘And what good can it be to a Frenchman to keep an English-woman in prison? I’ll tell you what, young woman, though you do not know me, and I am glad of it, yet will I do you all a service. I am sentinel on the bridge to-night; come all four of you, if you can, at midnight, and give the pass-word “Marmont,” and I will let you pass, and so will my comrade on the other side. But be off now; for if I am seen talking to an Englishwoman, it is ten to one but I shall be superseded in my watch. I will whisper my name in your ear, when you give me the watchword at midnight, if you will not betray me.’

This was a most unexpected chance for our heroine, who thought not of any danger beyond the bridge, but communicated to her friends the great and fortunate circumstance of some unknown countryman’s salutation and promise. At midnight, the women contrived to be at the bridge, gave the word ‘Marmont;’ and as our heroine passed by, preceded by her companions, a voice whispered in her ear ‘George Sneath, of the band of the 48th;’ and she recognised the only deserter from Dan’s band from before the lines of Torres Vedras.

The party passed along the high road, and entered unmolested the defiles of the Sierra. It was a night of great anxiety to the four Englishwomen, one of whom, however, sailed under false colours; for, instead of being as pretended a poor English soldier's wife, it was one of the male sex in petticoats, who had resorted to the expedient of borrowing a suit of female attire for the purpose of escaping observation in obtaining supplies. They journeyed along the Sierra, and could see the distant bivouac fires of their friends, and determined to travel all night, hoping to arrive at the rear-guard in the morning. They passed many a drooping soldier on the road that night; and, alas! many an one who had burst into the wine caves, and drank to his own ruin.

As the morning dawned their hopes revived, and they were anxiously anticipating the delight of friends upon their rejoining the British army. In turning an angle of the Sierra, and when they had just caught sight of the rear-guard of Paget's division, they were surprised by being suddenly commanded to halt: a leader of guerillas, with hat and feathers shading his sun-burnt features, accosted them with a demand for whatsoever they possessed.

Though this was made with the utmost pomposity of courtesy, yet there was such an absolute spice of determination, as shewed that resistance would be of no avail; and our heroine's purse, with a few dollars in it, was received by the guerilla chief with as much politeness and ceremony as if he had received alms for some most popular charity. Had the whole four behaved with the same liberality and submission, all might have reached the army unmolested; but the man shewed no inclination to deliver his purse, and seemed disposed to resist the guerillas. This led to the most unpleasant mortification, for the gentleman in female attire was literally stripped and flogged, and would have been murdered but for the intercession of our heroine, whose evidently feminine situation, though it did not prevent her from being searched and plundered, prevented her being ill-used even by these marauders.

She had here, however, to sustain a loss which made her weep for mortification more keenly than for any loss of her own—that of poor Dan's gold snuff-box. In vain she begged and prayed for its return; in vain she implored it, and stated her reasons for her desire. They could not, did not, or would not understand her; and she had the deep mortification of knowing, that had not

resistance been offered, she should have preserved the most valuable and confidential relic that she possessed.

Alas, it was gone! and when she reached the British army, and told old Dan of her misfortune, his reply was as characteristic of the man as any preceding acts or words of his life—

‘Never mind the box, my dear; I shall not take snuff out of it a moment longer, but I shall never lament the loss, as long as you have made your escape. It is a good proof that we shall make our’s in safety—I am delighted at your luck. Never mind the old gold snuff-box, you are worth a hundred of them; and, as to the guerilla, I wish him half as much joy with the sight of the face under the lid as I have in that of your’s, my dear, in our camp. Never mind a Frenchman’s snuff-box and his intended’s face, so long as the soldier’s wife returns in safety to her husband, from the double danger of imprisonment and murder.’

Dan was happy. So was Hewitt at the escape of his wife; and he resolved that, if she were made a prisoner again, it should only be with her defender and husband.

Lord Wellington conducted his army safely to Ciudad Rodrigo, not without opposition from his friends and his foes; not without disobedience, alas! in his own officers and men; not without having his own qualities as a General severely put to the test, even in the very last stage of that masterly retreat—but to the full satisfaction of his own judgment, and, ultimately, to the admiration of all Europe.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

Soon after the allied armies reached Rodrigo, Lord Hill's division was ordered to proceed to the south, and take up its winter-quarters in various towns along the line. Detachments were established at Coria, at Badajos, Elvas, Portalègre, and Abrantes, so as to afford the least possible inconvenience to the people, and, at the same time, to give protection to the surrounding districts. A period of rest was actually required by both armies; and, as the winter had set in, the operations of both must of necessity be limited, and confined principally to the internal economy of their respective camps.

'We are likely to have a little rest, old comrade,' said one of the 48th to Dan, as they were entering Elvas. 'I hope we shall soon have all arrears of pay as well, for my shoes are worn out, my hose threadbare, and I have scarcely a whole covering to my skin.'

'And yet, old fellow, you wonder that our Commander should require snug quarters, and not be at this very time firing away at the French beyond Burgos. Have a little patience, and, as I'm a living man, before this time next year you will see the French beyond Burgos.'

'But, Dan, it was a hard thing to beat the French out of Madrid; and harder still, to be ourselves beaten out again.'

'That I deny. It might be a hard thing to carry our arms successfully so far; but when supplies fail, and allies do not come forward, it becomes a much easier thing to give up what you have got, than it was to get it. I have lived long enough to know that it is a very difficult task to earn a hundred pounds; but it is a very easy thing to spend it when you have got it. So with the British army; it was hard work to gain so many battles and win Madrid, but a very easy thing indeed to lose it. I am content. We shall soon regain our lost position, only have faith in your leader.'

'Well, Dan, you must be glad of a little rest.'

‘As to that, Dan is never better in health than when in full exercise. We must not expect that we are going to remain inactive because we are not actually fighting. We have a great deal to do, much hard work to perform, to raise recruits, re-organize new regiments, exercise ourselves in masses, in manœuvres, in marching, and above all things, in cooking.’

‘You do not want to make French cooks of us, Dan?’

‘No, but I wish we had as expeditious a method of cooking our rations as the French have of cooking theirs. The thing is done with them before we have begun; fires lighted—water boiled—provisions all distributed without the least confusion, and the men ready for the march, before we have swallowed a mouthful.’

‘How do you account for this, Dan?’

‘Simply because the labour is properly divided. There are in every regiment a number of men set apart for this purpose, hewers of wood, drawers of water, cooks, and distributors, all ready to work when the regiment halts; and if, instead of the English hurry-scurry, with the old iron pot which takes hours to boil, we had a tin saucepan or kettle, we should do the thing with as much decorum as the French, and be ready to march in half the time, This must be amended, and many things besides.’

‘Ay, Dan,’ said Hewitt, as he came alongside his old friend, ‘and if we had a few tents to pitch, it would not be amiss. Here’s my poor wife and I have had to gather dry leaves, if we could find them, and, like the babes in the wood, make our bed, which every morning’s blast blew away again.’

‘Well, Hewitt,’ said the soldier’s wife, ‘how thankful ought we to be that we have our health! We have made many a house, clumsily I own at first, but by degrees we became accomplished builders. We have had to make many a house of nothing but boughs of ilex and of mountain firs; and, thanks to our dear friend Dan, we have slept as soundly as if we had blanket, coverlet, and down for our repose.’

‘Ay, my dear, I dare say you are glad we are getting into winter-quarters. Remember your promise. Your first boy is to be called Dan, and I am to be sponsor for him; if there is anything in him like father or mother, he will be like me only in name, for never did I see two finer specimens of the British nation than your husband and yourself. Thomas ought to have been in the Grenadiers, and you, Queen of the Amazons. If your child be named

Dan, he will not, if like you or your husband, be unlike Dan Long, for he will be anything but short. But here we are at Elvas, and I must see again the poor Portuguese widow who nursed me with my broken shin. I have no little joy in visiting her again.'

Dan and the soldier's wife soon found the widow, and made her a happy woman by some substantial gift of kindness for her winter's store.

Some of the sick had to move on by easy stages to Abrantes, on account of the good hospital established there; others went on to Badajos.

The English were not so favourably received among the Portuguese as they ought to have been. They had fought hard to keep the foe from their hearths; but the plains of Albuera and Salamanca, though whitened with their bones, did not make the Portuguese or Spaniards behave even with decency towards the British soldier.

'Dan Long,' said an orderly soldier, 'you are to move with a detachment to Badajos. You are an old soldier, skilled in training and drilling men; your services will be in requisition every day; Hewitt is to accompany his wife to Abrantes, to see the sick safe into the hospital, and to help the surgeons in their duty.'

'Then farewell, my brave trumpeter and friend,' said Hewitt; 'you have been more like a father to us than a companion. God bless you, Dan!'

'God bless you, my young friends!' said the old soldier. 'I must do my duty, and, if we enter upon another campaign together, I hope we shall find each other improved in every respect. Take care of your wife, Hewitt, and keep a sharp look out upon your bivouac. These border mountains are full of robbers, and even a soldier is not always safe. They are not quite so polite as the Spanish guerillas, but will take all you have, and leave you naked. Keep a sharp look-out. Farewell, my daughter, I wish you a prosperous time at Abrantes.'

'Dan, good bye!—I often think of the snuff-box. I wish I had it now!'

'For what, my dear? It would do neither you nor me any good; and as to using it when the wars are over, who can tell whether the French Count or Dan Long may either of them survive. I say again, I am not sorry you have lost the snuff-box. All valuables ought to be sent to the army-chest, and I wish my gold snuff-box had been turned into Spanish dollars for the good of the

army instead of occupying a guerilla's pocket; but no more of it, my dear! Fare you well.'

The friends parted, Hewitt for his mountain course, and Dan Long for Badajos.

It was not the pleasantest time in the year for travel under any circumstances. The wintry blasts of November began to roar angrily among the forest trees, and the nights were piercingly cold. The few brave fellows, too, who were sent to Abrantes, so far from the camp, were almost like the leaders of a forlorn hope. Their wounds did not require any immediate dressing; but their constitutions were so worn out with their exertions, that it was thought advisable for them to be sent under proper escort so far into Portugal, as to be out of the way of any camp, noise, or interruption. Sergeant Clayton and a company of soldiers were sent with them.

It was not all pleasure, their journey to Abrantes. They had mules to ease their march, and for exchange with each other, and they were indulged with a luxury which few possessed during the first two years of the Peninsular war—namely, a warm tent to sleep under. And it was well they had it; for the sequel will show that not all the watchfulness of the sentinel could guard the party from attacks from enemies they could not see by day, and frequently could not hear by night.

On the second night after leaving Elvas, as our heroine lay near the side of the tent, and was buried in slumber, dreaming perhaps of Dan Long and his lost snuff-box, she was suddenly awakened by something tugging at the old soldier's cloak in which she was wrapped. She rose up, and still she felt something pulling and snuffling; at last she heard a low angry growl, and her conjectures were instantly formed as to the visitor. The tent itself was evidently lifted up, and a wolf was tugging at the covering to get at her feet. The animal had crept under the lower part of the tent, which had again fallen down to the level of the earth, so that the wolf's tail was the only part of his fearful figure, and that only in part, on the outside of the canvass.

'Wolf! wolf! wolf!' exclaimed our heroine, as loud as she could, to the great alarm of every inmate of the tent. Little had they imagined that at midnight they should be called up to a wolf-hunt, even under the cover of their own habitation.

In a moment up sprang the men and two women of the party, but our heroine very wisely kept her recumbent posture. Still she

found that her cry was re-echoed. 'Wolf! wolf! wolf!' and a shriek from one of the terrified women told that the monster was close upon her. Swords were drawn, pistols were cocked, and bayonets ready; and the wolf was as frightened as the women. He sprang at the canvass, leaped up as if it were at a wall, and fell back again directly upon our heroine, who still thought it best not to stir, though the wolf crouched against her head, and she could hear him gnashing his angry jaws, and breathing like fire near her face. The beast, however, was too terrified to take any notice of her. As the sentinel opened the partition, the wolf, as if he caught a glimpse of hope, shot across the tent and encountered the powerful grasp of the man, who, in the darkness, not knowing what it was, caught him as he sprang directly against him.

One has heard of catching a Tartar, but catching a wolf in one's arms is something new in the annals of the marvellous. The reader may suppose that it was not very wonderful that the man should be bitten, which he certainly was, and, as may be supposed, he was not long in shaking off his rough antagonist.

'Here he is, here he is! kill him, kill him!' but the wolf was not killed at that moment, and in the confusion it was extremely fortunate that no human being was. It was dangerous to strike any where. The party were in darkness, and darkness always adds to the terrors of the imagination; each one felt the wolf, either bolting against or creeping near him, or heard his growl, or saw his eyes glare. But the wolf was a lucky fellow, for he fortunately, in his struggles, got his head under the loose place where he entered, and made his exit just as Corporal Bowles struck a light in the pan of his pistol, and all eyes were strained to discover him.

'Where is the wolf?' Search was made without difficulty; our heroine remained unhurt; and had the Corporal's arm not been bitten, some might have thought it a false alarm.

'What fools we all are!' exclaimed Hewitt, 'not to have a lamp suspended from the centre of the tent.' How true is it, that experience only will teach men true caution. Had a lamp been burning, probably the wolf would not have ventured into the tent, and if he had, might easily have been despatched. But a lamp burning has its dangers and inconveniences as well as its advantages.

The night after this adventure the lamp was burning with a good light. The snow had begun to fall, and our heroine and the party had before them but another day's journey through the

Sierra. That night, however, was a very eventful one, and the lamp was, in some measure, the cause of a disaster which otherwise might not have happened ; and which proved worse than the alarm of the wolf.

It is impossible to give a just idea of the wild state of the Portuguese peasants and people, at the very time when Lord Wellington made his wise pause at Ciudad Rodrigo, to refresh and recruit his army. Not all Beresford's tact could at that time enforce discipline among the Portuguese troops. The surprise, however, may be much qualified, when it is known that the poor fellows were only half clothed, half fed, never paid, and rather encouraged than otherwise to detest the English. Lord Wellington's remonstrances were strongly urged against the heads of the government in that country for their barbarity. In some instances, he himself had to exert a strong arm to subdue the pilfering marauders of the country ; and indignant indeed must he have been at discovering, that men high in power could be so degraded, as to let petty jealousies and hostile persuasions urge them to treat him and their best friends with indignity.

Just at this time, a formidable band of brigands infested the country near the town of Abrantes, and carried on their depredations to a most fearful extent. They would assume the garb of peasants by day, and pretend to be in search of employment, when they were really only acting as spies in quest of some fit occasion for midnight plunder. Soldiers had deserted the army to join these banditti ; and, strange as it may seem, these bad men could act boldly under a villanous leader, rob their own countrymen or their allies, and desert the ranks of a brave man and a good cause for the exercise of their swords. This formidable band used to separate into companies, and, after certain days, to unite for the division of their spoils.

One of their scouts had discovered the troop of soldiers on their route to Abrantes, and had reconnoitred their position, counted their numbers, ascertained that they were sick, and the probable gain if they should attack them. This he did by artfully pretending to have been plundered and left upon the road ; when a very few paces from the spot where he lay, his arms and clothes were concealed in a thicket. In this manœuvre, however, the fellow had exposed to British soldiers the dangers they might expect, and, in consequence, had awakened in them double vigilance. Had

not his tale, if true or false, created suspicion, they might have been taken unawares.

'I did not like that fellow's appearance,' said our heroine to Hewitt. 'He brings to my mind the warning of our dear friend, Dan, "Look out sharp for your bivouac!" Now, to my mind, that wretch whom some of you relieved, is more like a cut-throat than a beggar. Did you see his glance at us? Did you see his eager look at the corporal's pouch, as he gave him a maravedi, and how very little like a real beggar he took it? Now, Hewitt, will you for once fulfil my orders? It may be curiosity, but just do it for my sake. Now go back and look after that fellow, as we have but just turned round this rock. If you find him lying there still, distressed and wounded, he is a beggar—if not, look sharp, as Dan says, "Look sharp to your bivouac!"'

'Your suspicions do in some measure correspond with my own. I will just tell the sergeant, and do as you bid me.' He had full permission to go. He went, and instead of finding the fellow lying upon the spot where they had left him, he saw him standing on a higher ledge of the rock, and with a gun in his hand. Luckily for Hewitt, he had one also ready primed and loaded; for the fellow, thinking he was unperceived, and imagining Hewitt was a lone traveller, was preparing to give him a murderous salute. His object however, being satisfactorily gained, he returned to his company.

'You were right, wife. That fellow was, as sure as you said it, neither more nor less than a brigand. I saw him with his gun in his hand, and I verily believe he is not far from his companions. I must report my discovery to the sergeant.'

'Your wife has deeper penetration than I have. I did not think it when I saw the fellow, and was completely taken in by his plausibility. Now, Hewitt, we must be upon our guard. I shall propose that the ten soldiers all lie under arms this night, that we double the sentinels on duty, and that every man has his pistols well loaded and primed, his gun in hand, and his cutlass buckled on him. I like your wife's vigilance, and will equal hers, if I can, this night.'

It was a fortunate circumstance—truly providential—that the eye of our heroine happened to fall upon that villain. Virtue, valour, honesty, fidelity, and love are in this life great gifts of wisdom, and our heroine possessed them in a high degree. They sometimes meet with their reward when but little expected; and when they do, the possessor most promptly gives thanks to God, from whom all

real virtues can alone proceed. How singular that her observations should have been the means of preserving the lives of all the party! No one else had the least suspicion awakened. So humble was the instrument of wisdom thus used to preserve life: but life was not preserved without a struggle.

The tent was pitched; each soldier was made acquainted with the danger, and no one, male or female, closed an eye that night. Neither our heroine nor her companions attempted to lie down to rest, but sat, hour after hour, watching the countenances of the armed soldiers. Even the sick had provided themselves with weapons, determined to defend the inside of the encampment, should the supposed enemy effect an entrance.

It was a night of general watchfulness; and well it was so, for anything but the utmost vigilance and activity must have terminated in the total destruction of the party. The night was unusually windy. Blast after blast roared over their heads. How fearfully grand is the howling of the wind on a night of watchful terror! Sweep over sweep comes the rushing, moaning, stormy blast; and the lull is not less fearful, on account of the expectation of the coming roar.

It was in one of those stilly moments that a foot-fall was heard from the adjacent summit. It was as if a man jumped from a height of some five or six feet upon a rocky ground. Another! another! and another! and then came the bellowing winds bursting over their heads, and shaking the tent even in its sheltered position. The men all rose, thankful for this indication of an expected enemy. In another moment Hewitt put his head into the tent, and, like the great commander on the battle-field, he spoke but two words: 'To arms!' and every soldier filed out of the tent. The sick closed up the rear, and had scarcely taken their position, before a bullet came whizzing through the tent, and very nearly blew the lamp out.

'Down! down!' said our heroine, forgetting in a moment that she was not a commander. 'Down on your knees, my brave fellows, or you may be killed in the tent!' for, singular to relate, their figures inside that space, from the powerful light of the Spanish lamp, had become the first mark for a volley; and scarcely had they dropped at the suggestion of our heroine, when a volley poured through the tent, tearing a hole that soon admitted air enough to extinguish the light. No second volley entered the tent. The snow on the ground rendered the figures of the brigands

perfectly open to the view of the soldiers, who, prepared for them, formed in line in a moment, and gave their cowardly attack such a reply as, in another, sent six villains into eternity.

A desperate rush succeeded. Swords, pistols, carbines and blunderbusses rang in succession. The brigands were twice the number of their opponents, but had not half the discipline. They rushed like madmen upon the soldiers, and met the death of madmen. They fought; but it was with the desperation of those who know they have not a good cause, and, consequently, have no steadiness of action. Sergeant Clayton and Corporal Bowles acted as commanders, and well did they imitate British officers. The fire slackened—the robbers wavered. ‘Charge bayonets!’ was the word; and as the fellows were endeavouring to climb up the rock, the soldiers charged in form, and only five men escaped.

‘Stand to arms!’ was the sergeant’s order, as no enemy any longer ventured to shew himself.

‘Stand to arms! my brave fellows; there may be a reserve. Load your guns, see your pistols are right. Keep your swords drawn, and take no heed whatever of the rascals lying around you.’

They obeyed, as though the great Captain had himself been present. They halted round the tent; but one man of their own party was missing, and they could not search for him at the moment. An hour passed away. No gun was heard, no beacon fired, no signal that any more might be expected. Lamps were lighted; a torch was obtained from the tent, and the battle-field examined.

The first man found was their comrade, Isaac Cole. He was not dead. He had received a ball in his groin, and a cut over his brow. Poor fellow! he was carried into the tent, and all that could be done for him was done by the grateful inmates, his comrades and companions. But he smiled in death; he kissed the hands that helped him, and as if he were conscious he had done his duty, he bowed his head upon his breast, and sank into the arms of those who supported him.

The next brought in was the very rascal who had begged alms of the party in the course of the day’s march. Never was there such a contrast between the death of duty and the death of disobedience. His frantic eye rolled wildly through the tent. The villain had his senses keen, quick, susceptible, and poignant. He saw that he was detested. He saw no one to pity him. He beheld only the scorn and execration of those around him. He knew that he

deserved his fate; and to see his writhing tortures, his agonized features, to hear his horrid screams and execrations, as death hovered over his senses, and the demon of impenetrable darkness dragged him down to despair, made the stoutest soldier shudder, and declare that this villain seemed to die the very death of the damned! Twelve men lay dead upon the snow, and the morning brought some friends of charity, who dared not venture upon the night's encounter.

Reports spread far and wide that a great battle had been fought between the soldiers of Wellington and the banditti of Abrantes; and though it was but a skirmish, yet it was not without its moral effect, and was one of the first blows to the brigand system, which had been so daringly pursued. Two wounded men were taken the next day, and hanged upon the walls of Abrantes; and thus did the soldier's wife become the signal cause of effecting the overthrow of a most desperate gang.

The party arrived safely at Abrantes. Their fame had preceded them; and on account of their conduct in the hills, they were warmly received by the inhabitants.

The violent excitement produced by this incident was attended by a personal misfortune to our heroine, who, shortly after her arrival at Abrantes, was taken ill, and brought prematurely into the world that offspring which she had been expecting. She had many kindnesses shewn her, not only by the Portuguese women, but by every one of the troop; the invalids and all remembered that, under God, they were indebted to her for their lives, and they did not fail, therefore, to pay her the respect she so well deserved. Her infant survived the recovery of its parent only about two months. It was never strong, and died before any orders arrived for the party to rejoin the army. The mortification of this disaster was sincerely felt by old Dan. Still, in his characteristic way, he said: 'Well, God's will be done! The chicken will sometimes be taken away even from under the hen's wing.' Our heroine received such kindness from many friends, that though her loss was great to herself at the time, yet she had ample reason to see that it was better both for her and her child thus to be separated early, than to have to encounter the dangers of the camp, and probably a more lingering or untimely death.

She gradually recovered; and in the spring of the year joined with her husband the regiment, and again became associated with its operations and services.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VITTORIA.

DURING the winter of 1812, the British army was strengthened in every limb. Lord Wellington had visited Cadiz and Lisbon, had inquired into the state of laxity into which the soldiers of Spain and Portugal had fallen, and obtained powers to make such alterations and dispositions of things as the exigencies of the times required. Of his comprehensive genius, even the present generation, though witness of his efforts, can form no just idea. It will only be when future years shall have weighed him in the scales of historical justice, that his prepondering talents will be fully appreciated.

One cannot help, even in speaking of the humble individuals forming mere ciphers in this great man's operations, being drawn away from the narrative to hint at the combinations of the master-mind under which the humbler spirits worked. So men are drawn from the minutiae of Nature to contemplate the majesty of the Creator. It is indeed to compare small things with great, even to mention the great Captain of the age as one of the humble instruments in the hands of God; for the greatest are indeed but cyphers in the conduct of his mighty affairs. The same providence, however, is shown to the concerns of a little village, as to those of a great empire; and, if governed by his Spirit, will be conspicuous for the encouragement of peace and contentment. Every soldier hopes for peace when war is stirring. All know that the chances of battle are a thousand to one in favour of death; yet the fearful odds against them do not deter men from taking them, and still hoping for life. And truly, if God be their hope, their single chance amounts to such an absolute certainty, as to make the thousand flee before them.

Colonel Simeterre was applied to just at this time by General Hamilton, who was ill, for permission for our heroine to attend him

in his sickness, as he had heard from many quarters of the peculiar qualifications possessed by the soldier's wife for the office of nurse.

Accordingly, our heroine was sent to the mansion which General Hamilton occupied: and here it was, while attending upon the General, that she had her first interview with the Commander of the allied armies. The General was very ill, and Lord Wellington paid him a friendly visit. He observed his nurse, and said to her:

'What countrywoman are you?'

'Irish by birth, your Honour; born on the Rock of Gibraltar, and an English soldier's wife.'

'What regiment?'

'The 48th, your honour.'

'Have you been long with the army?'

'I have been all through the campaign.'

'What's your name?'

'My maiden name was Wellington, and my present name is Hewitt. My husband is in the band of the 48th.'

Lord Wellington smiled; and the General observed that she had been known to poor Donnellan and Duckworth.

'Bring me a glass of cold water.'

And our heroine had the honour of conveying a refreshing draught to the great man's hand. Nor has that been without its reward. In the days of her widowhood, her claim to the charity of the hero was acknowledged, and she received a substantial proof of attention in her distress, through the hands of a county magistrate of Norfolk,* who represented her case to the Duke.

She remained in attendance on General Hamilton until her own anxieties induced her again to join the army, and to leave the service of a general officer for the more congenial one of waiting upon a husband and her friend. It was not that she was not well paid; it was not that she wanted anything for her own convenience and comfort; neither was it that she did not give satisfaction to the General in her attendance upon him, nor that he did not improve under her care. The General was kind to her, and would have had her stay; but when the heart is away, what is the use of arms or legs? They cannot perform the duty of the heart, and, consequently, their possessor can enjoy but little satisfaction.

Our heroine, in spite of all attentions, did not feel herself comfortable in remaining any longer away from the society she loved;

* The Rev. J. D. Borton, Rector of Blofield.

and she told the General she could not stay longer, and that, as he was now convalescent, she requested a discharge from his service, and a letter to the Colonel of her regiment.

She received both from General Hamilton, and joined her companions on the ever-memorable march of the British army to the glorious field of Vittoria. She came with a character consistent throughout for virtue and honour, and was delighted at the glee of old Dan, who, with no little triumph, crowed on his black charger Bellerophon, for he had been, in his way, instrumental in bringing about the discipline which then, and afterwards, graced the arms of Wellington.

‘I told you, Collins, that we should come againto Madrid before another year should come round; and here we are, my boy, without one drop of blood split in our advance, and with as brave a front as ever looked an enemy in the face.’

‘But we have no enemy to look at, Dan. They are all fled; King Joseph and his women are filling the road to Burgos. I should like to see that castle again. We got so far before, I wonder if we shall now get beyond it?’

‘Wellington will retreat no more, take my word for that. I told you he would retreat but for the purpose of strengthening himself; and now the very sight of his army, equipped as it is, and organized with vigour in every department, causes the enemy to fly.’

‘Yes, Dan, at the sight of our numbers and strength. Frenchmen are not easily scared. We must not expect to awe the French out of Spain.’

‘No, boy, no! but our leader’s movements seem to ensure such indisputable advantage, that more honour is to be gained by getting out of his way, than by confronting him. Here we have come triumphantly forward, with an army moved as expeditiously as if it were upon parade. Mountains, rivers, wolds, and marshes could not impede our progress; and the inhabitants of Madrid behold a spectacle of power re-invigorated, forming such a contrast with our last year’s feebleness that they look at us with the utmost astonishment. That retreat produced these things. Our Commander saved more by his own single and determined courage, than the whole united forces of the army could have gained last year at this place.

‘Bravo, Dan!’ said our heroine, who at that time came up to his stirrup, and looked him calmly in the face. ‘Bravo, Dan! I always said you were a good prophet; and what is next to be?’

‘What, my dear? Why, on to Burgos, to be sure, and on to

the Pyrennees, and home through France; how would you like that?’

‘I should like it much, Dan, if I could but recover your gold snuff-box. We might stand a chance of being well received in France, and you would be rewarded.’

‘But this trumpet, Mary, must sound the onset many a time before then; and old Bellerophon and old Dan may be placed *hors de combat* before that time. But you are with us at Madrid, and what do you think of it, my daughter?’

‘I think, Dan, it looks like anything but what I expected to see. I was told in Salamanca that it was the very life and joy of the kingdom; but I see only a dull and dirty-looking place, except the great palace of King Joseph. As to the river, why people seem to have to shove boats over dry flats to get along the stream. Every man I meet, Dan, seems like your description of old Cuesta, the Spanish General—a pompous ass, with long ears and a long tail; but very little else worthy of notice, except his stupidity.’

‘Well done, daughter! you are a fair judge, and an unfair one; for you are fair in yourself, not far off in your fancy. But as yet you can only judge by first impressions.’

‘I wish my first impressions may give rise to fairer ones. But, until they do, Dan, just let them abide, until they have reason to be superseded by better. I hear we are to be indulged with a grand bull-fight in honour of our return; and we women are all to be admitted.’

‘The sight of the place is more brilliant than the sight itself, which is but a sorry provocation of a poor beast to his own destruction. I prophecy that you will be disgusted. There is no accounting for tastes, my dear: but I have always observed, that where females delight in scenes of wanton cruelty and brutality, there are more cowards among the people than if they remained at their distaffs. “A merciful man is merciful to his beast,” says the proverb; and in these scenes, to my eye, the poor beast is much more noble than the Spaniards. I do not think you will like it.’

‘I am sure I shall not, after what you say, Dan; and I do not think I shall go.’

‘Nay; go by all means. You will see the people of Spain to the best advantage. I would have you go, and I will obtain leave for Hewitt to go with you; but I have seen enough of it at our former visit. Go, by all means.’

The bull-fight in Spain is a sight more popular than any which can be mentioned in the customs of any other country. The whole population of Madrid seemed mad with the expectation of the scene, in courtesy to the allies. Half the vast theatre of the Plaza de Toros was allotted to them, the whole northern side of the amphitheatre being reserved exclusively for their use.

'The people seemed to me,' said our heroine to Dan the next day, 'the people seemed to me more mad than the bulls. If they would but go as eagerly and as enthusiastically to battle as they do to a bull-fight, there are no soldiers in the world that could resist them. We got a good front place near the *toril*, and I had a fine view of the people. You cannot think, Dan, how strangely I felt, to see half the immense circus occupied by British and Portuguese soldiers, and the other half by the nation for whom they were then preparing to fight; and all this at a species of holiday spectacle. It made me feel melancholy to see such crowds come together to witness a scene of excitement, when their enemies were but just beyond the precincts of the place. Elegant women were fanning their sun-burnt features with large fans, and looking a strange and lowering contrast to their white veils. It was the most gaudy, flaunting sight I ever beheld; and I never desire to see such another.

'The great key of the *toril*, where the bull was shut up, close under us, was thrown to a man in the arena, who caught it in his hat.' The trumpet sounded—the door was unlocked, and out came a stately bull, confronting a man on horseback, who most coolly saluted him as he came out. The beast looked around upon the multitude, and marched slowly to reconnoitre his enemy: as he came near the sides of the arena, he received several blows on the back from the people; but still he kept his eye upon one of the men called *picadores*, and in another minute rushed with impetuosity at the horseman, and as instantaneously upset man and horse on the plain.

'Such a burst of applause issued from the crowd, "*Viva toro! viva toro! viva toro!*" that had the bull been Lord Wellington himself, he could not have been hailed with more enthusiasm. The poor Spaniard was but little thought of, though to me he seemed in a woeful condition. The horse rose terrified, ran wildly over the arena, and was gored to death by the bull. He began to get maddened by the excitement around him; he rushed across the arena at two men, who held a cloak so dexterously as to let it fall over his horns, whilst they fixed in his shoulders a short barbed

spear. This enraged the poor beast, who now appeared to shew abundant sport, for he rushed at the other horsemen, who, dexterously turning their steeds, struck him with their spears, and made him roar with such violence, that he filled my heart with terror. He then sprang with his fore-legs lifted up, almost above the barrier, where the people were sitting, and here he received such a number of blows from sticks, that the poor brute fell backwards to the ground.

‘He was not yet exhausted: he pursued another horseman, and killed the horse and gored the rider, to the great delight of the populace. But the bull was to be conquered; and, after having his body covered with tormenting darts, there came a Spaniard with a cloak and a long sword, and provoked him to rush upon him, which he did, to his own death; and so ended the career of one bull. Various others were ushered in; some would not fight at all—others badly, and gave poor sport; and after a dozen different bulls had afforded savage pastime, and been killed in their turn, and the troops of gaily-bedizened mules had dragged them away, the flourish of trumpets announced the departure of the president, and the people left the Plaza de Toros. I am not likely to go to such a scene again.’

‘I thought you would not, my dear; and you have given me a tolerable description of the sight. But it is not more strange that we men should delight to kill each other by wholesale, and count it all glory, honour, and immortality!’

‘Well, Dan, such things have always been, and I suppose always will be. You are a soldier, and fight, because it is your duty. You blow the trumpet, and set others on, and then moralize upon its barbarity!’

‘Well done, sharp one! A good reproof for old Dan! But I suppose battles will not always be. Men in time will bring the art of war to such perfection of destruction, that it will be only a display of the most ingenious methods of annihilation. Certain death to all parties will give little hope of glory in this life, and men must find very different steps to glory in another, than by marching over the dead bodies of men in this world. Nevertheless, my dear, till such times do come, old Dan must blow his trumpet, and we soldiers must fight. And our division is ordered off to-morrow.’

The castle of Burgos was then occupied by the French; but the town was full of Joseph Buonaparte’s train of courtiers and courtes-

zans. At the steady approach of the allied army, Burgos was deserted, the castle was blown up; and it is said that the town itself, with all its innocent inhabitants, were doomed to similar destruction, but that the hurried retreat of the French caused the works to be neglected, and the trains were not fired. If so, God's providence and protection overruled the wickedness of man.

Lord Wellington had been gradually concentrating his forces upon Vittoria, for he had ascertained that Joseph Buonaparte had determined to give him battle before that place. The mock king had sent forward all his baggage-waggons; and whilst the town was illuminated in honour of his presence, he himself was ordering all his stolen goods to be moved forward towards the frontiers. Never was there a greater proof of the rapacious nature of the French invasion, than that which the retreat of Joseph from Madrid exhibited. Every public relic of value that could possibly be carried off, was hoisted on to the baggage-waggons of this King Log. Even the imperials of his own travelling carriage were stuffed with rolls of the most valuable pictures, cut from their gilt frames, out of the collections of all the Spanish galleries. Plunder, direful plunder, of every species of valuable property which Frenchmen could lay their hands upon, from the highest to the lowest, found an easy conveyance in the long train of vans, of which there seemed to be no end, from the high hills of the Zadorra to the beautiful range along the valley of Irun.

No powers of description are adequate to convey a just idea of the imposing effect presented to the eye of our heroine, on the morning of the 21st of June, 1813, as she sat upon the lofty summit of the Sierra, in company with a party of poor sick soldiers and camp-followers, who, with a few peasants of the country, had collected to see the awful battle which was there and then to take place.

These guides of the country had conducted the party, by gentle and gradual ascents, up to a height beneath which the clouds played fantastic revels; and there, upon a projecting point, whose top was formed of moss-covered fragments, sat our heroine, watching the bright sun rising amidst a flood of glory, to look herself upon a scene of grandeur such as few eyes could behold and forget. He rose in majesty; he lifted the curtain of darkness, and dispelled with his beams the foggy vapours of the valleys. The mists rolled away, and long before the two leaders of those armies could see each other, they were descried from the height, beyond the

reach of cannon, but scarcely out of the flapping of the eagle's wing.

On the hills of the Zadorra, opposite to the Sierra, stood Marshal Jourdan and King Joseph Buonaparte, anxiously awaiting the attack upon their long line of defence, which was spread through the valley of the Zadorra; whilst just beneath our heroine's party stood the unassuming Commander of the allies, in his grey coat and with telescope in hand, surveying, as the curtain was withdrawn, the immense battle-field upon which his operations were to be displayed.

Vittoria lay before them; and in the distance might still be seen, winding along the high road, those royal incumbrances, which were never exceeded in extent, never included a greater mass of wealth, and never were so much in every one's way, as upon that memorable morning.

What must have been the feelings of the soldier's wife, as she saw before her eyes, in all the splendour of the nations to which they belong, the finest race of men, the best-trained soldiers, the best equipped forces that the sun of Spain ever shone upon! Private feelings were swallowed up in the imposing public spectacle; and thoughts, thoughts too solemn for language to describe, arose in her soul, as she saw the enemy of Spain and her deliverer confronted with such terror-speaking troops and tongues as mortal powers cannot unfold. She lifted up her heart to God; and, if she forgot her husband and her friend, it was only in that general breathing of a prayer for the preservation of the whole British army.

The battle began at the extremity of the line, by the attack of Sir Rowland Hill upon the heights of La Puebla. What pigmies did the little creatures look from the lofty summit where our heroine was placed! The guns which first opened their desultory fire, seemed but pop-guns with little wreaths of smoke curling over their mouths. But, as the masses advanced, and the steady firing of the line succeeded, then the sounds began to reverberate along the Sierra; and with varied feelings of hope and fear did the eye of the soldier's wife witness the advance, repulse, re-attack, and success of that first position of the battle, which caused the death of Cadogan, who had counted with vivacity on that morn which saw his destruction.

Hill's division was watched with intense anxiety, because our heroine's heart was with old Dan and the 48th. She more than once thought she could distinguish the black charger in the rear of

the regiment, and saw, as she imagined, many of her friends stretched upon the ground. It appeared a singular sight to behold men and horses falling dead before the reports of the destructive fire which prostrated them could be heard. Hundreds were seen from that eagle height falling without apparent cause. The effect was so sudden, and the distance so great, that individual red, black, or green spots distinguished masses, who appeared to be smitten, as it were, with sudden sleep. Here and there, indeed, might be seen a single flying steed, appearing no larger than a lady's lap dog, galloping without a rider, and stopping only at the brink of the river. The smoke from the booming cannon and all the different parks of artillery, looked like small white clouds, which curled up the sides of the mountains, and did not, for any lengthened period, hide the moving masses of soldiers.

From her lofty height, it appeared to our heroine for a long, long time, as if neither side had gained any advantage. The most imposing troop, seeming like a long line of men clad in gold, was a body of French heavy dragoons, dressed in dark green, with brass helmets. From the heights, these helmets seemed to cover their bodies; and, when they rushed to the fight, our heroine's breath was suspended, as she saw them resisted at the point of the British bayonet. The gold was tarnished, the bright line destroyed, and scattered; and by two's, three's, four's, and six's, the golden line formed again, and appeared but half its former length. The centre of the enemy appeared to give way. The red-coats steadily advanced. At last she saw Lord Wellington change his position, and Joseph and his staff move off, the whole of the troops aiming at one point to reach Vittoria.

At the latter part of the day, it became distinctly evident that the victory was decided; the mighty masses of France appeared to join each other in a confused flight, while the columns of the allies kept steadily advancing.

The peasants now conducted our heroine and her companions down the lofty sides of the mountain, every turn affording a nearer view of the still contending forces; but the distance apparently greater to them, as they reached a corresponding level with the combatants.

It was night, and a brilliant night it was when our heroine reached the battle-field. She was directed to Hill's brigade, and found her husband in the act of removing his Colonel from the scene into the village of Subijana de Alava.

'You are arrived just in time to help me,' said the assistant-surgeon Macauley. 'Colonel White is desperately wounded; we must get him a quiet berth, and you, my dear, must attend him. Never mind the plunder. It is, I hear, immense; but duty calls both you and me away from scenes of predatory discord, which must degrade the glories of victory.'

Immense indeed was the plunder of Vittoria. Independently of the one hundred and fifty-one pieces of cannon, the four hundred and fifteen caissons, the fifty-six forage waggons, and the immense stores of ammunition which fell into the hands of our victorious troops, the Staff of the French Marshal was sent to the victor, and Joseph's carriage, baggage, and military chest were captured. The extraordinary exhibition of that night is scarcely to be credited. At every regimental bivouac, some chosen man put up to auction the plunder of his companions; and, had Jew dealers from Portugal been there, cent. per cent. might have been realized, even for the current coin of the country; for it is a positive fact that Spanish dollars, on account of their incumbrance, fetched only half their real price, in exchange for gold.

Our heroine, however partook of none of these things, nor her husband either. They were engaged in attending upon the wounded, and at this time upon the Colonel of their own regiment. To them the plunder was an accursed thing; they honestly thought their preservation and glorious victory were more worthy matters of thankfulness and exultation, than any spoils obtained from the plunderers of Spain.

Our heroine was engaged to attend upon Colonel White, and faithfully did she perform her duty; gratefully were her services acknowledged: should these pages reach the eye of that brave officer, he will remember his last words of gratitude to the soldier's wife:

'If ever you should want a friend, apply to me; and, if God blesses me with the means, you shall not want.'*

The battle of Vittoria made Wellington Field-Marshal and Marquis of Wellington, K.G., and raised the quality of the British army to a standard of excellence which it had never till then enjoyed.

Old Dan and the band of the 48th played a triumphant march within the walls of Vittoria, and then marched forward to other victories, to the glory and honour of old England, the release of Spain, and the ultimate confusion of the enemies of mankind.

This officer is not alive!

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PYRENEES.

THE battle of Vittoria was succeeded by all the disastrous laxities which the unfortunate possession of rich plunder is so apt to produce.

The spirit of plunder is a great drawback to the efficiency of an army. It ruins thousands; and whilst it now seemed to baffle the efforts of the officers to counteract it, so bold and vexatious an evil had it grown that it even became a matter of high and glorious principle in a common soldier to resist it. There were some regiments, however, conspicuous for hostility to this predatory madness; one of these was the gallant 48th, whose officers were ably seconded by the non-commissioned officers, in their decided enmity to this prevalent disorder.

‘If a fellow will desert for the sake of plunder,’ said old Dan, ‘he deserves to have his head cut off by the guerillas, and his ill-gotten store divided among banditti. I hate this system of plunder. We hear of these disasters every day; and until some strong example shall be made, the evil will not be checked. Painful as it is to witness the punishment of a man who has fought bravely in the day of battle; yet, if he has fought merely for the sake of plunder, he is not a good soldier, he is no better than a robber.’

‘I agree with you, Dan. Our swords are drawn only to preserve lawful owners of property, and the enjoyment of the civil rights and privileges of a people against those who usurp all those blessings, and turn them into ruin. And if we take a leaf out of their book we deserve to meet with their reward. To be taken out of the way of temptation is a good thing; but to resist it when most inviting is better still. Thank God, we are supported in both situations. I fear, however, examples will have to be made, or we shall have

men, even in the battle, when our Commander is effecting some great movement, counteracting his plan by this marauding disposition. How is Colonel White?’

‘He is better than he was, but will not be able to join us on our march. He has leave, I understand, to return to England for his health. My daughter, as I call her, Hewitt’s wife, has nursed him through the worst; and she will still keep up with her husband to the heights of the Pyrenees.’

‘But shall we reach them, Dan? Report says that in one month’s time the French army is recruited in as gallant a style as ever; that Marshal Soult is coming against us with numbers far beyond our own, to force us back again beyond the Ebro!’

‘My brave fellow, that’s an easy thing to talk of, but not so easy to perform. If once our General takes a good position in the mountains, trust him for maintaining it. I have said all along we shall have no more retreat. I believe we shall invade France, rather than leave Spain.’

‘We must expect some sharp work in the passes. The first siege of St. Sebastian has failed, and the place is to be blockaded, as well as Pamplona, and we are to move on with Hill’s brigade to the fight. What say you, Dan?’

‘I say as I always have done, that we must expect to have severe duty. Better so than spend our time in the neighbourhood of Vittoria, where a set of demoralizing profligates are working the ruin of the soldier. On! on! on! say I. The hardest industry is better than indolent ease.’

It was not indolence or ease which just then fell to the lot of the allied army, though for a time there was a quiet in the spirit of war, even in the presence of the enemy, which was but preparatory to great events. Soult had brought into the field against Wellington an army of eighty thousand men, who had been re-organized between the 21st of June and the 21st of July—so speedily did Buonaparte endeavour to make amends for his brother and Marshal Jourdan’s loss. It was a singular sight previously to the commencement of the battles of the Pyrenees, to see the officers of both armies indulging in an intellectual and innocent pursuit—sketching from Nature the imposing objects of this Alpine scenery!

Two officers, with their sketch-books in their hands, had evidently gone forth from their respective armies for this purpose. Both were seen to ascend to corresponding heights, and to seat themselves

within pistol shot of each other. They both enjoyed the sublime view before them; both saluted each other as gentlemen, and engaged in an animated discussion of the various objects of natural beauty before them. They had friends to please in their respective lands; one at least, whose views of the Pyrenees* were a proof that, whilst fighting for his country, he had not forgotten to enliven others with the sight of what he himself saw.

Even whilst they were thus peacefully engaged the trumpets sounded. The soldiers parted with a generous salute, and descended to take their stations in a succession of battles in those mountains, so fierce and bloody, that death had never been more terrifically busy in that country, since the days of Edward the Black Prince.

The object of Marshal Soult was to relieve the garrisons of San Sebastian and Pamplona, and to regain his footing in Spain, from which the French armies had been driven. Lord Wellington's object was to defend every pass by which the army of the enemy could advance to execute such designs. It was a proud boast which Soult made at the expense of others, that he would do what they had left undone; and his subsequent disgrace proved that he who takes up his armour, should never boast until he has put it off him.

'Who's afraid?' said the soldier's wife, as, in the rear of the British army, she heard of the events which from time to time reached her from some wounded officer or soldier, of the various struggles in the mountains. On the 27th, at night, her own brave husband was brought to the rear, wounded both by a ball in his side, and a cut on the sword arm. It is not often that a soldier is committed to the care of his wife on the field of battle; but if any poor fellow deserved to be so taken care of, this man met with his deserts. The ball was immediately, and without much difficulty extracted, and Hewitt had suffered more from exhaustion, caused by loss of blood from the cut on his right arm, than from the nature of his gun-shot wound.

'Thank God, my dear, I am alive, to tell you something of what has passed. Sharper fighting we have never had. Old Dan declared, before I fell, that he had witnessed many great battles, but never so many as these three last days have presented to his view. On the 25th and 26th we had nothing but fighting, and such numbers came

* Colonel Hawkins' Sketches.

against us, that, after fighting all day, we had to retire, and take up stronger positions in the night. On the 27th, Lord Wellington came into the field. We were then before the village of Sorauren, and the enemy were making slow but gradual advances; still we were concentrating our forces. The battle raged all along the line, and the army gave way nowhere but at one point, where the 10th Portuguese regiment was posted. From the overpowering force of the enemy this regiment gave way, and the French occupied the position of our line. Lord Wellington saw the failing, and gave command for our regiment and the 27th, with brave Colonel English at their head, to charge the enemy at the point of the bayonet. Old Dan called out from behind us, "Remember Talavera, boys! We then received our General's orders, when Donnellan marched to victory. We have got the same orders now, hurrah!" Every man lowered his gun, fixed his bayonet, and away we went. Do you think they could resist us? No, Mary! no! We drove the French from the height with the most terrible slaughter; and, just as we had sent them headlong into the dell, I received a blow in my side, which I felt just as if any one had thrown a stone at me. Then I felt a sickness, and I remember a wounded man, as I passed over him, giving me a cut on the arm. I was both too faint, and too desirous of keeping pace with my regiment, to think of revenge. When, however, we stood upon the height again in form and front, I found myself unable to stand. I staggered—old Dan received me in the rear, and had me conveyed away. I hope I have done my duty!

It is all the best man can ever hope to say, let him be a brave soldier or a good Christian, 'I hope I have done my duty!' There is something very grateful in being enabled to say this to the loving partner of your life, when your summons arrives to take you from the field of warfare with your own enemies, or those of your country. 'I hope I have done my duty!' It is a sweet hope to be able to feel and say so much. And many a British soldier has consoled himself with the reflection, that either his General or his country would be satisfied with his conduct.

Moore, at Corunna, hoped that England would be satisfied that he had done his duty.

Nelson, after he had received his death-wound at Trafalgar, expressed the same hope. And so Lord Wellington declared of every regiment in the battles of the Pyrenees, that 'every man did his duty.'

He himself declared, that with such troops, so organized, so brave, so indomitable as to stand in one part of the mountain as one to ten, in another as two to ten, in another as one to six; and yet, not only to maintain their ground, but to beat the enemy and drive him to take refuge in his own land—with such troops he could march anywhere; for he was convinced that every man would do his duty.

A marauding spirit, however, was the cause of destroying one of Wellington's most gloriously anticipated enterprizes, that of cutting off Soult in the narrow valley of Estevan. His proximity would not have been known to the French commander had not three marauders chosen to enter the valley, and thereby betray the activity of the English; in consequence of which a retreat was sounded in the night, and Soult escaped.

Our heroine continued to nurse her husband with that affectionate attention which is some reward to a poor fellow after all his exertions. He declared that those hours were the sweetest he had known since the commencement of the campaign. Although he was suffering such pains of body as would be enough to render a strong man irritable, yet no murmur escaped his lips, no words but those of thankfulness were ever uttered by this good soldier.

There were many in his regiment who respected Hewitt and his wife for the general good conduct of both; and, after he was wounded and carried to the rear, he received many gratifying tokens of respect from those officers who, through many a weary mile and many a battle-day, had been accustomed to receive that ready attention of respect which now they felt it a pleasure to repay.

These were gratifying attentions to a mind like this young man's. Fortified as it was with truly religious consolation, his conduct did great good to those who came to visit him as a sick comrade. For that conduct was stamped with such a serious, humble, and truly calm devotion and resignation, as made every soldier feel, when he left his sick room, as if he would be a better man. His Bible, which he had frequently made the object of his study, now became truly the source of his greatest composure and comfort. His conversation was as edifying as his conduct was gentle. The reader should always remember that the husband of our heroine had received a liberal education, and that, notwithstanding his being a private soldier in the band of the 48th, he had been noticed in the days of peace for strict propriety of conduct.

Let not the Christian imagine that every soldier in the Peninsular war was a desperate, reckless, and depraved man, unacquainted with God and his religion, and heedless of the concerns of his soul. There were many bright examples of firm faith and morals which could not be shaken. War is a curse, a dreadfully demoralizing curse; but more frequently so to the civilian than to the soldier. The latter must be governed by discipline, whilst not unfrequently those who reap the benefit of his exertions venture to set it at defiance. The soldier, when he is enlightened with a knowledge of divine truth, is frequently found to be more faithful, more steady, fixed, and stable in the promotion of the kingdom of God upon earth, than he who passes all his life in a secluded convent or in a retired village. Neither activity of mind nor body is set aside by Christianity, though bodily exercise may be less profitable than godliness.

In a poor cottage at the foot of the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, about eight miles from Pamplona, our heroine had obtained such quarters for her wounded husband as the country afforded. He was not so far from the army but that his surgeon, whom he had so long assisted, could now and then attend to his case, and occasionally an officer, or a comrade, would come to tell him the news. These found him active in mind, though weak in body, and conversed with him upon the dangers they had undergone. Among those who visited him, the reader may be sure that old Dan did not forget him and his daughter.

In the early part of September, 1813, he visited the cot, and eagerly commenced the conversation.

‘I have great news to tell you, Hewitt; San Sebastian fell on the 31st of last month, and tremendous work our troops have had; Badajos and even Ciudad Rodrigo were trifling compared to the obstinate resistance at this place; and our sacrifice of life has been proportionate. Rey’s defence of the place, I hear, is spoken of as being the most masterly that ever was known. The brave old General, as long as a single pound of horse-flesh was left, would not give up the fortress. He was compelled to surrender, and to march out with his reduced garrison as prisoners of war. I understand that the French actually wept when compelled to lay down their arms; and such was the respect in which General Rey was held, that the officers of our army saluted him as he passed, which the brave man received and answered with a becoming inclination of his sword.’

'I am not sorry I was not there,' replied the wounded soldier. 'I shall never forget the horrors of Badajos.'

'And I am equally glad; for, if possible, the atrocities of San Sebastian were worse. Houses were fired, and fell upon the besiegers; plunderers from the country rushed in to share the spoils; violence, murder, uncontrolled, demoniacal fury raged around. Alas! were I to tell you some of the dreadful tales I have heard, you would indeed be terrified.'

'I saw enough in Badajos to make me tremble for the souls of victorious soldiers, more than for the defeated or the dead. Death and hell seemed to rage there; and if the scenes of San Sebastian were worse than what I there beheld, do keep them from my view, and let me pray earnestly for my countrymen.'

'I will not attempt the description. Signal as has been the victory, and merciful as were the intentions of our Commander towards the innocent inhabitants of the town, there are wicked men who so malign his character as to say that, in revenge for the protracted defence from the bravery of the garrison, he gave the town up to be burned and plundered. Malice, envy, and revenge will often speak that which they dare not attempt to prove, because they know that investigation would expose the falsehood.'

'I am truly thankful, my old comrade, for this wound. I can perceive God's mercy towards me in it, if only sparing me the repetition of horrors at which humanity shudders and Christianity is utterly dismayed. I tremble when I think of souls cut off in crime, and know that their miseries then begin for ever! Ay, my dear old Dan! if you had seen what I witnessed in Badajos, and you now lead me to suspect the same, or worse, in San Sebastian, you would shudder under the consciousness of souls hurled into the fiery lake, where eternal flames inflict never-dying tortures. I saw men killed in the act of transgressing every law of God. I saw one man commit a base, a wicked murder of a mother and a son, that he might only perpetrate a more dreadful crime. Yet I saw that man's soul suddenly sent out of the world by the dagger of a poor weak child's direction, which was, beyond all doubt, guided by Him who made use of the most innocent hand to promote his justice. I think of these things while I tranquilly lie upon this mattress, and with my affectionate wife, read the awful fate of such men in the Word of God!'

'It is terrible, my young friend—too terrible almost for human

minds and feelings to dwell upon without being unhinged. I have not forgotten our night before the battle of Albuera; and I have enjoyed a sweet peace since that time, though we have been in many a battle tumult of the loudest character. I have had my mind directed to God; and, if every soldier felt the real strength which he desires in the day of battle from that heavenly source, he would fight with an arm doubly strengthened, and his courage doubly increased. What say you to this, my daughter?’

‘I like to hear your conversation. It is so edifying to me, and God grant that we may long be spared, on purpose to be strengthened and improved by all such conversations! I think my husband will soon be better. The air is getting keen and winterly, and is much more favourable to him than the hot days of July would be.’

‘He will be well enough to see the fall of Pamplona. The garrison is already in such a state that death would be preferable to their incessant sufferings. A poor boy was taken after the sortie, and brought into the Spanish camp. He declared that rats were eagerly sought after in every old tumble-down house in the place; that he himself caught two, and sold them for four dollars; and, when he got the dollars, and found they would purchase him nothing, he wished most heartily to give them all for one rat. Cats were killed, dogs, birds of every kind—a tame parrot fetching ten dollars for an officer’s feast; and men began to look upon each other with the cannibal’s carnivorous, longing, and cadaverous countenance. Four ounces of horse-flesh per man, was the allowance issued to the garrison! Oh, war! war! war! When will nations establish laws of justice, which shall decide disputes without the cruelties of war? I shall be glad, my dear, to hang my trumpet upon the walls of a cottage, and end my days in peace.’

‘Ay, Dan, I wish that the end of war would soon come; but is it true that we shall all have to march into France?’

‘It is not only true, but Wellington is actually there; and our forces must all be over the mountains, and begin a war with a people who have hitherto been free from its ravages upon their own soil. I wonder how they will bear it!’

‘Poor souls! It is not the fault of the people, but of the ambition of Buonaparte. They have suffered enough in losing fathers, brothers, sons, and kindred by conscription, to fight in

foreign lands. My woman's heart bleeds for the terrors of the invasion of France.'

Mary, I believe that God will punish the people for the wickedness of their rulers; and, if Napoleon ever should feel as a father to the French, as it is said he has felt like a father for his army, he must suffer dreadfully. That man's ambition must have its fall. God has raised him up as a scourge; and when the haughty worm has done his work in the destruction of the doomed fruit, he will, himself, be speedily devoured. I suppose I shall have orders to join you in France. I shall be glad to be near you at all times, Dan, though a greater blessing no soldier ever had, than the care of this faithful creature, my wife.'

'I will send you word, somehow, of our movements; and, if you are able to proceed, old Dan will give you a lift up the heights, and ease you down into the valleys of France.'

The friends again parted; not long afterwards intelligence was received of the passage of the Bidassoa, and of the success of the English General in establishing a footing on the frontiers of France. Pamplona fell soon afterwards; and now, all the frontier fortresses in Spain were in the hands of Wellington, and he himself was making preparations for the invasion of the territory of France. Little did that nation think how these successes tended to the destruction of their idol, and the entrance of the allies into Paris.

That Lord Wellington had to exercise severity in his trying situation is not to be wondered at. No easy task was that assigned to the officers, to restrain the plundering propensities of the soldiers; and, as they were never safe from death by the hands of those who were interfered with, it became a desperate risk, sometimes, to stay the rage of plunder. Still, death ought not to deter an officer from defending the innocent even against his own men; and when an order is given, it is the duty of an officer to restrain the licentiousness of those under his command. He is a weak, if not a worse man, who, from any personal consideration, refuses to put the powers given him into immediate execution, to prevent plunder, robbery, and murder.

After the fall of Pamplona on the 31st of October, 1813, our heroine, with her sick husband, now recovering rapidly, had joined the regiment, and was present, though in the rear, at the celebrated battle of the passage of the Nivelle. To tell what she endured in her journey over the Pyrenees would be impossible. Whilst

smoking fires sent out their white volleys from the peaceful cottages in the valleys of France, the chill blasts of winter began to howl through the passes of the mountains, and terrify the benumbed troops who had to take post on the heights. To stand still and see the distant fertility of the valleys, whilst deep snows and sterile rocks surrounded him, would try a stout man's nerves. Imagine, then, a young soldier's wife, with a wounded husband, and enduring without a murmur privations such as nature could scarcely bear, and you will be able to form a picture in your mind of what good courage God gave to those who had to fight your battles for you, while you enjoyed the domestic comforts of your own fireside.

Stretched upon the naked rock at night, sheltered only by some beetling point overhanging your head, your curtains the chill air of the mountains, your sleep too often dangerous on account of frost—limbs benumbed, teeth chattering, hair rising on an end, whilst the very bulb at the root seemed to be contracted in the skin, with a gradually increasing irritation, which made you wish to tear it off—the snow falling, not as it does upon the surface of our country plains, in gentle flakes, but in pieces of frozen ice, that came dashing with fury against the sides of the rocks—tell me, reader, if you add to all these the anxieties of war, will you have no pity for the memory of those brave fellows who perished on the heights? Some sank, frozen to death; others, and in no small numbers, deserted, and scattered themselves among the French peasantry. Even British soldiers, as well as Spaniards, left the ranks of the allies, to obtain warm quarters amidst the enemy; and several, who had been brave fellows in their ranks, were found dead upon the battle-field of Nivelle. To the honour of the Portuguese soldiers, there was never found a man of their nation to fight against the allies. Such as deserted went back to their own country.

One of the greatest of Lord Wellington's successes, was the battle of Nivelle. Masterly in its conception, and equally well carried through in every arm, he is said to have pronounced it the most perfect specimen of military operation, for combination and steadiness, that he had ever witnessed. There was no failure throughout the whole day, from the dawn of morning to the very close of night. Ninety thousand men went into battle, and the combat was one of incessant and successive movements, in which Spaniards, Portuguese, and English alike distinguished themselves; and when it is considered that not three thousand, killed, wounded, and missing,

united, were sufferers upon that memorably long day's fight, it does appear a mercy unaccountably shewn to the allies, who had to gain the strongest positions ever defended by a brave people on the very confines of their own country.

Shortly after the battle our heroine and old Dan, with her husband and some friends of the 48th, got quartered in a comfortable tent, and thanked God sincerely for permitting them to rest again in each other's society. The soldier's wife rejoiced to see her friends once more, and, as she always had done, lent her kind aid to the surgeons of her regiment, in dressing the limbs of the wounded, and preparing bandages and linen for the unfortunate victims of war.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ORTHES, TOULOUSE, AND DEATH.

WARS have existed from the days of the giants to the present times, and mighty men of renown have disturbed the earth with their ambition. As long as ambition is the idol of men, so long will the sword continue to be the scourge of the world, and drive peace and contentment from the valleys of the earth. Men pretending to be wise above their fellows, may sometimes attempt to prove that war is a blessing; and truly there are some so infatuated as to think it is so. It is well for those who have never seen anything of its horrors to represent it in this light; but let it touch their own land, let it come home to their own hearth, and the blessing will soon prove itself a curse.

France was now about to experience, on her own soil, the scourge which she had so fearfully inflicted on other countries, and to be made an example to all the world of the mania of false glory and its fatal consequences. Still Lord Wellington respected the natives of the soil, and forbade every species of plunder, cultivated the friendship of the peasantry, and generally proclaimed that his wars were with the usurper of thrones, with the Napoleon dynasty, and not with the people of France. The bloody contests of the years 1813 and 1814 on the soil of the south of France, will meet with few parallels in the history of nations. England's sons, in conjunction with Spaniards and Portuguese, trained by their experienced leader, became an overmatch even for the veteran soldiers of France, though their positions on their native land would appear to be so formidable as to preclude attack.

The winter of 1813 was a trying season for the operations of the allied armies: with roads knee-deep in mud, fords swollen into torrents, bridges broken up, and forts all but impregnable, their

leader had to keep them constantly at work, as he well knew that inaction was the worst enemy to an advancing army. He had a severe example to make of the Spanish troops, who, heated with a thirst for vengeance upon the aggressors in their quarrel, and remembering the fierce cruelties exercised by the French troops upon their countrymen, could not be controlled in their rage for plunder and vengeance, without the strong arm of the Commander-in-chief. He was compelled to order them back into their own land; and, though they had been so well trained under his eye as to be of the most signal service in the day of battle, yet he chose to weaken the physical force under his command rather than have its whole moral force corrupted by the bad example of the Spaniards. What greater proof of public virtue could a general give than this? He did it in the sight of all Europe, in the face of a strong foe, and in the presence of his whole army. It was a severe lesson, and one which would have humbled any other people than that of Spain, whose haughty pride and bigoted superstition not even Napoleon's hostile hand, nor England's friendly arm, could by any means subdue. The consequence was, and will be, internal commotions, heart-rending jealousies, and violent convulsions of the Spanish Constitution, till it expires.

The battles of the Nive and the Gave were full of such heroic daring as astonished even the enemies as well as the friends of Wellington; and when that of Orthes was fought on the 27th of February, and Bordeaux was in the possession of the allies, Buonaparte's doom was sealed, his own heart smitten, and pride and madness were hastening to their downfall. The charge of the 7th Hussars at Orthes, where two thousand men laid down their arms upon the battle-field, to save themselves from being cut in pieces, was a noble feat, performed upon a heavy ground, and at a great disadvantage. Had not the Commander of the allies here met with an accident from a spent ball, which interfered with the celerity of his movements, the battle of Orthes would have been more signally destructive to Soult's army, and might have prevented the subsequent catastrophe of Toulouse, which closed the Peninsular War after the fall of the object of all the battles—the mighty Napoleon.

Soult, however, escaped; and Wellington, leaving Bordeaux in possession of the Royalists, pursued his enemy to the broad Garonne, and to the Canal of Languedoc. To tell of all the heroes

who fell in these struggles, or even to dwell upon the movements of the armies through each strong contest, would be to go beyond the purpose for which they are transcribed. An honest Englishman cannot help feeling the wish to speak of the firmness, the endurance, the valour, the unconquered spirit of his countrymen through struggles, which, though they have now ceased, cannot be forgotten in the annals of his country. The fields they have gone through may indeed be said to be so various as to include every species of warfare which the world ever witnessed. Cold and heat—sunshine and storm—mountain and meadow—flood and barren sand—advance and retreat—attack and defence—pursuing and pursued—in all the varied changes of climate, country, and plan, the army of the Peninsula had to make its way. All methods of attack, against all kinds of defence—fortresses to win—heights to scale—towns and cities to besiege, and to defend—rivers to wade—woods to march through—hills, rocks, mountains, precipices to overcome—battles to fight, both on the plains and on the heights, with the sword, the bayonet, the musket, the spear; with guns of every calibre, fixed and flying artillery, and last, not least, rockets and bombs; with mines under their feet, and thunders over their heads—in the midst of all dangers and all difficulties, the brave English officer and soldier alike stood, as every man ought to stand, prepared to do his duty.

But in all these dangers the soldier's wife, at least the one whose history these pages record, had, if not the actual fighting part, that which was not less arduous—the assisting her husband and the surgeons of the regiment in the discharge of a duty painful to perform, and which, at the very last battle at Toulouse, became even more painful, called, as she was, to witness the agonies of those to whom she was attached by that most powerful tie, the gratitude of friendship. Brave countrymen! whose histories the humble, quiet village pastor reads at his fireside in peace, he only wishes he could serve you all as faithfully as you have served your country; and if respect for your valour and your integrity, and true pity for one whose history is here related, can be considered as a compliment to you all, he has a pleasure in paying it, beyond that which you will feel in receiving it.

The last battle of the Spanish campaign was drawing on, and Napoleon's fall came before it. The pride of the man would not give way, though empires tottered, and were wrung from his grasp.

Had he possessed wisdom—had he possessed integrity—had he possessed the true love of his country—he might have concluded a peace so permanent as to establish his dominion among the kings and princes of the earth. But Napoleon had no friendly counsel he respected so much as his own, and there never yet lived the man who did not require the aid and experience of others to help him to maintain the true dignity of his own position. He who will be independent of all men, must find a place where he can do all things for himself, and where none but himself would live.

Oh! that Napoleon's abdication had been known at Toulouse, before that bloody battle had been fought! How many thousands of lives might then have been spared! One feels the distress the more keenly, because those who had previously borne the heat of many battles might have rested victoriously and honourably upon their arms. Had either Soult* or Wellington known that there was no occasion for the fighting of that day; that Toulouse itself was not worth fighting for, since the throne of France was abdicated by the Emperor, they would never have wasted the blood of their respective armies for the honour of a victory. Both, however, are exonerated from such knowledge, and therefore stand acquitted of all foundation for such accusations. Grief, however, must be felt! Wellington's object was to win Toulouse; he won it, though the battle had well nigh brought defeat upon the conqueror. He won it, because Soult lost Toulouse—he could not hold it—he did not hold it—he retreated from it—and, though he drew off his forces in the most splendidly-executed night retreat, within reach of the English artillery, yet Lord Wellington entered triumphantly into Toulouse, and the Bourbon flag waved proudly under the protection of the conqueror.

Alas for victory, when no object but death, unnecessary death, is to be gained! It was in the very last scene of that memorable contest, when Dan Long blew his last blast, that a cannon shot took off his right leg just below the knee, killed poor Bellerophon, and stretched our heroine's friend upon the earth. The troops were advancing; Dan was in the rear; his fall was not perceived at the moment, and it was only when victory was proclaimed, and instead of prayers and thanksgiving for deliverance, the light-hearted, volatile French were in their theatres, that our heroine

* It is positively asserted that Soult was acquainted with the abdication of Napoleon before the battle.

and her husband went upon the battle-field to look after their venerable and venerated friend.

Over heaps of slain and wounded did they walk, and relieved many a poor fellow with such momentary refreshment as a large can of water could supply to the parched lips of the sufferer.

'Here! somewhere here, we stood,' said Hewitt; 'lend a hand with your lantern, Collins, and let us look sharp for our brave old friend. Look, yonder lies a horse! come on, he cannot be far off.'

Poor Bellerophon's white streak down the face was the first proof of the presence of the fallen trumpeter, and there they found their dear old man, who had managed to form his own bivouac for the night between the outstretched and stiff limbs of his old horse; he had lifted himself with his arms, and contrived to rest his back against the body of the horse; and, exhausted with the loss of blood from his broken limb, he sat or reclined, as it were, in the shadow of death. As the light fell upon his countenance, our heroine lost the wonted calmness with which she had been accustomed to survey these scenes, and, rushing forward, she fell beside him, and, as she thought, kissed the cold lips of the dead trumpeter; but Dan was not dead. Whilst his left hand still held his trumpet, the old soldier lifted his right from his side, and brought it round the neck of his adopted daughter, who, with a frantic delight, grasped it, and placed it near her heart.

'Bring me the water, Hewitt? Stop, he lifts his head; give him a little draught.' The weary soldier received it at her hands, drank a little, looked up, and smiled.

'Give me your can, Hewitt. A few drops of brandy!' The veteran revived, but there was a pool of blood at his foot. Alas! it was seen that his right leg was shot off, and the clothing was saturated with the poor fellow's life-blood.

'Let us remove him into the town. Here, Hewitt, Collins, Harbour! let us lay him in his own cloak, and each take a corner, and so bear him to the hospital!'

The brave fellow, however, shook his head, looked ghastly pale, and with accents feeble, yet perfectly distinct, he said:

'Move me not! move me not! God bless you, my dear child—God bless you! Put your trust in Him; he will raise you up friends, but none that will love you more than has old Dan. Hark! hark! what noise is that I hear? It is a shout of unusual triumph! Do let me know what it means! It is in the town! Hark! I

hear something different from anything I have ever yet heard! It sounds like the blessed angel's voice proclaiming peace!'

And, true enough, at that moment thousands shouted from the walls, from the town, from the camp, and from the battle-field, 'Peace! peace! peace!' The first sound was heard in the theatre; though death, darkness, and dismay sat on many a serious countenance around that city, yet within it, within the walls of the theatre, the express bringing the tidings that Buonaparte's reign was over, was first publicly announced.

A soldier was hastening across the plain to communicate the tidings to Sir Rowland Hill, who was in pursuit of the flying squadrons of the enemy, and passed by the spot where Dan, surrounded by his friends, was actually dying. His life was waning fast, but his military ear had caught the sound of that which the soldier now, in hasty accents, proclaimed to the interesting group on the field.

'Napoleon has fallen! The war is at an end! Peace is proclaimed; and I am now going to stop the tide of battle! God bless you—good bye!' and off dashed the messenger of peace, whilst all looked earnestly at the dying Dan, to see what effect it would have upon him.

Our heroine wiped off the cold, chilly perspiration gathering on his brow, and her husband wrapped his warm cloak over his limbs. Calm, very calm, was the face of the warrior. His intellect seemed to be clearer than it had ever been, and his voice for a few moments stronger, as he elevated his eyes to the clear, star-lit sky, and, pressing our heroine's hand, he said:

'God's will be done! Thank God, my dear friends, who has permitted me to live to hear those sounds which I hope will prove a happiness to his people, as they do a comfort to my soul. Hewitt, you will find my poor limb on the other side of my horse; bring it here directly. Here—place it under my cloak, and, dear friends, promise me one thing before I die!'

'Yes! yes—we will!'

'Dig my grave on this very spot—ay, this very night; wrap me in this old cloak, place the trumpet by my side, take my purse from my pocket, and divide its contents equally among you. And now mind what I say—love one another! God bless you all! Hewitt, pray with me for pardon; and now, dear friends, lift me up a little, and let me breathe out my soul to the God of battles and of peace, who Himself is the great conqueror of time, who gave me breath, and to whom I return it, humbly hoping that he will restore it to a perfect

body in eternal peace at the last day. Dear friends, farewell! my hope is in Him who has conquered death by the sacrifice of Himself.'

Thus died the veteran, with one tranquil sigh; bowing his hoary head upon the last battle-field, and affording a lesson to those who knelt by him, such as the best Christian soldier might desire to learn, and such as a faithful warrior only shall ever know.

His last wish was complied with; Hewitt and his companions obtained a spade, and on that marshy plain they dug their friend's grave, whilst our heroine, seated by his side, watched his calm features, thanked God for having given her so dear a friend through her dangers, and wept as if her heart were ready to break.

They buried him just as he had desired, and by that lantern's light three soldiers and our heroine might have been seen kneeling in profound humility, whilst Hewitt read the funeral service. They filled up the grave, and laid the turf a little above the level of the flat, and scattered the mould around. These brave fellows did more. The flight of eagles which had been observed at Orthes, had been seen hovering over the camp at Toulouse! and, out of respect for their friend, they buried his horse not far from him.

With mourning hearts they returned to their regiment, and related to their comrades the end of Dan Long, of the gallant 48th. Some future day, if anything should arise to disturb the ground on which he rests, the trumpeter's frame will be found with his trumpet near him, to speak of the victory of Toulouse.

Soult was very unwilling, even after Lord Wellington had sent Colonel St. Simon with the announcement of the fall of Napoleon, to give in his adhesion to the Provisional Government; and, had he not done so, it is true that the English General would have offered him battle again. It certainly did look like a spirit of revenge in the French before Bayonne, when they knew of the state of affairs, to provoke a conflict which might have been spared. How the officers commanding there could reconcile it to their consciences to risk the life of their General and soldiers, when they were made acquainted with the fact of the fall of the Napoleon dynasty, is beyond comprehension. The valuable life of Major-General Hay was here lamentably sacrificed, when it should have been preserved for peace; but, when Englishmen were attacked, they had no alternative but to fight.

Lord Wellington returned to England to be made a Duke, and richly he deserved the honours conferred upon him, and well did

he receive them. A servant is honoured well when he receives, and duly appreciates, his country's thanks. His distinguished generals were raised to the dignity of peers of the realm, which added greatly to the hero's happiness.

Our heroine returned through France, and met with much kindness at the hands of the French people, who rewarded the soldier's wife with many a token of admiration at her brave march with the armies of her country. No gaiety, however, could make her forget dear old Dan. She used to say that she felt almost as bereft as if she were a widow, so very often did she feel the want of his society, in the calm and tranquil hours of life which succeeded the violent contests of the Peninsula.

She embarked with her regiment for Cork, and, instead of being a follower to the new field of victory, where Wellington and Buonaparte met to measure swords for the last time, she was confined at Limerick with the first of her sons who lived beyond the years of infancy.

It might be matter of regret to some, that they could not be present at the greatest battle of the continent, Waterloo; when Napoleon had broken faith with France and with Europe, and returned from Elba again to deluge his country with the blood of thousands. Well did Waterloo men deserve their medals; but it was well remembered that there were brave troops who had undergone far greater fatigues in a foreign land, during the long Peninsular campaign, than the soldiers of that short, though sharp and dreadful struggle, which terminated the career of Napoleon; who, had he been as personally brave as daringly bold in his conceptions, should have headed the last charge at Waterloo, and have died or conquered there. But God ordained it otherwise, lest glory should cover the memory of one, who, however cherished by the French nation for his talents, must ever be looked upon by every other as a cruel, intriguing, ambitious man, whose pride required his fall to be made a spectacle to the world, to show that 'whosoever exalts himself shall be abased.'

Our heroine was not at Waterloo. She was at Limerick at that period, and heard of the glorious victory over the tyrant who had dared to lift himself up against the nations; but her husband's services were not forgotten, and, some years afterwards, a sense of justice was shewn to those brave fellows who had fought so many battles for their country. Medals were, in consequence, given to those soldiers who had served under Wellington; and the widow

still wears the unassuming trophy of her husband's exploits, which records the end of her struggles in war, but brings to her remembrance the beginning of a life of care and anxiety, though in the tranquil times of peace.

'I cannot forget old Dan,' she said to her husband, though she cherished a fine baby in her arms, after all her wanderings—'I cannot forget old Dan. Had he been alive now, how pleased the dear old man would have been to fondle this boy, and talk over the memory of past days. What a generous friend he was to us both! What an honest life he led, and what a happy death he appeared to die! There is something in that man's character which I could almost wish were more known to the world, for I think it would do much good.'

'Well, my dear, I will one day put his chronicles of the 48th in order, and perhaps I may write his history for the inspection of those of his regiment whom he loved through his long life. He is often spoken of now, both by officers and men; but let me be where I will, I shall never forget his end. Toulouse and the soldier's grave, at the moment of victory and peace, are too indelibly impressed upon my mind ever to be forgotten.'

'And in mine, my dear, he will live, and always, though you are living, make me feel a portion of a widow's grief.'

'Say rather, a daughter's sorrow. Now we are in Ireland, do you know, Mary, that I have a sort of hankering about me to visit my birth-place, and if I could get leave, I should like to visit Norfolk. I do not know that my father will acknowledge me, though I feel in my heart a kind of yearning towards him, as if he would not be sorry to hear of the past conduct of his son. I am sure our Colonel would give me a good character, so that I may not be altogether unworthy of his notice. I never saw my parent but once, and then he appeared, to my boyish eye, to be a fine man and a kind-hearted gentleman.'

'What has put this into your head for the first time, Hewitt, I know not. I have so seldom heard you mention even his name, that I had almost forgotten it. I do not see any harm in your going, only do not let it prey upon your spirits, should you not meet quite as warm a reception as you expect. A legal claim you may not have upon his consideration, but a natural one you surely have; and there is at least affection in your own heart which induces you to do right. So you may leave me for the first time, upon a peaceful embassy, and God grant that it may add something to your happiness!'

CHAPTER XXVII.

OLD ASSOCIATIONS.

OLD associations are not easily forgotten. Man is a reflecting creature, ever measuring the present by the past, and thinking of what he was in years gone by. He who reaches days of mature wisdom, and looks even at the writing of his childhood—his first holiday letter to a dear mother, perhaps—is astonished to see the difference in its character. Is his the hand that penned that formal announcement of the happy period of Christmas, when the terror of a blow from the heavy arm of discipline, on account of a blot, a mistake, a line left out, or a word misspelt, fell upon the young mind? All those terrors are gone: the hands of the teacher, perchance, are cold in death, and yet the warm blood runs for a while in your own, as, with the freedom of thought, you transcribe the ideas of a vivid memory, or speak of things as they have existed in your childhood.

But you cannot restrain the tear when you look upon the words, 'Dear Father,' or 'Dear Mother.' They are gone! dearest friends of your life, they are gone, and all the associations of Christmas, love, and fun, and frolic, the bountiful board, the merry tale, the puzzle, the charade, the Christmas-box, the dance beneath those dear eyes, with all the excitement of pleasing one fair one, whom you felt you would love with all your heart. The tear will fall, at the thought that these joys are all gone, and that they who shared them with you are cold in death.

Old associations are not easily forgotten. You remember them, reader, with intense vividness; and if your heart be good, you will respond to the reflection that, though lost to sight, they are still dear to memory. Cold is that man's Christian sympathy who can call to mind a mother's tender care in the hour of sickness or misfortune, and a father's protecting hand while in the too thought-

less career of youth, and not perceive how the grace of God softens the agonies of human regrets, by the sweet hope of meeting, in a better world, those friends who have set us a good example in this; who did for us all they could, by commending us to God, teaching us to depend upon Him, and promoting by every means in their power our present and future happiness. Blessed associations! even in our deepest regrets ye fill our souls with gratitude to that great God who is the giver of all good, and the friend of the orphan and the widow.

If, reader, you can remember your childhood, and have felt the joy of the approaching holidays, recall to your memory the old associations of parent, brother, sister, friend, and companion—perhaps, too, the remembrance of some faithful old domestic of your father's who may have been your nurse, may come across your mind—and you will enter into the spirit of a letter written by a brave soldier who had lost his mother, but loved her memory; and who had a most grateful feeling of respect for a father whom he had never but once seen, but who had given him that which was better than mere life or money—a good education. The proceedings of a son in search of his father might furnish matter for a new work; but this is not a fiction, and the words of the actor in the scene are more descriptive than any which a mere inventor could pen.

‘TEN BELLS, NORWICH,

‘MY DEAR WIFE,

August 10, 1815.

‘I would not write to you before the object of my journey should be completed, and now that it is so, I will endeavour to describe to you some of the sensations I have experienced in visiting again the scenes of my childhood, after all the horrors of the late war.

‘I find twenty years have made a great many changes in the human countenance, as well as in the face of things, which used to look so very great to my young eye. Whether it be the grand scenes of the Pyrenees, with their immense height and extensive prospects, that opened my eyes to the magnitude of things, certain it is that I found those very scenes which used to appear so great, and which I expected to view in the same light, appear so very small as to create in me the utmost astonishment. The market-place at Norwich, which I paraded in the days of my recruit's dignity, though exactly the same size, seemed but a small square,

and even the Castle Hill, to reach the summit of which used to seem to me an exploit, was no more to my eye than a small knoll.

‘The dear old landlady, whose kindness I shall never forget, is not living, but her daughter still lives in the same house. I have been to Hingham. Yes, I walked along that very road which I took to Norwich, and as I left the city, I thought of our good old friend Dan, and his word of command; “Halt! Right about face! Heads up!” I cannot describe the sensations which crept over my mind. I was returning, a tall, grown-up man, with a martial eye and steady step, along a road which the last time I trod it, my young steps were without any certain aim before them. How different did I now feel! I belonged to my King and country. I had been in no light campaign, I had gained experience in many a hard-fought battle, and was well in strength of body and mind to visit again my native land. You may be assured, my dear, that I did most devoutly give thanks to God for his mercies. My prayers to Him made me walk with more manly vigour, and strengthened me in the purpose I had in view. Norfolk looked a flat country to me after my wanderings in the mountains; still, every face I met told me of a people to whom I felt attached.

‘As I approached Hingham, I almost went down on my knees with thankfulness. My heart bounded with such eagerness as I passed the green lane of Kimberley Park, and thought of Lord Wodehouse’s game-keeper! People stared at the red coat, and wondered who I was. I arrived at my uncle’s cottage—aye, at that gate from which I, eighteen years ago, departed. None actually knew me! My aunt thought it must be me; and, I am happy to tell you I was most kindly received by them! My uncle’s asperity was all gone, and I was made as much of as you could wish me to have been. But how shall I describe my sensations upon visiting the old free-school, and renewing my former acquaintance with friends whom I never expected to see again! All I can say is, that it has proved a most unexpected reward, to which I had no right to lay claim. I would gladly have fished again in the old Mere; but I had other things to think of. I was there on Sunday, and joined again in worshipping God in that place to which my heart often reverted when in a foreign land. The same service, the spot sacred to the first breathings of my young spirit, concurred to concentrate my thoughts upon God and His goodness; and if I

were an object of curiosity to many, I knew it not, for thoughts too deep to be diverted were present to my mind.

‘A new window is finishing in the east end of the church, with stained glass of great value, with the most prominent events of our Saviour’s mission. But I was most deeply engaged in the service of our church, and truly thankful was I for deliverance from sudden death, when so often exposed to the chance of it. Never did the simplicity of our form of worship strike me more forcibly than at this moment, when the words of my mouth accompanied the meditations of my heart, with a perfect understanding of every word I had used in my youth, which I now felt to be the support of my manhood.

‘These things all tended to strengthen my mind for the great object I had in view in coming into Norfolk, and on Monday morning, I started for my important mission. I felt as I journeyed on, that my position was a strange one, and what the issue might be I could not conceive: but, as I knew that the worst could be but a rebuke, I did not hesitate. Yet I own, my dear wife, that I felt very strangely, as, after a walk of twenty miles, I entered the — Inn, and sat down to consider the steps I ought to take. N— is a long, straggling village, but my father’s house appeared one of the best in the place, in which there are several good ones. When I looked at the house, I could not help thinking of the crown he gave me when a boy, and of the kindness of his manner towards my aunt, whom I then took to be my mother. Still, I felt much more determined than I had ever done. Even the siege of Badajos, terrible as it was in every respect, did not shake my nerves or make me feel so quick a breathing and palpitation at my heart, as the sight of my father’s house. I asked myself a thousand times, “Will he care about me? What am I to him? He knows me not! He has forgotten me; and perhaps he will drive me from his door.” All my former pride seemed gone, and I was irresistibly drawn, as it were, from quite a different motive to approach his mansion. At one time I thought of going in person; then again of making a confidant of some one in the place; and, with all these revolving ideas, I returned again to the — inn, and sat myself down in the bar.

‘I asked the landlord several questions about the gentry of the neighbourhood—about the employment of the people, the charities of the place, and came by degrees to speak personally of the inhabi-

tants, and at last to the very point I wished to come to. "What kind of man is Squire——?" "He is a good-hearted, charitable gentleman, very rich and very generous." I did not fail to ask, indifferently, many other questions.—"Can you give me pen and paper, landlord? I want to write a note to Squire —— about a young fellow whom he was once very kind to, and who was in my regiment during the late war. Have you any one who can take a note up to his house?"—"O yes! we will soon accommodate you. You had better come into the parlour."

'I went accordingly, into the green painted room, where a table with a large black waiter, and a mahogany tea-caddy upon a green cloth, stood on one side of the room, a portrait of the Duke of Wellington on the other, portraits of Lord Wodehouse and Mr. Coke, and a list of farmers forming a Saturday's Club, hung over the chimney place. A small table was brought to the window; pens, ink, and paper were placed thereupon, and the worthy landlord left me to myself, and I dare say thought me a long while concocting my epistle; I believe I began three different sheets before I could reconcile myself to the manner in which I ought to address my father. I believe it was the consciousness that I was using the last sheet of paper in the house that made me get on as well as I did. I will transcribe my words as nearly as I can.

"SIR,

"August 7th, 1815.

"A young man, who has been in all the Peninsular battles, is returned to his native country, simply for the purpose of making himself known to his father. He trusts that the testimonials herein enclosed, from his commanding officer and others, to whom he has been personally known for many years, will prove satisfactory to any parent. He is the son of S—— B——, who married the man whose name the writer bears; but if all that an attached mother has declared be true he will not meet with an unkind reception at the hands of one who was, as far as regarded pecuniary matters, a friend to her. The writer of this letter comes not in distress, to ask alms, or to seek the protection of his father. He has been, and is, a British soldier, and does not, at this time, want anything. Had he done so, he was urged by his parent to make application to his father, and was assured that his wishes would be attended to. He comes with a desire to perform a duty, which at one time he could never have done, because a refractory and roving spirit prompted his natural pride to scorn the entreaties of a kind parent and the advice of his friends! Maturity of judgment, dangers, trials, and, above all things, the experience of Christian feelings in his heart, have recalled to his mind those more tender emotions which a soldier may be proud to cherish. He remembers the first moment he discovered his true father, and that father's generosity, when, with the kindness of a gentleman, and

never-to-be forgotten liberality, he gave the boy who held his horse upon the Norwich road at Hingham, his first crown. That boy now writes this at the —— inn, and with such feelings of respect as conquer all his past violent passions, and make him appeal to the natural heart of an English Gentleman. If he appeal not in vain, that father will, before he leaves N——, give him the opportunity of acknowledging in person that he is

“To —— Esq.

“His affectionate and dutiful son,
“THOMAS HEWITT.”

“I was a long time before I finished this letter, though you know I am not generally at a loss for words. The evening began to close in before I sent it up to the mansion. I had to apologise to the landlord for my stupidity in not being able to write without destroying his paper; but, as he brought me four sheets, and I was quite ready to pay for them, of course I was welcome. I requested permission to remain where I was, and to have a Norfolk paper, my pipe, and my porter, brewed, as he said, in London, from malt made in that district.

“I could not read—I could not eat. I did both, however, mechanically; my eye wandered about the paper, but my thoughts were upon the letter; my mouth ate the bread, but my stomach was not very grateful for it. An hour passed away, and I kept thinking that my application would be fruitless: another and another, and my heart began to sink. I walked about the room—I thought my letter over. Was there anything improper in it? Could he be offended? I began to doubt whether I ought to have written exactly as I did: but my conscience told me there was nothing passionate in it, and that I had done right. I might have thought that the gentleman was at dinner, and could not perhaps leave his family at such a time. I found such to be the case, for, soon after this, I heard a rap at the front door, and a voice called out:

““Landlord, is there a soldier here?” “Yes, Sir.” “Where is he?” “In the parlour, Sir. Will you walk in, Sir?” And in walked a tall, handsome, portly gentleman, with a blue coat, bright buttons, hessian boots, and a cane with a gold knob on it in his hand.

““Leave us a few minutes, landlord, I want to speak to this young man.” And he surveyed me with a glance, seemingly of decided approbation.

““Is your name Thomas Hewitt?” “It is, Sir.” “Then you may shake hands with me, young man; I like the spirit of your letter, and I like your appearance.”

‘That moment rewarded me. It was worth all my labour. It was sweet to me, indeed; and, as I shook hands with my father, I can truly say, my dear wife, I felt as I would my son should feel towards myself.

“Now, if I were alone in the world, young man,” said he, “you should share my house and home with me. Why did you not make application to me before? I would have bought you a commission. I would have brought you forward in your profession, and have made a man of you. Why did you not write to me?”

“Because I thought it better to be independent; and something seemed to say that you would be ashamed of me.”

“So, you were ashamed of me; and I have been so of myself. Well, young man, pray God forgive us both! What now, in common justice, can I do to serve you?”

“Oh, Sir! I want nothing at the present time; but I have a wife and one child in Ireland, and may probably have a family more numerous than I can exactly support: and, should such be the case, may I appeal to your generosity for assistance? I am by no means deficient at the present time, and I never get into debt. I am blest with a talent for music, which brings me in more than my pay, and I have a good wife, who is not afraid of work, and who has accompanied me in all my battles. She was born at Gibraltar, and her name was Wellington. Her father was an artilleryman, and was killed at Cadiz. Her mother is, I believe, still living.”

“Your wife had a good name, and I believe she has changed it for that of a good young man; and if I can do anything to serve you, I will. How long have you been in the army?”

“Eighteen years, Sir.”

“Would you like to leave it?”

“I do not think either my wife or I should as long as we can remain as happy as we are, and as healthy, in it. But, perhaps, the Army may be reduced, and, as I am only second serjeant, I might come under the reduction; if so, I should then, perhaps, require a friend; or my time of service may expire—or the regiment may be disbanded.”

“Well! well! perhaps, as you have been so long in it you had better complete your term of service, and you will be entitled to a pension, and anything I may then do for you may be an additional comfort. What leave of absence have you?”

“I have a fortnight from the first of August, and one week is

now gone ; as I march on foot I must now be journeying again to Liverpool."

"Well, young man, I am glad I have seen you, and I shall be happy to hear more of you, and of your adventures. In the meantime, as an earnest of my good intentions towards you, there are fifty pounds. I insist upon your taking them ; and now, God bless you !"

"I will confess, Mary, that I could not help crying, though I had so often been in scenes of agony without a tear. Oh, how different are things which touch the heart to those which touch only the flesh ! The gentleman—for he was one, though not a fine unfeeling one, and more rough and open in his manners than if he had lived all the days of his life in a drawing room—shook me heartily by the hand, and I know his heart went with his hand, for a tear stole down his cheek, though his voice did not falter nor his face change colour. Yet he sighed too, as he said, more like a Norfolk sailor than an easy gentleman : "You are a brave young fellow, and if I had been on board a man-of-war at Trafalgar, or had been a Picton or a Ponsonby at Waterloo, I should like to have commanded just such a band of Britons as a hundred like yourself. God bless you, my boy !"

"And so, Mary, my father left me, and I had as happy a night of reflection as a poor son who felt nothing but the claims of nature and an honest heart could feel. I had done right ; my heart told me so ; and not all the world could persuade me otherwise, since I compromised no honour, but did my duty as I ought. Next morning I left N——, and returned again to Norwich. I know you will think it no robbery from yourself, when I devote a small sum to the daughter of the good landlady who was so kind to my mother. I feel glad that, of my own accord, I have fulfilled her wishes in visiting my father. His present generosity will preclude any application to him, unless you, my dear, or my family, may be so situated as to be beyond the pale of my own exertions to provide for you. I shall start for Liverpool to-morrow, and hoping this letter may reach you, and find you and our dear babe in health, believe me,

'Your affectionate husband,

'THOMAS H. HEWITT.

'To Mrs. Hewitt, Serjeant's Wife,

'48th Band, Limerick or elsewhere, Ireland.'

This was the first time the young man ever introduced the H. between the plain names of Thomas and Hewitt, though he had been christened by the full name to which he was entitled. The writer would gladly have recorded many things here mentioned in a different manner; but truth demands that, in the history which these pages profess to give to the world, when a fact is known to be so prominent, it be not rejected. It would be infinitely pleasanter to have made this brave fellow the legal as well as natural offspring of truly wedded parents, and the author regrets that he was not so. He wishes every one was so. He looks not upon marriage as a sacrament, but as an ordinance of God; the first—the oldest—the most innocent, and therefore the most sacred bond of unity ever ordained for man's comfort, and not to be violated with impunity; though a guilty world and light views of morality and religion may induce fashionable levity to slight its sacred institution, and to make it a mere conventional compact, the dissolution or violation of which is without deep sin.

Sorrow, trouble, and anxiety, every man will experience in his domestic course. Happy he whose conscience bears him out in his walk with God through all his trials; and if he have a partner sharing them with him, who by her gentleness of disposition, amiable conduct, and Christian piety, sustains his integrity, she adds to his honour and glory, as every honest man does to his head—his God.

What is a walk from Norwich to Liverpool, to a soldier who has walked from Lisbon to Toulouse? It is but a smooth and pleasant journey when contrasted with the opposition of a hostile force, pervading mountain districts, and ready to cut off every traveller who may venture upon the way. Resolution and exertion, if accompanied by patience and perseverance, will perform prodigies. But this was no great feat to be performed by a British soldier, who was returning to an attached wife and a young child, after having been absent upon one of the most interesting occasions of his life.

He had seen and had been well received by his father, and enjoyed a tranquillity of heart to which, comparatively speaking, he had previously been a stranger. He had now found a set-off to the loss of his old companion, Dan Long; and his heart rejoiced to find a void filled up with a friendship upon which he had certainly more natural claims. He was unconscious of having done any

wrong. He might want a benefactor one day, and he was now assured that he had met with one to whom any appeal might be made without fear. He reached Liverpool and sailed for Ireland, arrived duly at the barracks, and found many of his old companions glad to receive him: neither last nor least, his affectionate wife, who had shared the toils of battle, and now shared a day of peace with him.

Little did they think how soon they should have to depart from Ireland for the furthestmost quarter of the globe. But the next chapter will shew that she who had to follow a good husband upon land, had not long to rest before being called upon to undertake the longest voyage which the soldiers of Great Britain have to perform.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BROAD SEA.

Who can leave Ireland without regret, let him be soldier or civilian, king or peasant, prince or prime minister, lord or servant! There is such an inherent vivacity in the people, such natural talent, such open generosity and kind-hearted philanthropy. That man must be without any warmth of heart himself, who can forget a people whom he has visited as a stranger, or been recommended to, either for private or public virtue.

It is said of the Irish, that they make their way better among foreigners than the English. It may be that they throw off any reserve of character better, and invite that hospitality from others which they are so ready themselves to shew to strangers. It is certain that they have more tact, more address, more smartness of speech, and are far less timid and nervous in their use of the tongue, than their more retiring and thoughtful brethren of England or Scotland.

Though Ireland be hospitable, and her sons and daughters especially engaging, yet, as wisdom is superior to all external qualifications, long may Englishman cultivate its lessons, and form their characters upon its strength!

But the narrative must not be forgotten in these disquisitions upon other things. Our heroine and her husband met with many attentions in Ireland. They were respected by those who knew their history, and she, being of Irish parents, met with many a kind reception among her countrywomen. Independently of this, she was respected on account of her long, indefatigable services in the Peninsular War. Her husband's musical abilities brought him into notice, and he enjoyed his stay in Ireland equally with his wife. But the 48th were ordered to New South Wales, to relieve the 47th, then in barracks at Sydney.

‘What say you, Mary, to the change?’ said Hewitt to his wife. ‘Shall I, or shall I not, apply for my discharge? What do you think of a voyage to our antipodes?’

‘I am ready, my dear, as I said when I first married, to go wherever your duty and your honour call you. You have taken the oath of service for any part of his Majesty’s dominions, so that if you intend to fulfil your father’s advice, you have no alternative but to obtain an exchange, or go yourself; and, if you go, then I go with you.’

‘We have had but short rest after all our dangers, and now we have to go to the end of the world, upon convict duty, which is but little better, dear wife, than convict slavery.’

‘Say not so, my dear husband! If the respect of man be worth having, wide is the difference between a soldier and a convict. Shame, or a sense of degradation and crime, does not accompany any man in the performance of an honourable duty. Nor does a man entertain any idea of wrong when, in the conscientious fulfilment of the duties of that station God has placed him in, he acts with firmness, as unto God, and not as unto man alone. It will be my duty to lighten the hours of your leisure, and I do not suppose that you will be wholly employed in keeping gangs of convicts at their work.’

‘I confess I am disappointed, wife, at being ordered so far from home. I suppose it is because we were not at Waterloo. I could not help that; but I ought to be ashamed of myself to need an admonition upon duty from you. I must write and tell my father we are going, and the long voyage will be a good opportunity for me to fulfil his request, by giving him a succinct account of my past life. You must pardon my momentary grumbling; but, as old Dan used to say, “Let an Englishman have his grumble out, and he will always do his duty.” So will I, dear wife, do mine.’

‘I never doubted it, my dear; and God forbid that I should fail to support you in it! We have both been wonderfully preserved in many severe trials, and we must trust to Him who guides the winds and waves with an Almighty hand, to shew us the same mercy unto the end. We are both pretty good sailors, Hewitt, and may improve our time on board a ship, and be as happy as we could be in an Irish cabin.’

‘Enough, my dear; I am content! Not a word ought I to utter

against your good doctrine ; so I shall set about providing for the voyage what comforts I can procure for you and our boy.'

Who would be without a good wife if he could help it ? She will do you good all the days of your life, support your head, and enable you to walk among your companions with honour. Wide is the difference between a good and a bad wife—as wide as between honour and dishonour—health and disease—light and darkness. 'A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, but she that maketh him ashamed is as rottenness in his bones.' A stronger epithet the wisest men could not have used. He who is sensible enough to value the good qualities of mind, temper, and disposition in his partner, above the sordid considerations of gold, will ever honour and cherish her as he would his own flesh.

A soldier—yes, a common soldier, and only in the band of his regiment, may have as high a sense of honour and love as the greatest lord of the land. He may not be compelled to go the same lengths of murder, manslaughter, or, as it has been sometimes been called, justifiable homicide, as the officer of his regiment conceives himself called upon to go, to prove that his honour is not to be doubted. It would be a fine sight to see common soldiers following their officers' examples, and meeting each other in the deadly duel to prove their honour ! The great General would soon put a stop to such proceedings by executing martial law upon the fiery young fools. Surely, then, there ought to be a law sufficiently strong to deter men of the highest rank, and highest sense of honour, from such madness. He who wilfully insults another is himself a coward, let his size, rank, or wealth be what it may ; and he ought to be consigned to contempt, and not to the notoriety of a bold exploit of mad passion, a direct violation of the laws of God. But honour was a mutual trust between our heroine and her husband. They had perfect confidence in each other through their long career of danger, and afforded a lesson of mutual respect well worthy of approbation.

The regiment was ordered on board. Colonel James Erskine, the commanding officer, was a man well adapted to keep all his junior officers and soldiers in good heart, through a long and tedious voyage. Remarkable for an intelligent mind and for literary pursuits, he encouraged in all beneath him the cultivation of letters, which tended greatly to lighten the burthen of confinement on board. His society was always to be desired, and was

always enjoyed by those who felt his superior attainments. At the same time he was a disciplinarian, and his orders for muster and for deck duty were as strictly observed on board the *Matilda* as were the orders of the Captain of the vessel to weigh anchor, unfurl the sails, and keep a good look out ahead, whilst he steered through the Irish Sea, from Dublin Bay into St. George's Channel, and away into the broad Atlantic for Sydney, his destination.

Two hundred privates on board, besides the band and officers, women and children, and the crew of the ship, formed a great society assembled in a small compass. It requires good generalship, as well as good management, to keep so great a number of men in good order, good health, and good humour, during a six months' voyage; and those officers deserve the highest respect who take the opportunity of such times to improve the minds of those placed under their care.

Colonel Erskine* was peculiarly happy in varying the different duties which he required, in such a judicious manner as to make the crew take an interest in the proceeding.

He encouraged every species of mental as well as industrial employment, so that the *Matilda* was a floating scholastic institution, in which soldiers learned the use of their heads and hands, and acquired knowledge which proved of the most essential service to them in after life.

The soldiers' wives and families were equally well attended to, and harmony was preserved on board from the day they left the Channel to the day they entered Sydney Cove. Not that they encountered no storms; but the internal regulations of the ship were so well observed, that but one soldier, one child, and one female died on board.

Hewitt formed a party which he called his students, and took great pleasure in reading to them aloud, at a certain time, morning and evening, a portion of the Sacred Scriptures; in five months he had read the Bible through, and, in seeking to instruct others, gained himself the greatest and best insight into those concerns which fortified his mind in many an after year.

It was during this voyage that he wrote the history of himself and his wife, copying and sending it to his father after his arrival

* From the widow of this good man, the Author has received the most gratifying testimonial of the worthiness of his heroine, accompanied with substantial proofs of regard for her.

at Sydney. It is strange that neither it nor the various letters which he wrote ever reached the hands of that parent. He remained in ignorance of his son's movements, and, though he heard that his Regiment had sailed for Australia, yet he knew not whether the young soldier, who certainly pleased him, were alive or dead. He might feel slighted also, and was hurt at the seeming neglect of the young man.

Our heroine had a serious accident when the vessel was off Rio Janeiro, at which place they touched upon the passage to take in supplies.

She was on deck, teaching her young son to walk, when, just as she was in the act of giving the child a little water, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, which threw her down upon her left side, and bruised her so much as to create alarm for her life. A premature confinement with her fourth son was the consequence, and it went so hard with the mother, that her life was at one time despaired of.

Then might be witnessed what a real friend is true affection; it does not desert you in sickness, but takes the warmest interest in your comfort, when you are unable to help yourself. The soldier's wife was made aware of her dangerous situation, and knew from the surgeon's manner that he considered there was but little hope.

'I know, my dear,' she said to her husband, 'that my case is desperate; and I can see, both by the surgeon's manner and by the interest of my female companions, that they consider my days numbered. I cannot help thinking of you and our children, and how bereft you will be without my help. It is on this account I pray for a longer continuance of life, if it seem good to the Great Giver of all good to grant my request. But if not, Hewitt, then you and I must part; but I trust to meet you again, when all your campaigns are over. I know you will love your children, and do the best you can for them. I feel very weak.'

'Do not despair, my love! The surgeon has not told me of any immediate danger. I will both pray with you and read to you, and will comfort you as well as I am able. I do still trust that it will please God to let you live some years longer, to be a comfort to me and your children. I do not think he has spared you from the horrors of war to end your days upon the broad sea. Cheer up! cheer up! I will tell you exactly what I think, and what I learn from our surgeon. My hopes are very lively still, and I do not despair of better health and brighter days.'

‘If it be not wrong to hope for such things, I would gladly do so; for I have no objection to be your helpmate for years longer, if God will permit it. But I trust that he will fit me for either life or death, Thomas, that I may live or die to Him, as he sees best for me.’

‘That is the frame and temper of mind, my dear, that we should all cherish. In battle we know we run great risks of being cut off. An old man is seldom seen in the army, in time of war. If his sinews begin to fail him he must give way to young ones, and retire from the fatigues of his march. I shall never forget our dear old friend Dan’s death! It was a lesson to us all!’

‘Indeed it was, and I wish I may end my days as comfortable as that old man did his. He was faithful to God, his King, and his country; and, if every soldier in England were like him, few armies could cope with them. You must read to me, Hewitt, for I take great pleasure in my Bible, and find that it introduces me to my last and fast friend when all others fail me.’

The good soldier did not fail to do his duty in cherishing his partner in sickness as well as in health. He read to her many an hour, conversed with her many more upon what he read, and gave proofs of an enlightened mind, which is God’s best gift to those who will cultivate it. It pleased God to spare her to him this time; and, though she ever after felt the effects of this fall, yet she lived many, many years, the respected soldier’s wife—though she is now the unfortunate soldier’s widow.

She revived, though the child sickened. It was baptized by the Captain of the vessel, as there was no Chaplain on board, though two hundred and forty souls were in that vessel. The Naval and Military Bible Society had provided the Word of God for the soldiers and sailors, and the Captain was a good Christian. He strictly observed the Sabbath day on board his ship, and read the Service of the Church to all, and also an excellent sermon afterwards; and, in all these duties, Colonel Erskine took his share.

The voyage was prosperous, though tedious. Our heroine lost her babe, which had been named ‘Paul,’ because the vessel was then off St. Paul’s Island, and she saw it committed to the great deep, the Captain himself reading the Funeral Service. The broad sea thus became a source of remembrance to a mother who often thinks upon her child, and the vast waters which roll over its little coffin. Faith, however, points to the day when the sea

shall yield up its dead, and the faithful mother and child shall live in eternal love.

The broad sea was not without numerous incidents, external as regarded the ocean, and internal as regarded those who were confined in the ship. To an active mind, every day conveys an instructive lesson. Every thing is full of wonder, and man scarcely finds his life long enough to survey even the natural wonders of the deep.

The fishes of the sea became objects of interest : the flying fish, pursued by dolphins, and actually springing, in their aerial bounds, upon the deck of the vessel ; the barnacles, which clove to the sides of the ship, and seemed to breed so fast as to impede her progress. But of all things of interest, to a soldier as well as a sailor, the capture of a shark is not forgotten.

In passing down the coast of South America, several of these monsters of the deep were seen sporting along the ocean, and now and then shewing their single fins above the wave, as well as their long arched tails, whenever a piece of pork or offal was thrown overboard. Of the astonishing rapacity of this creature, every nautical writer has given some account. The wonder is, how the shoals of them which are known to be so numerous around some of the islands, both on the African and American shores, are supplied. They appear always hungry, and will actually fight for anything which is thrown overboard. Woe to the unfortunate boatmen who get capsized within their sight ; few can hope to escape.

In one of the morning parades, the soldiers of the 44th were indulged with a sight not uncommon to any vessel upon such a voyage—the taking of a shark ; and a monster he was.

A strong line, with a few yards of chain and a hook attached to it, was thrown out to a formidable fellow who had been seen for days following in the wake of the ship. All eyes were directed to the line, baited with a huge piece of salt pork, which, as the ship dashed through the sea, had no time to sink, but was dragged along the surface of the waves. Now and then, it might be seen glittering on the azure curve, and presently springing with a jerk through the crown of the spray, whilst two hundred men stood looking anxiously for the shark to seize the bait. At length a man called out from aloft, ‘the biter is coming!’ He could see from his height more directly down upon the surface of the ocean. By

and bye, the tail of the brute was seen dashing over the top of a wave.

‘Does he look playful, Jem?’ said an old sailor to his messmate aloft; ‘or is he lazy, and rather fine in the nose this morning?’

‘I can scarcely tell you yet. He is too far off the bait. I think he smells it. He comes dashing on at a good pace.’

‘Does he ride fleet, Jem, on the waters, or do you think he dives, and comes up again from below?’

‘He does not go down at all. I can almost trace his back as he comes along, and, to my mind, he’s as long as our bowsprit, and as big as the great boat. He is quite on the top of the sea.’

‘Then we shall have a nibble presently; look sharp to your tackle, my boys!’

‘Here he comes, Tom,’ said the fellow aloft; and every soldier stood on tiptoe.

‘Draw the line in, Sam, draw the line in, we may as well all see the fun as have a bite at a distance. Don’t stand near the line, comrades, or you may chance to lose a leg before you are aware of it.’

The line was now drawn close towards the lee side of the vessel, and plain enough the huge monster was to be seen, watching the pork with a ravenous eye, and playing round it, as much as to say, ‘What is it?’

‘Will he take the bait, Captain?’ said a young officer on the quarter deck.

‘I can hardly say whether he will or not. He does not like to leave it, and he eyes it as if he would have it. I have seen these creatures play around a living victim a long while before they will dash at him. He seems cautious; but if the men suddenly let go the line, and the bait sinks, we are almost sure he means to have it when it rises again. Let go the line, boys!’

Down sunk the bait, up went the huge tail of the monster, and down he followed the pork, leaving a long streak of foam where his broad fin lashed the wave as he went down.

‘Up with it again, boys! Now look out! Take care of your fingers! Look sharp, sir, for he is such a little fellow you will scarcely see him when he comes up.’

Up rose the bait, and came skimming along the hollow of the wave, visible to every eye. In another moment the monster rose, turned upon his side, and came with a dash alongside the vessel, shewing a row of teeth more frightful than the sides of Gibraltar

Rock. In an instant he seized the bait, and bore it along the vessel's course till the line was out, and a sudden twang against the gunwale told that the monster had met with a check. Too severe a one was it, however, for him to escape. That very jerk sent the fangs of the hook through his jaw, and he was now forced to go with the ship whether he would or not.

A lively and interesting scene ensued. The monster might be seen springing out of the water, dashing at the line, and striving to break it with his great teeth. His rage was fearful; he lashed the ocean into foam. He would at one time rush at the vessel as if he meant to fight it, at another dash from it, as if he would break the line. He dived under the ship, he came boiling up again, staining the ocean with his blood, until his mighty efforts began to fail from exhaustion.

'Clear the deck!' said the Captain, 'haul up, boys! haul up! stand clear of his tail. He will kill you with a blow, should he hit you. Now, Sam, get a noose from the block, and give him a run.'

A noose was made, thrown over the monster's tail, and the huge creature was swung on deck, to the no small gratification of the landmen.

'Leonard must sketch this scene!' exclaimed our heroine. 'What a fearful creature! what rows of teeth under his nose! I wonder how he can seize his prey!'

'He seizes his prey by turning on his side, as you saw him take the bait.'

It was some time before the monster was dispatched, and any one could come near enough to examine him. As each did so, he thought how terrible a death it would be to fall into the jaws of the devouring shark.

The vessel arrived in safety at Sydney, after a six months' voyage, yet, considering the delays, the numbers on board, and the crowded state of the ship, all were in wonderfully good health; and the whole regiment on board, and the crew also, returned thanks to God for their preservation upon the broad sea.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

NEW SOUTH WALES is one of the most rapidly progressing countries on the face of the earth—progressing in the present day, in spite of the most untoward circumstances under which any civilized country ever advanced. Its native savages are not extinct; its new barbarians, if the outcasts of a great nation may be so termed, are still fearfully numerous; and yet its society is progressing in every virtue of cultivated life, and in the best foundation of all improvement, true Religion. Societies of the first culture in England are sending out branches to carry virtue into the interior of that country; where a family can be nurtured without any of those terrors which numbers bring along with them in this over-peopled land, and with the reflection that, the more numerous, so much the better.

Agricultural labourers, of the most honest and healthy class, are hastening to a land where exertion shall reward industry with a sufficient supply. The sinews of science, the sinews of strength, the sinews of intelligence, are all powerfully working for the future prosperity of Australia; and, by the blessing of God, she will shine with British splendour when old England has advanced to her utmost limit, and shall be spoken of among nations as once the greatest of all Islands, the glory of the Western World. God grant that the day may be far distant when she shall decay! It must be as HE pleases; and should HE give us the blow we deserve, we should not be long before we fall.

Australia will, if she encourage the faith once delivered to the Saints, and cherishes the Truth in her Church, rise to be indeed a great country! Her principal port, Sydney, is one of the finest harbours in the world, and, if we only consider that half a century has carried through that port all the civilization of old countries,

which had centuries to make themselves perfect in it, and that now, in some of her cultivated productions, she excels the oldest nations—what may not be expected of her fifty years hence, should the world exist so long? God grant that His Church may flourish as it has done here, to his own honour and glory, and the salvation of thousands!

The town of Sydney was deeply indebted to Governor Macquarrie's organ of order, for the numerous improvements which he was making at the time when the 48th landed. Till then there had been neither order, plan, nor wisdom, in any of the arrangements for the future health or appearance of Sydney! Before this time, men bought allotments and built upon them, each according to his fancy, without any regard to uniformity, or any idea of regularity. In his day, a very different method was pursued. All who built upon government allotments were under engagement to build upon a certain plan, which tended greatly to the beauty as well as the convenience of the place. To Governor Macquarrie, the inhabitants of the metropolis of Australia are at this day indebted for the introduction of the greatest improvements which that city and country have experienced.

Our heroine, with her husband, as well as many others of the regiment, at first occupied lodgings in Sydney, until the departure of the 47th, whom they came to relieve.

It is a joyous time when a regiment is about to leave a distant land for the shores of old England. The long voyage is considered nothing. Vivid images of things at home, as he left them, are before the mind of the soldier, and bring before his eyes his parental hearth, his brothers and sisters, and all the endearments of native and genuine affection.

However stern may have been the duties which men may have had to perform abroad, there is generally a great softening of the disposition when all those services are over, and they are about to return to European society. Nor do they fail to feel for those who may have to succeed them in their career of duty.

Joy spread itself through the ranks of the 47th, as they learned the day fixed for their departure. The band of that regiment invited that of the 48th to a sumptuous dinner, and our heroine had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with many of those who were now about to return to England. It was to one of the band of the 47th, that the narrative of the adventures of herself

and her husband was committed, to be forwarded to Squire H—, of N—, in the county of Norfolk. A promise had been exacted that the man himself should deliver it; but, whether it reached Norfolk or not, it certainly never reached the hands of the writer's father, for whom it was intended. Whether the man lost the narrative — whether he himself was lost upon the voyage — or whether any individual now living possesses the soldier's history, it never was, and probably never will be, discovered. One thing is certain; namely, that it never reached a parent who once felt warmly the affections of nature, and was strangely disappointed at the seeming disrespect of his son. Pity that, when good feelings have taken possession of the heart, anything should embitter those feelings. All men are sorely grieved when their natural affections meet with disappointment. The warmer they are at a certain period of life, when the judgment is not to be swayed by fancy, the more violent is the blow which causes the check upon the heart-strings. In nothing is a man more sensitive than in the seeming disrespect of his offspring, especially when he has promised to himself the pleasure of their advancing integrity.

Woe to the child who slights an affectionate parent! The earth contains many pits, but the deepest and the darkest is the fittest place for an ungrateful or unnatural child. No works, no sacrifices, no superstitious selfishness, will ever soothe the conscience of one who wilfully brings down his parent's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Oh! better is it for the happiness of a son or daughter, that they suffer any privation, and be humble, rather than provoke the wrath or curse of an indulgent parent. Peace can only be enjoyed by those who seek the regulation of the affections of the heart; and the nearer these accord with God's laws, the more permanent will be the tranquillity of the mind, which is better riches than gold.

Our heroine's husband cherished in his heart the warmest feelings of respect for his natural parent. His esteem for him was grounded upon the knowledge that, before he knew him, he had given him a good education; and that, after he had known him, he had won his heart by the generous acknowledgment of his former wrong, and his endeavour to serve him. He would have considered it, therefore, a most unkind part for him to act, to neglect that father's injunctions. He wrote to him often, told him all his family concerns, and made him, as he thought, acquainted with all

the particulars of his history. He took great delight in describing his long walks into the bush, and in informing his parent of all that was worthy of notice in the colony and the country; and many were the descriptive anecdotes which he wrote, both of the colonists, the convicts, and the native inhabitants. Strange is it that all these letters should have been lost—that none should have reached Squire H——. Had Hewitt been aware of this, he could not have felt surprised that no notice should have been taken of any of them.

‘Your father may not choose to write to you,’ said our heroine, ‘from an idea that you may not be long in one place, and consequently, that his letters might be lost; and may it not be, that your letters have never reached him?’

‘I cannot believe, my dear, that all have failed, and it makes my heart very heavy at times that I get no answer from one who appeared to me all generosity. I cannot tell what may have caused his silence. I shall continue to write, however, from time to time, that I may not have to accuse myself of disrespect. I am much more comfortable at Sydney than I ever expected to be.’

‘I told you I thought you would have no convicts to superintend and keep to work. I am sure Governor Macquarrie is very kind and condescending to us; his lady, too, is a warm friend to the soldier’s wife.’

Thomas Hewitt was, in truth, made much of. He was so diligent in his application to the study and practice of his clarionet, that it obtained him frequent introductions into the most polite circles in Sydney, where music was much cherished by the Governor’s lady, who was very partial to this elegant accomplishment. Frequently was he sent for to accompany that lady in the best concerto music which could be procured, and, in her fashionable and crowded drawing room, this brave man was treated with the respect due to his talents and his demeanour. Received, as at Gibraltar, into the best society, he never threw off the manners of a truly humble and quiet man; was never puffed up with applause, nor even carried beyond the balance of propriety by any of the attentions he received. He sought not to shine, but to give pleasure to others, by producing those harmonious sounds in which he so greatly delighted. Nor did he forget to appropriate all he received to the welfare of his wife and children.

While in Sydney children were born to him. In 1817, his wife

had a still-born child, and was very kindly treated by many ladies in Sydney, to whom her history was well known. In 1818, was born Absalom, the sixth son of our heroine. He grew up a fine active boy in the barracks at Sydney; and, with his elder brother Edward, attracted the notice of officers and men of the 48th. In the year 1821 Thomas was born, so that our heroine had to contend with all the troubles of an increasing family; still, she wanted nothing. Cares she had; but she was active, her husband fortunate; all things went on well with her, during the whole period of her stay at Sydney.

Edward and Absalom Hewitt used to be the admiration of all who knew them in barracks. Their mother was famed for her management of her boys; in keeping them decent, orderly, and regular, and in training their young minds to obedience. Their father became their tutor, and brought them up in the ways of early piety and religion. Captain Alman, who lived near them and had a large family, used particularly to note their very respectable appearance; and was astonished to find that their mother, with characteristic industry and cleverness, was accustomed to make all their clothes. He encouraged them as playmates for his own children, and always found them quick, intelligent lads, and no disgrace to the gallant 48th.

Mr. Rogers, a young officer of the same regiment, was so pleased with the little Absalom, that he made him a present of the first suit of clothes which he ever had made by a tailor; and the circumstance is held in grateful remembrance, both by mother and child, to this day.

Colonel Bell was a particular friend to Hewitt and his wife; and when the regiment was reduced in the year 1822, he would have had him remain in Australia, instead of coming home to England to be discharged. The news of the reduction of the army in that year, and the consequent discharge of many veterans, caused no little anxiety among soldiers who had lived so long together, both in war and in peace.

‘What do you intend to do with yourself, Hewitt?’ said the Colonel to him, when it was known that he was upon the Reduction List.

‘I cannot say, Colonel. My inclinations are strangely wandering homewards. My father, Colonel, is a wealthy man in Norfolk. I ran away from school and enlisted at Norwich, and did not

see him, or hear of him, or from him, or he of me, until I had gone all through the Spanish campaigns, and returned to England. He received me very kindly after this, and promised to be my fast friend in need. He has no other child living, and I think I ought not to neglect my own claims upon him.

‘Most assuredly not, Hewitt. But how is it that, after you once returned a young prodigal, he permitted you to leave him again for this far country?’

‘He thought it best that I should complete my time in the army, and appeal to him after I had my discharge.’

‘I think it very strange, my brave fellow, that, having but one son, and being reconciled to him, he should permit you to remain a common soldier, and to come so far away from him. I do not perceive exactly what to advise under such circumstances.’

Hewitt here explained to him his exact position, and the Colonel very warmly urged him to remain where he then was.

‘This is a fine country! many of your old comrades are going to remain. You have an established reputation here, and I think you may find yourself disappointed at home. But what says your wife? Women are good judges in the time of domestic doubts.’

‘I have not mentioned the matter to her yet, Colonel, and I know not exactly her mind; but I think it will incline to return.’

‘It should be after years of prosperity. I think you have a good chance of doing well here, and a very doubtful one at home; but I can only wish you well, Hewitt, and give you my advice to remain in Australia.’

The same advice was given him by Sergeant-Major Hines, who greatly respected both him and his wife, and would gladly have had them settle in a country congenial to industry, steadiness, and temperance; congenial—alas! too much so—to those very opposite vices, idleness, immorality, and drunkenness: but these never thrive in any country; the former alone ensure prosperity.

‘What say you, my dear wife, to going back to England again? We have our choice. We have more; we have a premium to remain here. Shall I accept it or not?’

‘What says your own heart, Hewitt? I am content to remain here, if you are; but, should you refuse the present chance of returning, free of all expense, would you not regret the opportunity when lost?’

‘Colonel Bell recommends my stay. My good friend Hines

says, Stay. The Governor's advice is, Stay; and, though I do earnestly wish to see my father again, and feel sure that he would receive me kindly and fulfil his promise, yet all judgment seems to say, Remain where you are. If I could be sure of my exact position with regard to my father, I would not hesitate a moment; but I confess that I wish to return.'

'Then why should you not? I fear you will only fret yourself about the opportunity after you have lost it. I know your mind well, Hewitt, and I can most sincerely bless you in my heart. You have always had a longing to see your father again. I am sure you do not wish to be idle or dependent; but you feel that hard work in the bush, clearing new ground, and toiling all day upon the land, would not be so suited to your disposition as the chance of providing for us by your talents; and you think home is as good a field for you, with the chance of what your father may provide, as this distant land. Is it not so?'

'You have exactly spoken it, my dear. Such is my opinion, and I pray God I may be right.'

'Then I would never doubt it, my dear; I would at once accept ship, and return. I am ready to go back again with you. God is able to provide for us at home as well as in this land. I see no reason why we should not ask His blessing there as well as here. All the earth is His, and so are the inhabitants of it. Australia will be dear to our memories, and, perchance, some of our children may come to this land. God bless the good Governor and his lady, and all our friends here! I love old England, and shall never sigh to come back to this country, though I own I love so many things in it. Cheer up, then, my husband; and, as our old friend Dan used to say, "Look the wolf well in the face, daughter, as you once did, and you will get over any difficulty."'

'Up, then, and let us take leave of our friends; for the ship is in the bay, and our old comrades are getting their traps on board; and so, my dear, we will be over the waters to merry England. Adieu! adieu! adieu! Farewell to kind friends, warm hearts, kindred souls, and good companions. Farewell to friends high in power, and ornaments to the land they dwell in. Farewell to the rich saloon, where admiring ears have listened to the dulcet sounds of the soft piano, and the swelling notes of the accompaniment. Farewell, Sydney barracks, where soldiers have enjoyed much attention, and have been respected by all classes. Farewell,

thou land of future promise, though of much future sorrow, where the uphill work of religion must have much laborious toil before "the crooked paths can be made straight, and the rough places plain;" where the desert, in time, shall blossom as the rose, and the sunny wilderness become a fruitful country. Farewell !'

Such were the words which the brave soldier wrote in his memorandum-book, as the vessel weighed anchor, and left a land where for six years he had rested in respect. His wife and children were on board. The young ones wept for the land where they had spent their infant years, and would gladly have returned. But the sails were unfurl'd and spread to the breeze. The old ship—for she was an old voyager—creaked under her way, and the veterans in her were like herself, weather-beaten hulks of many a hard-fought fight. Time for them, the reader will say, to cast anchor, or to come to their moorings.

Our heroine had her youngest child in arms. She had an affectionate husband, and she put her trust in God. She prayed for a safe voyage; and, notwithstanding all the dangers that attended a leaky vessel, notwithstanding that, in a tremendous storm in doubling the Cape, one of the beams of the old ship started, and the water, as she described it, came gushing in like flashes of lightning; and, though the horrors of shipwreck once stared them in the face, yet, by the blessing of God, she arrived at the mouth of the Thames with her husband and family in good health, and landed late in the evening at Gravesend.

CHAPTER XXX.

ENGLAND.

Our heroine, as we have said, landed at Gravesend, and Serjeant Jones, who had the care of the party, obtained billets for them; but, as they arrived late, and the houses were closed, the landlords refused to admit the soldiers; so that, upon landing in their own country after so many years' absence, their first reception was inhospitable in the extreme.

'Is this merry England that we talked of, Hewitt?' said our heroine, 'and is this the way they treat us? We were much better used in France. Our enemies would not let us stand shivering in the cold all night.'

'I am disappointed, my dear, and this is indeed but a very unfavourable omen for the future. We are certainly unreasonably late in our application for admission; but, coming as we do from the extremity of this habitable globe, it is cruel of these citizens not to admit us. We cannot, however, compel them, and we have no alternative but to wait patiently for the morning. I will try what I can do to get the women and children admitted. I care not for myself, but I do not like to see you freezing in the streets all night.'

It was not without much difficulty that the women and children obtained quarters, and the men had positively to bivouac in the streets, until the hour of compulsory admission, at which they could not be refused.

But orders were given for the regiment to move on to Chatham; so that no opportunity was afforded to make the *amende honorable* to these brave fellows. It did not give our heroine a very favourable opinion of Englishmen. She knew that the Boors of Africa would rise at midnight to welcome a stranger—that the Arabs of the Desert would not deny the claims of hospitality, and that in

every other country under the sun, the door would open at any hour to the brave defenders of the land. But here, in England, the veterans of the Peninsula were denied a night's lodging!

Oh, boast not, England, of hospitality! It is all very well with introductions for the sake of pride or courtesy; but in what part of this island does the stranger or the soldier find an open door and a hearty welcome, though he may have spent his best years in fighting for the security of those very men who deny him a shelter in his necessity? How many may read these pages by a cheerful fire with all the comforts and endearments of a happy home. They may shudder at the accusation of want of hospitality; but that shudder will not prove false the assertion that, in the year 1822, the voyagers from Sydney who landed at Gravesend had to spend their first night in the open streets. It is to be feared that an angel, were he to come unawares upon many of our snug habitations, would find but a sorry welcome, and be directed to the Union-House for entertainment. He might find an open door in some charitable cottage, but the mansion would not admit him to its kitchen.

After having spent some days at Chatham, a severe misfortune overtook our heroine, in the visitation of one of her children with brain fever. Night after night did she wait upon the delirious child. Three surgeons attended him, and ten days and nights the mother changed not her clothes, but watched the poor sufferer with anxious eyes, till it pleased God to remove him from this world to a better. Her eldest son Edward, a fine, intelligent fellow of nine years old, born in the 48th, thus died and was buried at Chatham, to the great grief of his parents. This affliction was the precursor to days of sorrow and sickness, in which our heroine had to fortify her own mind, and her husband his also, with the best consolations of Religion. Soon after this occurrence they were ordered to Chelsea, where, after twenty-seven years of active service, Thomas Hewitt was discharged, a pensioner at 1s. 1½d. per day, and had to commence a new kind of life for a veteran soldier. He now remarked to our heroine,

‘You had better remain at Chelsea, my dear, whilst I journey into Norfolk, and see my father again. Surely, surely, he must have had my letters, and I feel a strange presentiment that his heart has been hardened against me; but I will seek him, and at once discover where the fault may be. Your own health is not

good; our late bereavement has unstrung your nerves, and time and rest are required to set you up again.'

'I should wish to go with you, but perhaps you will be best alone upon such an occasion. My young child requires care, and, after a month or so, we shall be able to join you. I pray God to prosper you. We feel very strangely out of the army, after so long a habit of discipline in it.'

'It will never do us any harm, if we can only find some active employment at home. The wakeful habits of a soldier, his cleanly appearance, and readiness to do his duty, will be no drawbacks to any future exertion. We have had but little comfort since we returned to England. Still, my dear, we have very many blessings to be thankful for. I do not despair, and will soon let you know the result of my journey. England has yet room for us, and we must not be discouraged at our first misfortunes.'

The young man, for he was still but thirty-nine years of age, was not long before he again arrived in his native county of Norfolk; and he lost no time in proceeding to the very spot on which he first met his father.

At the same inn, with the same landlord, and at the same table, was the son engaged, though in plain clothes, in writing a letter to his parent, just as that parent passed the window. In a moment he was in the street, and accosted him with breathless haste and much anxiety—

'Sir,' cried he, 'I am returned to England again!' and he paused to take breath, whilst the gentleman viewed him with the utmost astonishment, saying,

'And pray, Sir, who are you?'

What were the feelings of the son at that moment no mortal can describe. He could not even attempt to put them upon paper. That father, who but six years before had acknowledged him, not to know him now! A strange sensation came over him. He was wounded more severely by that blow than by the enemy's sword. He was smitten to the heart, as if an arrow of ice, with suddenly piercing point, had carried a chilling blow to the centre of life. And is it for this, thought he, that I have come over from Australia? to meet with a cold repulse—not to be known—to be denied by my own father! O nature, nature, how art thou changed! The question was again put: 'Who are you, young man?' and convinced him that it was no intentional denial of a knowledge of his person.

‘I am Thomas Hewitt—your son, Sir!’

It was now the gentleman's turn to be surprised. He was agitated. He turned pale, and with much trepidation desired him to go back into the house. He followed him into the room.

‘I really did not know you, young man; your sudden salutation, in a costume so different from that which I last saw you, prevented my recognizing you; and yet I ought not to have forgotten the voice. I have been very ill since I last saw you, and I had no idea you were alive. Why did you not write to me? Where have you been? You promised to let me have a full account of your life; but not a word have I heard of you.’

‘Oh, Sir, how grieved I am! I wrote to you from Ireland—I wrote to tell you of my regiment's departure for Australia? and, on board the *Matilda*, I employed my time in writing the history of my own and my wife's adventures. I sent the same by one of the band of the 47th, who promised to deliver it at your door.’

‘Strange, strange! I never saw it! I never heard of it! You say you wrote many times. Did you direct your letters properly?’

‘I did, Sir, according to your own direction. I wrote at least twenty times from Australia, and can have the testimony of my Colonel, who countersigned my direction for me.’

‘I must make inquiry into this. Where is your regiment now?’

‘Part of it, Sir, has returned to England to be discharged. I am one of the number, and being second Sergeant of the band, I was within the list of reduction.’

‘How long have you been in the regiment?’

‘Twenty-seven years, in active service, Sir.’

‘Then you ought to have been promoted.’

‘Alas! Sir, promotion is but a slow march in the band. We are too often overlooked in many things by the higher powers, and too often thought only fit for parade duty; but there are many who have found us most serviceable to them when they were unable to assist themselves. I have been in many battles, side by side with the bravest, and have not flinched from the duties of a soldier.’

‘What pension have you?’

‘One shilling and a penny-halfpenny per day.’

‘What are your views now?’

‘You promised to befriend me, Sir, if I should be discharged.’

I had the option of remaining in Australia, or of returning with part of my regiment to England. I thought, Sir, that I might never see you again if I neglected the opportunity which then offered itself, of returning at the expense of Government; and I accepted it, though, as you will see by these testimonials, my prospects in Australia were very fair.'

The young man here presented to his parent a packet of letters, bearing the highest testimony to the respectability of his character, his proficiency in his art, and to his general military as well as private deportment. Could a parent receive this genuine appeal to his heart without a warm response? Could the cold forms of dignity, which he had himself violated in early life, now stand between the convictions of nature and wisdom? They might in some very fashionable minds, whose cultivation will not admit the claims of nature, and which consider etiquette as possessing more vitality and propriety than truth itself; but it was not so with this Norfolk squire. A blunt species of gentleman, carrying in his person sufficient appearance of external pride, without any pretensions to the extreme of fashion, he had yet a warm heart, alive to real natural emotions: in honest affection he again extended his hand to the welcome soldier, and accompanied it with an honest Englishman's expressions.

'And you shall be welcome to England, my boy! You shall not come back all this way for nothing. I will assist you. Where is your wife?'

'She is now at Chelsea, Sir. I have lately buried my eldest son. I have two, Absalom my elder, and Thomas my younger, still with their mother.'

'And what are your views? I know not what to do with you here. I have nothing to do myself. I cannot comprehend how your letters were lost. When did you write last?'

'Six days ago, Sir, from Chatham.'

'I must inquire into this. It is a mystery to me. What do you propose to do with yourself? A young man like you should have some constant and profitable occupation.'

'My own thoughts inclined to settling at Norwich, and teaching music.'

'And no bad employment in these days: Norwich is becoming a musical city. Norfolk farmers do not reap very abundant profits in these times, though many who have been careful in the war, have

risen to purchase the very estates they hired, and have become great gentlemen. Come to Norwich, and if anything should occur in which I can promote your interest and prosperity, I will do so. I had given you up. I felt hurt at your negligence, and I cannot now account for the strange failure of your letters. Rest here until the morning, and I will see you again; and so, good bye for the present.'

Father and son parted better friends than might have been expected, to the very great joy of the latter. Nor was their meeting less cordial on the morrow.

'I have thought of you all night, young man,' said Mr. H—, 'and I have hinted at my suspicions of your letters being purposely kept out of my sight. To avoid this, for the future, when you write to me, follow this direction, and I shall receive them. I have brought you again the sum I gave you before; when you have arrived with your family, and have settled yourselves in Norwich, communicate with me, and I will arrange something permanent for your support.'

They took a mutually respectful leave of each other, in which there was more true affection than in many between those who are more constantly in each other's sight. With a heart much relieved from the pressure of doubt, Hewitt departed from Hingham, and staid a few days with his uncle and aunt. He wrote to his wife, giving her a description of his unexpected success at N—, and requesting her to come to Norwich, where he would meet her. In the meantime, he himself went to that city, to see what he could do in his profession of music. He obtained an introduction to Colonel Harvey, who took much notice of him, and introduced him to other gentlemen. The Rev. Mr. Elvin was very kind to him, and also Mr. Pattison, the great brewer.

His wife arrived in the city of Norwich in the latter part of the year 1822, and found that her husband had secured lodgings for her and her family in Ber Street.

These were some of the happiest days she had experienced for some time. Her husband, by degrees, obtained an established reputation in the city. His father, with whom he had another interview soon after the arrival of his family, definitively promised him £30 per annum, assuring him that he should receive it regularly at the quarter, and that as long as he, Thomas Hewitt, should live, it should be paid punctually. Independently of this allowance, he

made him many presents, which enabled him to bring up his family decently.

‘So England, my dear, is, after all, a comfortable country;’ said our heroine to her husband. ‘Our young ones thrive in it, and we have no reason to complain.’

‘I have none, my dear, none whatever, thanks to God’s goodness, both in giving me support, and in giving me you to help me through life. I like to have my time fully occupied, and have this day been offered an employment which I think I shall accept, as it will not interfere with my pupils, or with music. It is that of watchman, under Mr. Yarrington, the Master of the Watch Committee. I am so well accustomed to duty, that I rather think I should like it. It will help us, too, to provide for our children’s wants.’

‘Accept it, if you please, and I hope you will give satisfaction to your employer. It is something like sentinel duty, and reminds me of soldiery again.’

Hewitt, accordingly, became watchman to Mr. Yarrington, Sen., who was much struck with the intelligence of the man, and placed the utmost confidence in his integrity. From him Hewitt and his family received many kindnesses. He soon discovered the superior qualities of his watchman’s mind, and took a lively interest in conversing with him upon the subject of his campaigns.

The following letter, received from this highly respectable man, will justify the Author of this narrative in giving it to the public in this place:—

‘SIR,

‘ST. SIMONS, NORWICH, *January 5th, 1846.*

‘In answer to your inquiry respecting the late Thomas Hewitt, it is now about twenty years since I first knew him. It was soon after he was discharged from the army. He was then very anxious concerning his prospect of obtaining a livelihood for himself and his family. I soon discovered him to be a man of intelligence, far beyond most men moving in his sphere of life. I advised him to call upon the late John Pattison, Esq., one of the Aldermen of Norwich. With that gentleman I had several interviews relating to Hewitt.

‘I informed Mr. Pattison that Mr. H——, of ——, was Hewitt’s father. Mr. P., knowing Mr. H——, succeeded in obtaining a considerable allowance towards his maintenance, and many favours, during the time Mr. H—— was living.

‘Hewitt was a watchman under me; but, finding it did not agree with his health, he was obliged to give it up. I always found him a man that might be trusted, and my firm belief is, that he was a man of the strictest integrity.

‘I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

‘H. YARRINGTON,

‘To the Rev. Richard Cobbold, Wortham Rectory.’

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHANGES.

EVERY man's life has its changes. No day is like the one gone by. Each one brings with it some dissimilarity. A wise man has said, 'There is nothing new under the sun': but as everything is growing old, even the world itself, so must everything be changing; and as from change to change we are proceeding in our course, may God grant we may go on changing for the better, till we come to our last change, and be happy for ever!

'I find my time fully occupied, my dear,' said Hewitt to his wife; 'and I know not what it is to be idle. Our boys are growing up, and begin to read well. Absalom is at the top of his class, and Thomas begins to know his letters. I want but a few more pupils, and I think we should be able to lay by a little.'

'I am, indeed, happy, my dear, comparatively speaking, and enjoy the rest which God is pleased to give us from the toils and dangers of war; and, as long as you have your health, and my fingers can work, our children shall not want for decent clothing, nor for such education as we can afford. You will probably soon have some more pupils. Mr. Yarrington is very kind to us; but I sometimes wish that this night-work could be dispensed with. What with blowing the clarionet in the day, keeping watch at night, and teaching the Sunday school on the Sabbath, I am afraid your health may be affected.'

'My Sunday occupation is the pleasantest part of my work; and, Mr. Valpy's health not being good, I have double pleasure in assisting our clergyman, and in instructing the young. Children are like soldiers; they require to be taught in companies, and to be drilled into discipline by one who understands training. I find that, from my constant habit of teaching, they look up to me and obey me. It is curious that, after so many years of war, I should

at last be engaged in the peaceful service of the Church of England. This is a change indeed !'

It was one perfectly congenial to the mind of this brave man, who, having made very early improvement in his own studies, was then happily engaged in conveying Christian instruction to the young. In 1825, the Rev. Mr. Valpy, in whose service he was so pleasantly employed, died ; and with the change of pastors at St. Simon's, came change of master for the school. So that this profitable Sabbath employment was exchanged for the more private one of instructing only his own family.

This was an eventful year to our heroine. After having had seven sons she gave birth to a daughter, adding to her domestic comfort as well as to her family cares. But a more singular event occurred soon after her recovery from her confinement. A letter arrived, announcing the existence of her mother, and not only her being alive, but that she was on her way to see her at Norwich.

It is an event, indeed, after seventeen years' separation, to see an affectionate mother ; and let a person's circumstances be what they may, if natural affection be not extinct, the heart must indeed rejoice ! Who would not give, ay, all things, to see again the beloved face of his childhood, to see the bright smile of approbation, to press again the warm hand of affection, or to interchange the soft kiss of parental and filial regard ? Away, coldness ! away, ye cruel forms of a heartless world, or damp chills of fashion ! The meeting of a fond mother, after seventeen years' absence, must melt the heart of a man, and try him tenderly, whether he be a child of God or not. If a child of God, he would fly into that mother's arms, and bless God for the inexpressible joy of such a moment. Let the fanatic assume, for his own faith, what high attachment he may, he would not be to be envied, could he see the mother who gave him birth, who taught him his first prayers, watched by his cradle, and yearned over him with bowels of compassion—he would not be to be envied, could he see her after seventeen years, and be unmoved !

It was not likely that the genuinely affectionate heart which our heroine possessed would fail to feel, ay, more than any pen of man can describe, when her loved parent entered her abode.

Each could but look at the other, and see the changes time had wrought. Seventeen years before, and the bloom of youth sat on that daughter's cheek ; the cares of the mother had come with her

womanhood, but she had never lost the affections of a daughter. And this may be one reason, reader, why now, in her widowhood, her own children have never ceased to bless her and respect her, to treat her with the warmest affection, and, in her poverty and distress to spare all they can for their mother's comfort.

A month did the mother remain, and talked over with Hewitt and her daughter the early days of their youthful affection, the changes at Gibraltar, and her own change of condition. After losing at Cadiz her husband and her only son, she was very lonely, and being still an active, and by no means otherwise than a goodly person, she married a comrade of her husband's, a Cornishman; who, after serving his time in the Artillery, retired with a pension to Gwinear, a place about twenty miles from the Land's End in Cornwall. At very advanced ages, this old couple, Thomas and Fanny Williams, are still living, as appears by a letter from them to the heroine of these pages, dated March 25th, 1845, with this postscript.

‘ N.B.—When you direct,

Direct for THOMAS WILLIAMS,

‘ Pensioner,

‘ No. 99, Tallywarren Street,

‘ Camborne,

‘ Cornwall.’

Twenty letters from them now lie before the author of this narrative, all breathing the purest affection and respect for our heroine and her family.

The mother, after a month's stay, returned to her husband in Cornwall, and it is now twenty years since this visit was paid: times have wofully changed since then with her daughter, though their mutual affections are unaltered.

But we must trace the gradual advance of misfortune, because at that time there was no apparent reason to dread any. Yet, soon after this, we find that they left Norwich. There had been a namesake of Hewitt's in the band of the 48th, who had always been upon the best terms with him. As he had served his time, and returned to live at Aylsham, his native place, he came to beat up his quarters, and stayed a few days with our heroine. Those few days stirred up the former taste for soldiering.

‘ What say you, Hewitt, to another campaign? After all, we are best fitted for soldiers. I have been requested to seek for some

veterans of the Peninsular campaign, to join the Norfolk Militia. Now you and I had a pretty good share of the foreign wars. What say you to being on the peace establishment at home?’

‘I must think the matter over, and talk it over with my wife; we are well off here, and the old proverb, “Let well alone,” may indispose her mind to changes. I see no objection to it. The pay is good, and the duty not very heavy. I will talk it over with her.’

They did talk it over, and our heroine saw no objection to the plan proposed. She thought it better than the uncertainty of pupils and the watchman’s duty; besides, the place to which they were to go, was at no great distance from Norwich, and they might still keep up their connexion in that city. Upon the whole, she approved the change, and Hewitt and his namesake entered into the Norfolk Militia, and became active non-commissioned officers, under the command of Captain Guthrie, at Yarmouth.

Hewitt went over to N—— to communicate the change to his parent, who again treated him handsomely, and gave him money to pay all the expenses of changing his place of abode, assuring him again of his great respect—that his income should be punctually paid to him, and that he would take care that it should be insured to him for his life.

It was a change for our heroine again to see her husband in uniform, and to find him a peaceful soldier of the militia. She and her young family removed to Yarmouth, and took up their abode near the Apollo Garden walk. Here they lived for fourteen years, not without many changes; for though the militia was for a time made strong, yet after a few years it was disbanded, and Hewitt had to return to teaching music. One effect, however, which his appearance as a soldier had upon his young sons was, that it gave them a partiality for a red coat, which they never got over, notwithstanding the kindness of many friends who would have had them choose some more peaceful occupation. Among others, some Quaker ladies were very kind to the boys, taking great notice of, and in many ways befriending them.

In 1827, Hewitt was engaged to play the third clarionet at the Norwich Festival; and here he was first introduced to Professor Edward Taylor, who was so pleased with his modest deportment and scientific industry in the cultivation of music, that he made him a handsome present of a bassoon and other instruments,

which his widow still preserves as a memorial of the Professor's kindness.

It was with no little pride and pleasure that our heroine beheld her husband in the ranks of those performers who swelled the instrumental band at the Festival. She was permitted to go to the rehearsals, and truly might it be said, that she and many others enjoyed the treat with as much satisfaction as any of the more enlightened among the audience, who came to see and to be seen, to hear, and to pay for what they heard, to the ultimate benefit of the hospital and other charities in the city of Norwich.

Harmony has its discords, and the cultivators of harmony frequently have jarring disagreements, even in getting up a grand entertainment for the public amusement. For there is as much, or more, of natural pride in those who have to play before a great audience, as in those who shine in the more retired drawing-room. The principle of harmony is good; but, in the practice, too many discords destroy the most harmonious sounds, and afford anything but gratification. So, in great public festivals, it is no easy thing to control the minds of all the performers, and bring them under the guidance of one conductor.

After the disbanding of the regiment of militia, Hewitt's father assisted him to embark in a fishing speculation at Yarmouth; but this turned out unprofitable. Loss of horses, boats, and various other circumstances, over which he had no control, rather tended to involve him in difficulties than to lift him above them, and proved that a good soldier might make but a sorry fishmonger. Still, he contrived to bring up his family respectably. He had two more daughters born to him at Yarmouth, Martha and Kerenhappuck, the latter so named because Job, having had seven sons and three daughters, gave the last this name. But this daughter was not the last, for his wife brought him another, Priscilla, who still remains with her.

Eliza, after being carefully trained in Mrs. Turner's Sunday School, was bound apprentice to Miss Branch, the respected stay-maker, at Yarmouth; she served her two years in that capacity, and afterwards five more as journeywoman.

'I think, father,' said Hewitt's son Absalom, when he had grown a fine boy, very tall for his years—'that I should like to be a soldier. I have always wished to be one, and you enlisted very young; why should not I?'

‘I know no other reason, my boy, than that I think you hardly know your own mind yet. Were you fated to see as many difficulties and dangers as I have seen, I could sincerely wish you to drive a Yarmouth traul cart all the days of your life in preference.’

‘Nay, father, that would be a sorry kind of life for a soldier’s son. Fancy me mounted on one of those strange vehicles, which go upon wheels without an axle—have no seats, and no sides—are all length and no breadth—touch the ground with their bodies, whilst their legs, if I may so term the shafts, go up into the air higher than the horses’ heads. I should look well on one of these carts; for as to being in one, that would be an impossibility, since they have no insides, and, as they rattle along, look more like lumbergims than anything else. Put scythes to the hobs of the wheels, father, and they would look like the first Queen of England’s war-cars, of which you were reading to us the other day in the History of England. Let me be a foot soldier, and I shall be content.’

The father thought the boy entitled to some choice of his own, and only urged him not to be too hasty in deciding upon the point. The carts he mentioned are peculiar to Yarmouth, and are well adapted for the narrow rows, as the numerous thoroughfares between the old sea front and the river’s face are called. No one who visits Yarmouth can fail to note this feature of internal traffic from the shore to the most remote corners of the town.

If any physician wished to prescribe a novelty for his patient, he need but send him to Yarmouth, for a species of driving which would keep every muscle of his frame in active motion. Let him have to stand on one of these vehicles for two hours a-day, and permit one of the Yarmouth herring-men to drive it; he would not long be afflicted with indigestion, which Abernethy says is the cause of all diseases.

Our heroine’s eldest son, Absalom, could not be persuaded to change his mind, but enlisted in the 12th foot, took his departure for Ireland, and sailed from the Cove of Cork for the Isle of France, where he now is.

His brother, Thomas, some years afterwards followed his example, and is now a private in the Coldstream Guards.

Changes, changes! What changes we all see in the course of our lives! Again our heroine changed her place of abode, and

went to live at St. Martin's, Palace Plains, near the White Lion Inn, Norwich. Her husband found many friends to notice him. He was invited to play in several families, and the soldier, with his medal, which he was entitled to wear at all times, became a noted character.

It is pleasant to look through the letters of their children, and see flowing from their hearts the same strain of affectionate piety as flowed from the hearts of the parents. It would be tediously spinning out a narrative to introduce the epistles of these young men to their parents, from the various parts of the world where they were quartered. It will be sufficient for the author to state that he has had great pleasure in perusing them, and he can honestly and conscientiously affirm, that they are letters such as young men of good principles, and affectionate and dutiful sons, would write to parents whom they honoured at home, and never neglected to honour, though they found themselves in distant lands.

In writing these pages, the author is glad to find that, notwithstanding all the changes which have visited this family, one bond of unity has undergone no change among them, namely, mutual love for each other; and may God grant that nothing may ever break it, but that by his grace, it may be more firmly knit, till time shall be changed, for them, into eternity!

CHAPTER XXXII.

AFFLICTION.

AFFLICTION! It is a word which thousands cannot endure to hear mentioned but in private. Eloquent perhaps in the deepest silence, it broods in a language of its own over sufferings mental or bodily, which pen cannot express.

Our heroine, though a soldier's wife, had a tender heart, even in the stirring, hardening times of war. As a mother, she had been destined to feel the sorrows of life, in parting with beloved infants and children, not one of whom she would not gladly have had survive herself. But she was now called upon to endure the loss of a daughter, who was endeared to her and her husband by the singular precocity of talent with which she was endowed. Heaven fits, or rather the God of Heaven and Earth fits and prepares the young mind, with very early calls to his kingdom; and, though most men wish to live to the utmost limit of human years, from that natural tenacity to life which all creatures possess, yet there are few parents of families of any extent, who have failed to witness the wisdom of those children who have been early called to be partakers of a Heavenly Kingdom. The calmness with which, in sickness, they look upon things past, present, and to come, is a beautiful lesson of family piety, almost enough to make the strong and healthy envy the tranquil joy of the wise and sickly.

'Mother,' said the little Martha to her parent, 'I shall never live to be a woman; nor do I desire so to do. Father and you are very kind to me, and I love you dearly. Brothers and sisters, too, are very good to me, and I love them all; but still I think I shall have to leave you all—I do not think I shall live long.'

What was a mother to reply to this? The little Martha was by no means strong. She was a delicate, sensitive, singularly intelli-

gent child, whose actions appeared to be governed by a wisdom which the ablest divines, in their most beautiful discourses, might have inculcated. She was a child full of reflection, ever thoughtful, and, like a most perfect ear, she could no more bear a discordant word, than that ear could bear a note out of tune.

A harsh word was grating to her ear; an irreverent one was shocking; but a blasphemous one, let it be uttered in the broad street, would make the child cling to her parents as though a wild beast were let loose in her way. The father and mother observed this early delicacy, and Hewitt, in his hours of instruction, found his little daughter Martha receive all he could give her, and yet desire more. Sweet thirst for truth, whenever childhood, youth, or manhood, shall seek to know what God has revealed for its instruction and happiness! Heavenly Father, thou who callest thy children to thyself—it is a sweet consolation that thou permittest even a soldier, a rough parent, or a soldier's wife, a kind mother, to give instruction to thy children, and to know that as thine they can never be lost!

'My dear child,' said the mother, 'I know you are not of strong constitution, and I will not deceive you by saying that you are; but God can do all things, and can make your natural weakness strong with His strength.'

'I know it, mother! I know it! for, as father told me this very Sabbath evening, His strength is made perfect in our weakness; but, mother, his strength is not bodily strength, but strength of spirit, to love Him and His goodness more dearly than anything else.'

What a speech was this, for a child! yet though simply the wisdom she had perceived, it was unanswerable. But the father tried her faith a little, when he said, with earnestness, 'How can you say, my dear child, that His strength is not bodily strength, when you read of the miraculous bodily power of Samson? Was not his strength merely mortal?'

'Father, that strength was made perfect in his weakness. He was weak enough to suffer himself to be bound with cords, and yet, in the moment of his utmost self-abasement, he burst them asunder. He was weak enough to reveal the secret of God's strength bestowed upon him, and he had his eyes put out. But when his enemies were most strong against him, and prevailed with their utmost cruelty, he put forth his prayer to his God, and prayed for his

strength, and down came the columns of the idolatrous temple, and he slew more in his death than he had done in his life. How can you call this mortal strength ?’

Was the father able to gainsay this ? The little divine, for so he called his beloved Martha, would have had him question her further ; but he took her in his arms, and put an end to an argument which he found himself unable and unwilling to combat, and conquered, or rather prevailed with a kiss, not of betrayal, but of exquisite affection.

Yet this dear child was to be lost to him ; and, though he sincerely delighted in her superior mind, and joyed to see her every time he came into his house, he felt, each time he saw her, that she was leaving him, though she evinced more and more warm affection for him. Could he desire that she should remain in a world where everything shocked her ? Nature and grace had to struggle in the heart of the parent more severely than in that of the child. Nature—pure, simple, innocent, affectionate nature—in the tender child was part of the perfection of God’s grace, and suffered no shock in her, because she found it part of God’s love in her ; but the parent felt his own loss, felt for the little sufferer’s bodily pains, and died in his own heart whilst he willingly yielded her up to his Creator.

Little Martha had an affection of the chest, which for a long while tormented her ; but she did not complain, and rather sought to soothe her father and mother with the prospect of her departure than to grieve them.

‘I do not like to see those tears, dear father,’ she said to him, ‘they seem to me ungrateful. Why do you weep ? Is it for me ? Pray do not do so, for my departure ought to be your joy. You read to me just now “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord !” Why do you grieve then ? Have you any doubt about my dying in the Lord ?’

‘No, my dear child ; no. I do not grieve on this account. I am sorry to lose you so early in life.’

‘And what would you have me live for, father ? You have no mansion for me here, but my heavenly Father has prepared for me a place to dwell in, better than the palace of the bishop ! You can promise me no joys here, but my heavenly Father assures me there are joys everlasting at his right hand, and so said the dear bishop, when I heard him preach on Good Friday at the Cathedral. You

can give me no crown, yet you read to me of crowns of glory as the reward of the children of God.'

'Dear child, you speak so confidently, as to make me think you know not that you are a sinner.'

'Dear father, and would you have a sinner doubt? For whom did the Redeemer suffer? Not for me, if I had not been a sinner. Have I forgotten how many times you have corrected me? I did wrong; you forgave me, because I confessed to you my faults; but dear father, I perceived that my sins were against God, and your forgiveness could not forgive me before Him. For that reason, I felt I wanted forgiveness from Him, and you told me that Christ only could obtain that for me. In Him, then, did I find it. How, then, can you suppose I could forget that I had been a sinner? But God forgives me, and I heard his forgiveness pronounced at church by his minister, and took it as such to my soul.'

Could the wisest argue better? Could the father gainsay a word? He submitted to the hand that gave the blow, and the dear child died in his arms.

'Mary,' said he to his wife, 'that child's death is the first nail in my own coffin. It is not that I am so melancholy as to be without hope for you and for myself; but I did love that child dearly; I did delight in her singular precocity, and I feel that I must go to her; she cannot come to me.'

It was singular, but not long after the child's decease Hewitt's health began to fail him. He became subject to asthma, and found that his breathing through the clarionet, or the bassoon, was followed by a strange pricking in the throat. He could never forget his little Martha; he would speak of her at all times, but especially when his children came home to meals, and seemed to miss her society.

'I cannot rouse myself, Mary,' said he; 'I cannot rid myself of the idea, that it will not be very long before I shall go to her, since she cannot come to me. Let me be where I may, that child's questions, her extraordinary arguments, and her sincere devotion, seem to press themselves upon my mind, and, sleeping or waking, my little Martha is always present with me.'

It was not that he did not love his wife and children with the same warmth as formerly. If possible, he loved them more. He spent more of his time at home. For, on account of the irritation of his chest, he found it dangerous to indulge in his former pursuits.

He was, in an accompaniment, one of the finest bassoon players possible. His ear was perfect, and his taste extremely good; but the bassoon is a dangerous instrument for any person whose lungs or whose breathing is affected.

An active man is very unwilling to give up his accustomed employment, though he may actually require rest to preserve his health or his life. How many a workman, with pallid cheeks and starting eyes, has risen perhaps to his unhealthy occupation, when nature called out, 'Keep your bed, you want rest for a few days.' Alas! he has a wife and children whom he knows will call for bread, and he cannot afford to lose his time. So he goes to work and increases his disease, till he can go no longer. So our heroine's husband would go on playing his bassoon, until he was compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to give it up.

His active mind, however, knew no rest. He read, he wrote, he thought; and now he conversed, day after day, with his affectionate wife upon things which more deeply concerned his soul. Affliction brought him nearer to his God. He saw His hand at work in his own career, and observed to his wife that it had been a very merciful one.

'I ought to be more thankful, my dear, than I am,' continued he, 'for this very affliction, which now prevents my earning for you, as I used to do, such a weekly aid as enabled us to live in comfort. But we must soon remove to a less expensive habitation, for I feel that, as my powers decay, we shall not be able to meet the expenses of our family without changing our place of abode. We now stand at a high rent, and our children require all we can spare from our income. You and I have known too many changes to heed a remove, and it is better to be honest and pay our way, than to live beyond our means and in misery.'

'I have no objection, my dear, to any change which may ease your mind and render you more comfortable. We have slept upon the bare ground many a stormy night; and any house in this city affords us better shelter than the plains of Salamanca. It is nothing to me to give up these fancied comforts, when your health and peace are the object. Now you mention the subject, I think our friend, the landlord of the Ten Bells, who has known us so many years, has some houses to let not far from his own. They are small and very reasonable, and what is the difference between St. Martin's Palace Plains, and the Ten Bell Lane? I will go and

see him, and try if we can arrange about the rent. Do not make yourself uneasy about any luxuries for me, Hewitt; a soldier's wife should be prepared to more than meet her husband's misfortunes.'

A woman is more brave than a man in the hour of retrenchment, if she loves her husband as much as she do herself. What a blessing she is to a man, if she can deprive herself of any accustomed luxuries to support the character of her husband for honesty! What are luxuries, when a person cannot afford to pay for them, but robberies committed upon honest principle; which, in the end, produce more misery in their possession than they could possibly do if rejected? 'Retrenchment' sounds harshly to the ear of luxuriating pride; but those who would not forfeit love for all the possessions of pride, know well that the meeting an evil with a good heart and a firm hand carries with it unspeakable joy.

The soldier's wife had no smart carriage to lay down, no livery servants to discharge, no horses with flowing tails and flying manes to part with; but she had to give up her comforts of comparative luxury, which one who had earned them after many a hard-fought fight, and many a weary hour, was perhaps as much entitled to enjoy, as the lord or lady of the proudest mansion. A woman who had looked a wolf in the face without a shriek, would not be likely to make much lamentation about retrenchment.

As a good wife, she soon changed the more expensive dwelling for an humbler one, and took up her lodging in the Ten Bell Lane, Pottergate Street, Norwich, in a small, retired court, and never uttered a murmur at the remove. Affliction did not leave that roof, however, though one outward cause of annoyance might have been got rid of. It required all the energies of a good manager, with a sick husband and herself and family to feed and clothe, upon a pension and allowance which, when the earnings of an active man were added to them, were an ample provision. Still, care and attention, economy and honesty, affection and cheerfulness, with that never desponding faith which relies upon the daily mercies and providence of God, very soon made the retired lodging in Ten Bell Lane as comfortable as the house on the Palace Plains.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN UNEXPECTED BLOW.

MAN'S difficulties are attributed by many wise persons in this world to his own want of wisdom. To be poor, according to such people's ideas, is to be a fool. Nay, there are some who seem to imagine that it is the very first duty of the Christian ministry to teach worldly prudence, the laying up of treasure upon earth, the getting money somehow; and when it is gotten, the taking care of it, laying it out so as to bring in the greatest interest, in insurances, railroad speculations, investments in land, mines, ships, canals, and all the variety of profitable channels which may present themselves to the eager thirst for gain. The clergy are sometimes reproached by a wise brother for not taking advantage of some of these opportunities, as if the golden grain of Mammon were the best fruit they could reap.

Let those who can get and keep riches, rejoice in them; but let not a good man despair, though poverty may stare him in the face; let him not repine, let him not forget that God provides the daily bread of the humble, and that He will never desert any of his children! His purse may be very low, but let him be lowly himself; let him be ready to give of that lowly spirit he possesses such gifts as God has given him, and he need not doubt that men will, if he has patience, pour into his bosom sufficient of the abundance which God has given them that he may be provided for.

Benevolence makes many rich, without diminishing the possessions of the donor; and though it may be more blessed to give than to receive, yet if the recipient of bounty takes that which is given him by mortal hands, as from the blessed instruments and agents of the Almighty, he will never be at a loss for gratitude, and will never offend or be offended in his poverty. The workman is worthy of his hire, and will be paid sufficiently if he do his work

diligently; but if he will be idle, he cannot expect the blessing of God or man. Affliction, bodily or mental, may deprive an honest man of power to work, and then he becomes an object of real compassion.

There was not a more industrious, pains-taking, decent and respectable couple than our heroine and her husband, in the line of life in which they sought their subsistence. They had toiled through the Peninsular campaigns with honour, and had left the British Army without ever once incurring the slightest reprimand for any neglect of duty; but, on the contrary, they received many testimonials of grateful respect from comrades, and from officers who knew them. Before the writer of these pages lie letters from soldiers who called our heroine's husband their Mentor, instructor, adviser, and friend. One of them is so characteristically impressive of the fact, that it will serve, by its insertion here, to shew that Hewitt and his wife were looked up to by those who valued intelligence and integrity, though but privates in the ranks of the British Army. The author gives a copy of the letter, and he does not fear that men of generous minds will fail to appreciate its merits, though it may have many literal defects. The letter is written on a sheet of foolscap paper, and contains a most carefully traced map, made from observation, and which would be no disgrace to any officer of engineers, whose education might enable him to appreciate its accuracy. The author alters not a word, nor a letter, intentionally. The hand-writing is not bad, though old fashioned; still it is a genuine production. It is from his old comrade Leonard.

‘GOOD MENTOR,

‘KINGSTON, *9th of August, 1840.*

‘I have Endeavoured to the Best of my Judgment to give you a True map as far as my Abilities Goes; this is very True you may Depend, for you only have to Consider that I always had my walk Round the Lower fort once Every Day at Least. And sometimes twice a week and Never Missed going once a week to the Upper Fort. And Principally to See his Highness the Rajah of Curnool Who was a State Prisiner in the Citidal.—you shall hear More of him in My future Letters—I shall not enter Into the Account of Bellary Untill my Next Letter, which will be wholly taken upon that Place. I hope you have Received the papers I Sent you, In one was an account of Napoleon Trying to Poison himself at Fontenbleau. But how to take it for Truth is Still a

Secret with me. I shall not say anything in this Letter of our Journal more than to say, I have got a Great Deal of Matter for your Information, Both pain and Pleasure, I have to say that I have with my Mrs Enjoyed the Charms of our Fair, and Summer's Cheering Delight.—But through all our delights I have Never once Forgotten, you and your Family in my Jovial Glass—No Hewitt this time 31 years we were you know well, on our half-Starved Retreat. And at the time you Get this Letter we were I suppose Upon Entering the Lofty But Pleasant Hills of Garasiaga, not far from pizzaro's Native Place. However my Friend these are all Bygone Days—But still I Look Back, to Some of those Scenes with Pleasure. of all the Countreys I ever was In, Spain Certainly Gives me the greatest Pleasure to think off, as for Portugal My thoughts Seldom Goes there without it is to Bring to Mind our affair in punhetta. And some more Little adventures.—Spain is Romantic And Grand in its Appearance Good and Virtuous People But a Bad Government, which I think Providence will alter, as the present times seems to foretell some Events for Bettering Spain. In Some of your future Letters, I should Like your opinion upon the Present State of the World as Regards its Warfare Position. And what you think of England, I am Afraid She is going Down Hill. Also Russia, Prussia, Austria, France. Our Eastern possessions, And China, not Forgetting the New found out Country in the South Pole Quarter.

'I have Been Requested to Let you Know that Mr. Becket sends his kind Respects to you and Mrs. Hewitt and he wishes you to give the Same to Lones when you have the Pleasure to see him. I had him at my House Spending one Day with Us, when we Talked over a good many Old Olds.

'I told you In one of My Former Letters that he had Married Jackey Boon's wife who was Killed Near Salamanca, this Woman died about 16 years Ago And the Old Lady B now consequently, is the Second wife. Becket seems to do very well—at present keep a Grocer's Shop, and sells Beer But not to Be drunk in the house.

'You will give our kind wishes to Mrs. Hewitt and Children. And may the blessing of the Almighty God, Attend you and your Family in all your Affairs, is Hewitt, the Constant wish of your old Fellow Traveller.

'To Thomas Hewitt,

'J. LEONARD.

'P.S.—Charming fine Weather at this time.'

Who shall say that this is not an honest, hearty, intelligent letter from a common soldier to an old comrade? Could the reader see the map, as drawn by this brave fellow's pen, he would say, if he had a son in India, 'I wish my boy would trace me such a one.' Should Leonard be now alive, he need not be ashamed that it is in the possession of the author of this book.

This letter has been introduced, simply to shew that the man to whom it was written was worthy of respect, though at that time in reduced circumstances, which, alas! were soon followed by a severe blow. News reached him from his uncle at Hingham that his father was dead.

This was a sudden blow; and, as Hewitt had not been in very good health, it occasioned a depression of spirits to which he had never before been subject. The loss of his little daughter, Martha, might have predisposed his mind to melancholy; the falling-off of the profits of his teaching might have created unwonted anxiety in a man of strong nerve; and when such causes for grief are accompanied by bodily weakness, the stoutest heart is forced to yield to the common afflictions of human nature. The death of a father, who had been a kind friend to Hewitt, and for whom he felt the deepest respect, was at this moment severely felt.

'I wonder, my dear,' said he to his wife, 'whether I shall receive any intimation from any of the family to attend his funeral? I should wish to be there. It must be now known what allowance he has made me, and how it is to be continued; perhaps I shall hear in a day or two. If not, I shall go to Hingham, and hear what my uncle says to it.'

'We shall certainly hear soon, and as it is near the quarter-day, some one will write to you. I should not be surprised if something in the shape of a legacy were left for you; and it would come very acceptably at the present time. At all events, there could be no harm in your paying the outward respect to your father's memory, by attending, even if unknown, at the funeral.'

'I shall wait a day or two, and, if I hear nothing, I shall go over.'

He waited; but each day passed and brought nothing but increased anxiety. So off the poor fellow started for Hingham, and thence for N——.

As he had been at the 'Crown' several times, and was considered to be in some way or another connected with the deceased, though the exact relationship was not known, the landlord was not surprised to see him enter his house with a countenance of unfeigned sorrow.

'We have lost the Squire, Sir,' said he, 'and I suppose you are come over to the funeral. Ah! Sir, he was a good-hearted, kind gentleman. We shall many of us miss him, and the poor most of all.'

'When is the funeral to take place?'

'To-morrow, Sir. Are you going up to the house?'

'No, Landlord, I shall take up my quarters with you. I had a great respect for the deceased gentleman, and have walked from Norwich on purpose that I may see the last duties paid to his remains. Who are his nearest relatives?'

'He has none very near, that I know of. His lady is living, and a sister of her's resides with her. There are no lineal descendants of the Squire's alive. He has been altering very visibly for some months. Did you know him before you first came here, Sir?'

'I knew him when I was a boy, landlord, and have received from him many personal kindnesses; and I think he had a great regard for me. But he is gone, and I shall never forget his kindness.'

'I have no doubt many will feel and say the same; and I, for one, shall always feel respect for his memory. Are you going to look at the vault to-day? if so, I will walk with you.'

'I shall be glad of your company. I never was in N—— Church. It will have a painful place in my memory, on account of the occasion.'

'You speak very feelingly of our late Squire, and I am sure he deserved your good opinion. Ah, Sir, we cannot live for ever, and wealth will not keep a rich man alive one day longer than a poor one.'

'Of that I know nothing. It must be as God pleases; His will must be done, and not our own. If you had been spared in as many scenes of death as I have, you would learn to know the value of your latter days, compared with that of your early ones.'

'Have you been in many battles?'

'I was in almost all that were fought in the Peninsula, and have survived them twenty-seven years. Wealth may not keep a man alive beyond his time; but poverty, with a large family calling upon you for bread, and you not strong enough to earn it, must make you so over-anxious as imperceptibly to shorten your days. It is pleasant to be able to leave something behind you for your widow and children.'

'Yes, Sir, it is pleasant to a man, perhaps, to be enabled so to do; but, if he be not, I do not see that he ought to let it shorten his life. We all live by God's providence; if we can do no more

ourselves for those we leave, we can always pray to Him who is a father to the fatherless, and the God of the widow; and if we can see with the eye of faith how provident He has been for us, we ought not to doubt His care of them.'

Hewitt turned round with sudden astonishment, looked the man earnestly in the face, and said:

'There is truth in that beyond the power of any to gainsay. I did not expect such a speech from a publican. You have done me as much good as if an angel had crossed my path.'

'I have only spoken an every-day axiom of Christian life, and one which I have heard so many times inculcated from the pulpit of our Church, that, sinner as I am, I cannot forget it. I see too many, however, who neglect their wives and families for their own gratification; and, as far as in me lies, I have endeavoured to convince those who frequent my tap too often, that they are doing an injury to themselves and their families, for which they will not forgive themselves at the last. You may think it strange, that I should thus shorten, as you would term it, my own profits; but I have never found it do so. On the contrary, no man comes to my house to drink more than he ought, and I never trust any man to take a pint without paying for it. I have not had a drunkard in my house for twenty years.'

'If every one did but follow your maxim, we should find the blessing of God properly used, and not abused. You give me much pleasure. I am a man, landlord, who has a wife and five children—a pensioner, with two sons in the British Army, and three good daughters at home. I have been enabled by industry to bring them up decently, and to give them comforts which many do not possess; but I have found my pursuit failing me of late, and I fear that it may totally fail. Still I ought to be thankful; yet I fear that I am not sufficiently so. But here we are at the Church. It is a very fine structure; what is the name of it?'

'It is St. Andrew's. The clerk is now going into the Church; let us follow him.'

Hewitt and the landlord of the Crown inn went into the Church of N———. Their first inquiry was concerning the time of the funeral. Then followed an inspection of the spot where Squire H——— was to be interred, and many questions on subjects in which the general reader would be but little interested. He may be already tired of the heaviness, or, as he may term it, prosi-

ness of this chapter ; but, if he have any taste for architecture, he should go and inspect N—— Church.

It is a magnificent fabric, with a lofty tower, and was built in the fifteenth century ; the nave, aisles, and chancel are in conformity with the exterior of the edifice, and the roof of the nave is of beautifully carved oak, ornamented with eagles, with expanded wings. If the visitor examine the north side of the chancel, he will find a very elaborate piece of workmanship upon which some antiquarians might write a volume. The upper part is formed of curiously-wrought spiral work, with arched canopies and niches ; and in the lower compartment, there are three effigies of men in armour, separated by three trees.

After much conversation with the old clerk relative to the deceased Squire, in which very honourable mention was made of his generosity and general kindness to the poor, Hewitt and the landlord returned to the inn, and as the ice, which is generally pretty thick in this northern clime, was now broken between them, they melted towards each other, and, to the great comfort of the lonely traveller, he was permitted to spend the evening of that day with this good landlord's family : a better specimen of an honest old English innkeeper did not exist in his time.

But the morrow came—the funeral came : as private as it well could be in a populous village : but two mourners, the servants, and numerous work-people. In the multitude, not one heart was more grieved than that of the British soldier, who felt what he never revealed to any one but his God. He saw the last act of friendship paid to the memory of the deceased ; and when others had retired, he remained, to reflect awhile upon one whom he never, to his very last hour, forgot. In silent thoughtfulness and prayer he saw the tomb closed up, and returning to the inn took a grateful leave of the good landlord, and started again for Hingham.

No notice had been taken of him at the funeral : he passed for a stranger, and as a stranger conducted himself ; but he did not feel as such. He had lost a friend—and is there a living man who has known what this feeling is, and does not sympathize with this honest man, returning from his natural father's funeral unknown by any, uninvited to it, but with a heart satisfied that he had performed an act of duty of which it could never feel ashamed ? Every man requires a friend.—May those who can best feel for others, never be without this support !

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WILL.

ALL men who have any property, should make their wills while they are sound in mind and body. They should never leave it to be done at the time when a physician is called in, or when they think they have but a few hours to live. The man, at such times, is not only apt to forget what property he is possessed of, but frequently repents, at the moment of death, that he has not done right, or has been too hasty, or has given some wrong direction, forgotten some one whom he wished to befriend, or left too great a sum for his residuary legatee.

A father of a family should remember that he is doing the last kind act by his wife and children, and, as it were, settling of the claims of all his creditors honourably, in the sight of God and man. And he should always have this will made, even if he should have to make a new one on the first of January in every year. But he should take care to have but one, and to see the others destroyed. He may have two or three copies of that one will deposited in different places, but they should be exactly the same, and made with a composed mind and a Christian heart; and, as he would be done unto by others, so he should do unto them. The right disposition of an honest man's property will always tend to his composure and comfort.

People never die the sooner for having their affairs in this life wound up, their houses set in order, and all their temporalities disposed of, as they ought to be. These things rather tend to lengthen than to shorten a man's existence. At all events, they tend to strengthen his mind; and as every one knows he must die, and cannot tell when or how, so he should seize upon the first tranquil hour of his life to be prepared against his death.

'Very good advice!' many a reader may say; 'all very good;

but—' and this *but* has so many contrary bearings, that each one may find some excuse for not complying with it. If, however, any should comply, or should have previously complied with it, they will be sure to feel a satisfaction in reading this page.

'Our quarter-day has arrived, my dear,' said Hewitt to his wife. 'I have been to Mr. M——, and he has not received any order to pay me my dividend as usual. Something must be wrong; I am much disturbed about it. What ought I to do? I think I ought not to delay my application to the executor. I will inquire of Mr. M—— what would be best.'

'You cannot do better. But do not be so much disturbed; all will, I dare say, be made right at last.'

'Hewitt had a long interview with Mr. M—— in his office; he strongly recommended him to obtain a copy of the will of the late Squire H——, and he assisted him to do so. But, in the mean time, as his necessities were very pressing, and delays might only add to his embarrassment, he recommended him to go and obtain an audience, if he could, of the widow of his parent. He might write a respectful letter, stating exactly the nature of his relationship, and requesting an interview with the lady or with some friend of her's. He thought he would be quite justified in his application, as it was impossible that she could be ignorant that he, Mr. M——, had constantly received for many years, the quarterly sum allowed him. It was, in fact, a mere matter of justice to his family. He would give him a note, certifying the bearer thereof to be the identical person into whose hands the money had been regularly paid.

'Do this,' he added, 'and then let me know the result of your application, and I will afterwards give you my best advice.'

Hewitt was soon again at the Crown Inn, N—, and wrote a respectful letter to the widow of Squire H——, stating the circumstances in which he had been left; and, with the utmost delicacy, requesting her kind consideration of his claims, and an interview with the lady, or with some one of her confidential advisers.

This letter was taken up to the mansion, and an answer sent to the bearer that some one would come down to the inn, and speak to the man.

The lady sent, accordingly, her housekeeper, who, like all officials entrusted to settle a matter off-hand, and to send the applicant about his business, appeared before the dejected soldier with all the borrowed consequence of her mistress.

'Are you the man that wrote a letter to my mistress, calling yourself the son of my deceased master, and seeking for money at her hands? This is too old a trick to be played in these times; so the sooner you give it up, and go about your business, the better. My mistress declines having anything to do with you. Landlord!' and she called the landlord in, 'this impertinent fellow is an impostor! He has been writing a threatening letter to Mrs. H—, to obtain money under false pretences, and if you do not turn him out of your house, you ought not to remain in it. Ask him what business he had to dare to send a letter up to my mistress at all! Your boy brought the letter. I am sure you could not have known what kind of epistle it was, or, from your well-known respectability, I am sure you would not have permitted him to carry it up to the house; and, most assuredly, had I known the kind of person it came from, it should never have gone into my good lady's hand. She is quite upset by it! Poor thing! after her recent loss, too, to have such an attack made upon her by such a scurrilous tramp as this! It is enough to make her seriously ill, landlord, and the sooner you get rid of the fellow the better; if he will not go by fair means, he ought to be set in the stocks, and then pelted with rotten eggs out of the village.'

Hewitt and the landlord heard out this desperate-tongued woman, who, the further she went, appeared to be the more violent, and assumed a character which she found no difficulty in acting, as long as she was uninterrupted. She went on with such eloquent abuse and such absurd assertions, threatening so loudly the stocks, pillory, gaol, transportation, and even hanging—although that she said was too good for him—that at last she came to a standstill; but not before she had revealed the secret which the stranger had never mentioned to the landlord. He saw how matters stood; and calling to mind some early occurrences, and reports which he had heard when he first came to N—, he was not so much surprised, though most deeply interested in the case. He thought it best to let Hewitt have the settling of his own affairs, and he therefore kept silence.

The poor fellow, perfectly conscious that he had done nothing to disgrace himself, gave a pretty good guess respecting the voluntary part, if nothing worse, that this foolish woman was acting; and, with the calmness of a man who had seen too much real strife to let the tongue of a virago afflict him, replied with a very simple

question, and with such a look of earnestness, that the woman herself began to tremble.

‘Landlord,’ said he, ‘you have heard what this woman has said—bear witness to my question. If she does not give me a straightforward answer to it, I will then trouble you to put on your hat, and walk up to the house with me. Now young woman, have you any message to deliver to me from your mistress? Has your mistress sent me anything by your hands? If you have anything to deliver, do it at once, as becomes a good servant. For I will never believe that any lady in England would give utterance to any such language as you have made use of, when she has been most respectfully addressed, and cannot have been provoked to displeasure. Give me your answer.’

Confusion sat upon the official’s brow, whilst deep interest flushed the indignant face of the landlord; but the soldier kept his eye intently fixed upon that impudent countenance, which now, fairly abashed and confused, displayed the most ridiculous embarrassment. So does a bombastic fool tremble before a wise man’s searching inquiry, and often confounds himself in a labyrinth of shame, from which he is compelled, awkwardly enough, to blunder out, conscious that he receives what he deserves—contempt.

‘Oh, dear me!—Yes—yes!—I had forgotten. I was to—to say, that my mistress received your letter, and would consult with a friend upon the subject of your application. And yes—dear me, I had forgotten. Yes—my mistress sends you a guinea, and hopes you will be satisfied.’

Here, in a great flurry she presented a guinea, neatly wrapped up in white paper, as though it had been a fee for consultation with some physician. But Hewitt very firmly refused to take it.

‘Make my respects to your mistress, and say that I received a promise that the annuity which your late master allowed me, should be secured to me for life. The quarter is now due, and, as I have a wife and young family, I should be obliged to her to pay it punctually. Pray tell your mistress, I shall remain in this place until she sends some more respectable person than yourself to confer with me upon a subject of such importance. I have sufficient testimonials with me to prove to her the facts I have stated in my letter; but I do not choose to trust them with a person who cuts so poor a figure as you do, for a respectable or confidential servant. Take the guinea back to your mistress; and remember,

do not keep it from her, as perhaps you might have intended to do from me.'

With a toss of the head, and an indignant stamp of the foot, the woman left the inn; but without uttering a single word. What kind of tale she made up for her mistress's ear, no one, probably, will ever know. Perhaps she cooled upon the matter as she walked home; perhaps she thought better of the stranger she had seen; perhaps she was a little conscience-smitten for her own improper speech: be it as it may, she certainly informed her mistress of the interview she had had, and that she was unable to persuade the applicant to leave the place, and she mentioned also the subject of the annuity. For the next day, after he had breakfasted with the landlord, and been treated by him with more respect than usual, a gentleman called to speak with Hewitt alone.

This gentleman was a contrast, indeed, to the unfeeling woman who had visited him the day before. He was in deep mourning, and in appearance, speech, and manners was an easy and conversable man. Hewitt found him quite as firm and positive as the former messenger had been flippant.

'I am come, by the desire of Mrs. H——, to speak to you upon a very delicate subject. You must be aware, in the first instance, that you have no claim of relationship upon her; in the next, if not aware of the fact, I can assure you of it, that your name is not mentioned in the late Mr. H——'s will, and that you can, therefore, have no legal claim upon his estate. I would advise you, then, not to trouble the widow with any importunities, as I know she will not listen to them.'

'Are you aware, Sir, that I have had a quarterly allowance for the last twenty years, or nearly so?—that this letter to the agent, who has hitherto paid me the same, contains a promise of its being paid punctually during my life?—that these letters certify the dates of payment; these the acknowledgment of my claims upon him for support; and these the character of the poor man who now addresses you?'

'May I look at those letters? Would you permit me to make an extract or two?'

'Most assuredly, if you please. I hope they will convince you that I am not seeking to impose upon you any fictitious tale. You will find this one is from an alderman of Norwich, who was well acquainted with my deceased parent; and this, Sir, is that parent's'

reply. I ask you, as an honest man, if you can say that I have no claim upon the estate of my parent?’

‘I do not see that any of these letters give you any legal claim to the consideration of the executors of the deceased. They fully admit the natural claims which you assert, and beyond all doubt prove much affection for you, and, at the same time, are highly creditable to yourself; but I do not see that they afford you any pretext for calling upon the widow to fulfil any engagement not expressed in the will of the deceased. I do not see how I could recommend her to admit a claim which has no legal authority to establish it.’

‘What you say, Sir, may be very true, as far as law is concerned; but do you not see the admission that the allowance was to be for my life? And is it too much to expect, that a widow should fulfil the intentions of her husband?’

‘I do not understand that his intentions have been expressed so to his wife in his lifetime. And there is much in those very letters which would induce me to suppose, that the various sums which he advanced were in lieu of any legacy; and, that what he allowed during his life, he intended as the utmost he would do for you. But, at all events, nothing is left for you, and I am sure you can obtain nothing, as you are even personally unknown to the lady.’

‘May I ask, Sir, for a copy of my father’s will?—Where can I obtain a sight of it?’

‘You can obtain permission to see it when probate is granted, and you may obtain a copy of it from Doctors’ Commons: but I can assure you of its contents, and it may save you some expense if you will be satisfied with my information.’

‘I think it so very extraordinary that no mention of my name should be made in it, that, for my own satisfaction, I shall certainly obtain a copy of it. I cannot understand why my annuity should cease, without any mention of it.’

‘We have found a cheque, partly drawn in the hand-writing of the deceased, for the then coming quarter, which, though not strictly speaking liable to payment, I am nevertheless ordered by the widow to hand over to you: but you must consider it quite as a *final* transaction. I assure you it is already considered such by her. So that I trust you will importune her no further.’

‘I am obliged to you, Sir, for this. I am in no condition to refuse anything which was intended for me by my deceased parent;

and however much I may grieve to have been so strangely disappointed, I shall never cease to reverence his memory. He was a kind friend to me : I hope he is in a happier world. Pray make my respects to his widow, Sir, and say that I would not ask anything more for myself ; but if, hereafter, I be removed from this troublesome world, and my poor family should become distressed, if she would not reject the appeal of the destitute, but befriend them—it would be some consolation to the disappointed.'

The gentleman left the poor man to reflect upon his father's will—upon his future position—upon his poor success ! He left him to pocket his letters, and his father's last cheque, half drawn by him, and completed by his executrix. Did a word of disrespect to any one escape his lips ? No : a soldier who had marched over mountains and through morasses, and experienced so many sufferings in the retreats of Badajos and Salamanca without a murmur, was not likely to complain, however much he might endure the severity of disappointment.

He returned to his afflicted wife and children. His good partner shared his misfortune with becoming fortitude, and only sorrowed to see the silent grief which preyed upon her husband's mind. She was as cheerful as she could be, and worked day and night to keep the wolf from the door. Not all her industry, not all the affectionate attention of herself and daughters, could lift up the head of her husband. His strength began to fail him. His cough became troublesome, and it was evident to those who loved him best, that a settled melancholy began to overspread his mind. Still, like the occasional flickering of an expiring lamp, his spirits would sometimes blaze up and shine as though he had received fresh vigour.

He saw Mr. M——, consulted with him, obtained a copy of his father's last will, brooded over it, found that it was dated the 18th of December, 1818, (when he was with his regiment in Australia,) and grieved—deeply grieved—to think that, owing to the miscarriage of *all* his letters, that father should have thought him dead !—And that when he found him alive, and was reconciled to him, he should have left him penniless !

That copy of the will now lies before the author of this work, and will form a subject for reflection in a future chapter. Alas ! the real sufferings of life, if simply narrated, are more touching than all the fictions of fancy or the visions of romance. May they produce patience, increase faith, hope, and charity in those who read them—and all will be the better for their instruction !

CHAPTER XXXV.

DOMESTIC ANXIETIES.

DOMESTIC anxieties will weigh down the spirits of the bravest soldier, if accompanied by unexpected embarrassments. Still, they ought not to overwhelm any man who does not bring them upon himself by guilty conduct. Health must decay—sorrow every one is heir to—misfortunes and afflictions visit the best of us; but integrity, integrity will bear man up against all the reproaches of his fellow beings. The greatest patience was required in the case of the severest sufferer among mortals, Job. He could answer every man, but he could not speak a word in argument with God.

Our heroine had many a long and serious conversation with her husband, who, sinking under his depressing circumstances, required the cheering voice of consolation to lift him up from darkness.

‘I have looked over this will, my dear;’ he one day said, ‘and I seem to be the only person forgotten in it. My father and I never had a word of dispute; we never had a reproach between us, and here I see every body thought of but myself. Legacies to the grandchildren of his uncle, legacies to the niece of his wife, legacy to her sister, legacy to a godchild, legacies to his servants, legacies to the churchwardens of the parish for the benefit of the poor, legacy to his executor, and all the rest to his wife and her relatives—and, with all his estates thus disposed of, not a single penny to his poor, unfortunate son! Had I but remained in Australia, this would have been spared me; and you, my dear wife, would not by this time have had the agony of being likely to be destitute.’

‘Do not grieve, Thomas, about things which are past, and cannot be helped. If wrong has been done you by any self-interested person, it will not be long before a righteous God will call him to

account. But it is best for us, my dear, to look upon the matter as an accidental misfortune, to which all men are liable; and let us treat it as such. We now know the worst; we must build upon our own future exertions. I must endeavour to get the girls into some respectable employment, and we must live as closely as we can. You have still the pension of a British soldier, and see no occasion to despair. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. We may meet with friends; we are now not so badly off as thousands, and if I could but see you a little more cheerful and more thankful, I should be happy.'

Let even a tender wife say what she will—let prudence talk with propriety, let reflection, and argument, and strength of resolution be summoned—nothing but faith in religion can support disappointment. A son who had never offended a father—a son who had honoured him with all the respect due to him—to whom he had ever manifested the utmost affection—to be cut off without a penny, and to find himself forgotten, must feel keenly; so keenly, that nothing but a dependence upon God, nothing but a Christian faith which rises superior to all earthly considerations, can enable him to bear the pang. But faith can endure such and far greater misfortunes, and leave them all behind as so many momentary troubles, not worthy of a single regret.

The good wife applied herself diligently to the task of duty before her. Hewitt had occasionally a call to some easy duty, and the children were assiduous to earn something for their support. Our heroine applied to one of the most respectable houses in Norwich. She had an interview with Mrs. Taylor, the stay-maker, of Upper St. Giles Street, who very properly demurred for a long time as to the reception of her daughters, because she had no recommendations of weight with them. The very urgent and repeated prayers of the mother and daughters united, at last prevailed. This kind-hearted woman was touched with their earnest solicitations, and at last received them into her establishment.

They worked hard, as all sempstresses must do, to earn bread. It takes a great many scratches of a pen even to write this narrative; and whilst thousands are asleep, the author, whose time is constantly occupied by various duties in the day, steals from the night some hours of sweet labour for the benefit, he hopes, of others. But what are his labours compared to those of too many poor females, who, to meet the demands of the fashionable ladies of the

land, have to work sometimes night and day? Stitch after stitch, stitch after stitch, without cessation; thousands, thousands, still thousands of thousands of stitches; ay, neatly, carefully, accurately done, or all must be done over again, or another must be employed; and, after all, to carry home a small pittance for a broken-down father and a weary mother!

Oh, reader! how happy we ought to feel that some cheerfulness of conversation, some interesting narrative, or, it may be, some instructive lesson in poetry or prose, can enliven the tedious hours of a work-room, where active fingers stitch away for days, weeks, months and years, with only a cessation on the Sabbath; that blessed day of rest to thousands who otherwise would wear hands and heads to pieces in a very short time! As boys or girls in a school are interested in each other, so are the workwomen in one room in each other's welfare; and were it not for the natural liveliness of spirit with which God has blessed the female portion of his creation, many of these poor creatures, who work till their heads, hands, and sides ache, would—as alas! they too often do—sink under their incessant labour.

Not all his daughter's labour of love, however, could remove the disorder which was gaining ground upon the heart and constitution of Hewitt. He was very fond of his children; delighted to see them go out in the morning, hasten home at noon, and come in again at night. He was proud of them also; took infinite pleasure in their society, and made them keep up their reading, and their domestic duties. But, with all their work, they had a hard struggle—how hard, God only knew; but they did not flinch. Yet they could not help observing the gradual decline of their parent, whose constitution, from various causes, began seriously to change.

The Will was his greatest source of sorrow. 'I think, my dear,' he would say to his wife, 'that if the Marquis of Douro knew exactly my state, he might get me some light appointment under government, to ease us in all our affliction. My father's will is so unaccountably silent with regard to me, so unlike all his behaviour towards me, that I never can or will believe that his intentions were to leave me penniless.'

'That, most likely, he did not intend; but why should you afflict yourself with these useless thoughts upon things you cannot alter? I think, perhaps, the Marquis of Douro might be enabled to do something for you; but I do not think your health would stand

much fatigue. It is better for you to rest quietly, and let us work willingly for you. We are happy in so doing; I am sure our daughters apply themselves diligently to the task; and we are blessed in our children.'

'Ah! my dear, I grieve, not to be in a better position for their sakes. I cannot bear to see you all working for me, when I ought to be earning something for you.'

'You have earned it, my dear, and dearly, too. Your seven shillings weekly is a constant earning, with no loss for bad weather. So do not accuse yourself of neglect.'

'I do accuse myself of not exerting my powers to obtain some situation which would somewhat improve my condition; and, if I live a month longer, I will certainly draw up a petition to the Marquis of Douro, and get it authenticated by some gentleman who know my case. But, if I must close my career without any help, then God's will be done! I must be content to do as the good landlord of N— says, "Commend you and my children to God, and leave the issue of all things to His wise disposal."'

'That you should always do, let your successes or misfortunes in life be what they may. Only remember how often you have inculcated better lessons than I can give you, upon your comrades. Our dear old friend, Dan Long, would have returned cent. per cent. for your instructions, and Leonard would have cheered us in our affliction. But think, dear husband, how thankful and how satisfied we should be, under the dispensations of God, wise as they undoubtedly are, and good as they are for us at this moment. Our sons are in the army, our daughters are in a most respectable house; all are dutiful and affectionate towards us, and we should feel satisfied and contented. You may write a petition to our member, but I fear you will make but a sorry petitioner, and not be the more satisfied afterwards. Come, my dear, let us put our trust in Him who has covered our heads in the day of battle, and affords us the present peace, which is good for us in affliction.'

In such strain did our heroine frequently converse with her sick husband, whose declining health made all his affections for his family more lively; while, at the same time, it convinced him that his own strength was fast failing him.

He received his children, when they came from their labours, with more than common fondness and interest; always counted on their return; and though his increasing feebleness prevented him

from holding much lively conversation, yet he would always perform the last act of family devotion, and give them his blessing.

He would never keep his bed, though his weakness daily increased upon him. He would walk out as long as he was able. He would walk down to the Market-Place, ascend the Castle Hill, and stand, seemingly lost in meditation, looking over the city and the distant hills. The air did him good, as long as he could enjoy it, and his soldier-spirit loved that airy spot, so well calculated to fill a mind like his with pious thoughts. Nor did the soldier forget his prayers. They were offered up from that spot, as he used to tell his wife, with perfect charity to all, and in humble thankfulness for past mercies. On the Sabbath, he and his family always attended the cathedral service, and in the evening, they enjoyed their father's conversation upon what they heard in the day.

It was after his last walk upon the Castle Hill, that Hewitt returned with more than usual cheerfulness. He talked a long time with his wife upon the history of Norwich, its various changes, sicknesses, distresses, and rebellions; its great men in every department, ecclesiastical, civil, naval, military, and scientific; and astonished her with such a discourse upon all that he had read, that she was at a loss to conceive how he could have retained such knowledge. But he appeared much better that day than he had done for some time; and, in the evening, he resolved to draw up a memorial to one of the members for Norwich.

That address was never completed; what he wrote that night now lies, in his own hand-writing, before the author; and as it speaks the calmness of the man's mind, and contains the last words the brave fellow ever wrote, it may not prove unacceptable to those readers who have taken an interest in this narrative. It is therefore given verbatim.

‘TO THE MARQUIS OF DOURO.

‘MOST NOBLE LORD,

‘The writer of this memorial is an old soldier, who has spent his best years in the service of his country; and who has been, from a sad reverse of fortune, proceeding from circumstances which he had no control over, reduced to great distress.

‘He begs leave to state to your Lordship, that nothing but the greatest distress of body and mind could have induced him to take the great liberty of addressing himself to one of your exalted rank.

‘Your memorialist states that he served in the Egyptian army

under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in ten general actions under his Grace the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular war; and that his wife was present with him during the whole of that war, and at different periods, during the time she was servant to General Hamilton, had the pleasure of waiting upon his Grace, your father, and that at other times she was employed in the care of different wounded officers, particularly Colonel Erskine, who was wounded at the storming of Badajos, and Colonel White, wounded at the battle of Pamplona; * and that she is the mother of seven sons born in the 48th. Five died in that regiment, and two are now serving her Majesty.

‘Your memorialist further states that he was finally discharged from the army in 1823, with a pension of 1s. 1½*d.* per diem. That, being the only son of a gentleman of independent property, (T—— H—— Esq., who resided at N—— in this county) a gentleman, my Lord, who was well known to our two Members of Parliament for West Norfolk, and also to Mr. Wodehouse for the East, whose principles my father has ever supported with his whole interest. That upon my being discharged as before stated, my father allowed me £30 a year to assist me in bringing up my family, with the constant assurance that it should be continued for my life; but since his death, which took place now three years ago, I have been entirely deprived of that assistance by his executors. And, as the Will which has been produced and sworn to, was made and signed twenty years back, when I was serving with my regiment near Botany Bay; and at that period, from my having no communication with him, was supposed to be dead, my name is not mentioned in the Will, nor is there the least chance of my ever getting one penny from those good people who now have his property.

‘Thus, my Lord, is an honest man, who has been brought up under the stern but wholesome discipline of a long war—for I ran away from school, and enlisted into the 48th at twelve years of age—by one stroke of bad fortune deprived of the means of bringing up his family, and what makes my case almost too hard for human——’

And here the petition leaves off, either as if the soldier wanted

* This is the only discrepancy in the account. In the foregoing part of the narrative, it is stated that it was at Vittoria that Colonel White was wounded. Could it be at both?—AUTHOR.

courage to ask of the great General's son the required assistance, or had not nerve sufficient to finish the most afflicting portion of his prayer. It comprehends, however, the brief summary of these pages, and to a soldier's heart will speak more forcibly, perhaps, than anything which the author may have narrated.

From too great exertion, probably both of mind and body, he was compelled to postpone the finishing of his petition. He complained of lassitude, and retired early to bed. Filled with the thoughts of what he had been writing, or with some presentiment of his coming end, he passed a very restless night, frequently rising up, and continuing in prayer and watchfulness, saying that he heard sweet music, far superior to the festival's most harmonious band.

'My petition, my dear, will be of no avail; I do not think I shall live to get it presented. I hope God will take care of you; I pray for you, and for our children, and for all men. I am thankful, very thankful, that I rest in peace.'

Towards the dawn the poor fellow sank into a soft slumber, and his wife and children did not awake him in the morning. His daughters went to their work at their usual hour, little thinking they should never see their father again alive. His wife was seated in the room below, filled with many an anxious thought about a husband whom she had reason to look up to and to love, for his devotion to herself in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow.

She was surprised to hear him getting up; for she knew, from his general character, that he was a man who seldom uttered what he felt, without the full consciousness of its certainty, and she thought he would keep his bed. He came down stairs, looking very pale and very composed; but there was a spirit within him, moving his poor weak body strangely, and preparing its wings to quit its frail, changing tenement, and to fly away. His countenance was benign, as he sat down in his arm chair, looking first at his wife with love, and then at the clock with anxiety. Time was no more for him!

'I wish the girls would come home, my dear,' said he; 'I cannot think what makes them so late to-night! (though it was then but ten o'clock in the morning) I wish to see them, and to bless them.' He put forth his hand, lifted up his head, which fell back upon his chair, and the soldier's spirit was gone, leaving all his domestic anxieties for ever!

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE WIDOW.

SELDOM do rich widows see performed the last duties to the remains of their husbands.

A long train of mourning coaches, horses and hearse, with nodding plumes, all conducted with such punctilious ceremony that the undertaker prides himself upon its imposing effect upon the public; coachmen in cloaks, and outriders with sweeping hatbands, passing, it may be, through the gayest part of the metropolis; the physician, clergyman, surgeon, lawyer, perchance the heir-at-law, or one or two male relations; with one coach full of domestics, male and female—form the usual demonstration of mourning for a great man. But the partner, the daughters, dearest friends of the deceased, see the funeral depart; and, when the grave has closed over the remains, and a handsome tomb is erected, they then *may* visit the spot.

In a little country village, and among decent poor people, the widow thinks it her duty to see her lord and master placed in the grave, and to join in prayer to God that, when she shall depart this life, she may rest in the same hope as he does. Thank God, women are not doomed to perform any act of self-immolation at their husbands' funerals, as among the deluded, superstitious Hindoos; nor does the writer of these pages ever wish to see the mourner heartwrung with wretchedness at the grave of her relative. He has seen funerals of all classes; and, though he detests pomp at such

times, yet he honours and respects the motive which prompts the survivors to pay the last sad tribute at the grave of those they loved, and he writes these sentences for their consolation.

Our heroine, now the Soldier's Widow, parted with many little things to enable her to see her husband decently interred. She and her daughters, and her son in the Coldstream Guards, with such friends as respected him whilst he was alive, followed him with mournful hearts to his silent grave, in the parish of St. Martin's, Palace Plains, in the city of Norwich; and returned to their humble dwelling to speak of their bereavement, to talk over his memory, and of the thousand good things which he had done in his life. But what must the widow *now* do? She found her eyes growing dim before the usual period, and she was unable to do as she had used. Either from early care and fatigue in following her husband to the wars, or from witnessing with sorrow his misfortunes, she found that her eyes would not allow of the same exertion as formerly. The very Bible print began to be indistinct before her, and though, with a very strong light, she could by great effort make out the words, yet for the most part they began to present such a mingled appearance, that she was compelled to wait till her daughters could find time to read to her.

She never forgot her duty of prayer, nor her accustomed attention to cleanliness. Her house was put in order; her daughters were her comfort, and all they could do to alleviate her sufferings, they most affectionately performed. But when the few things which a poor widow has are parted with, and the bills for her husband's funeral, and her own and her daughters' plain black gowns, are paid, there remains but a small surplus, if any, to provide bread for the week.

The wolf now stared her in the face more fiercely than in the days of desolation in Spain. Poverty is a hungry wolf—ever craving, and feeding most cruelly upon those who are surrounded with nothing but cares, vexations, and distresses. His famished jaws look as if they would devour anything; and truly he stared at the soldier's widow as if he would destroy her. But she put her trust in God, and was not totally forsaken.

Her pension was gone, and she had now nothing but the exertions of her two industrious daughters to depend upon for her support. Her youngest child was unable to earn anything. She was admitted into the infant school of the parish, and was very kindly treated by

the Rev. Mr. Day. As if, however, the widow's cup of sorrow were not yet full, her eldest daughter was taken ill, and she was thus deprived of her strongest arm. Her landlord, the keeper of the Ten Bells, who had known her so long, as also his wife, were very kind to her; and but for them the poor widow would have sunk under her depressing circumstances. Mr. Yarrington was very good to her, and interested himself in her behalf. But after a time, these friends, who could only afford temporary relief, seriously advised her to make application to the Board of Guardians; and her landlord spoke to the Relieving Officer in her behalf.

'You must,' he said, 'make application to the Board. However unpleasant it may be to you, there is no other resource for you in your affliction. I have given your name to the Relieving Officer, and he will bring it before the Board.'

A 'Board of Guardians,' though the name is such a friendly, fatherly, protecting designation for men to bear, is, for any poor person to stand before, a formidable body. Guardians!—guardians of the poor!—guardians of the parish!—guardians of the Union!—assembled on a Board-day, at a long table, exhibit a very imposing aspect for a trembling man, woman, or child, to behold.

'Must I go myself, Sir?' said the widow. 'Do they require me *personally* to state all the circumstances of my misfortunes, before I can obtain relief? Could not *you* go for me? They would listen to *you*. I wish I could be spared this trial?'

'It is especially required, if you *can* go, that you should appear in person. You have no great distance to go, and our Board is composed of some of the most intelligent men in the city: you need not be afraid.'

The widow sighed. She sighed to think that she must be reduced to this necessity! Yet she thought of her children. She had now no pension—no allowance—no means of earning anything. She thought of her husband's career—of her double loss; and resolved to attend at the stated time, before the Guardians of the Union in which she resided.

She had but a short distance to go, compared with that which poor people in large country Unions have to travel. Who has not seen aged females tramping through the mire and snow, through wind and rain, in the bleakest weather, to apply to the Board of Guar-

dians for relief? There they sit, in one common room, with wet shoes and stockings, and clothes drenched through, awaiting the summons of the officer to go before the Board. It is true, some do not heed it, for there are people who can feel no degradation; but there is no shame in an honest man's sorrow at being compelled to stand before such a tribunal. The liberal inventors of the New Poor Law think that there is no kind of hardship whatever in poor people coming before the Board. Let but Heaven reduce any of them to the necessity of having to make the trial, and they will most wofully feel the hardship!

There are many most excellent characters among those composing these Boards: in general, men of education and business habits are selected for chairmen, and very often, the best in a parish are nominated as guardians; but the poor law they administer is, even by the very best Boards, acknowledged to be too severe. This is not the place to discuss the merits of that law, upon the administration of which, in mercy or severity, must depend the well-being or misery of the poor. The subject is mentioned to shew that the Board is not, and cannot be, other than a formidable body for poor men to apply to for relief.

In country parishes, who are the administrators of this law but men for the most part deeply interested in keeping down the relief as low as they can? And the law gives them a very powerful arm to do so. Can any one be surprised that they should exercise it? The surprise would be, that they did not.

But our heroine was reduced to the necessity, and she went. She had no alternative but to do so, or starve. She sat down among numerous other applicants, till she was called into the Board-room. She entered, with a heart beating violently, and limbs trembling till they knocked one against the other. As she entered, every eye beheld a tall, straight person, in deep mourning, with a countenance that spoke much sorrow, but with an air of past independence, that seemed now to say indeed, 'The wolf terrifies me.'

'Walk up here, Mrs. Hewitt,' said a voice from the chair. 'What is your application here to-day?'

The poor woman stood before the Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and a numerous body of Guardians, the Clerk of the Board, the Relieving Officers, and the Governor of the House; and had to answer publicly any question which any man there present chose to put to her.

Severe, sometimes, are the cross-examinations which an applicant has to undergo; and not always in the gentlest terms; for there sit too often accuser, judge, and jury, and the poor creature has but little chance of escaping the utmost rigour of the law. Such, however, was not the case with the Board before which the soldier's widow stood, though to her terrified vision it might appear as if she stood before it like a criminal.

'What is your name? Where do you live? What age are you? How many children have you? What are your earnings? What do your children earn? How long have you been a widow? Have you any pension? Have you no means of subsistence? Are you able-bodied? Have you no friends? To what parish did your husband belong? How come you to be so reduced? Cannot you do something for a livelihood? Are you quite destitute?'

To all these questions our heroine made suitable and satisfactory replies; and narrated to the Board the simple account of her past life; who she was, what her husband was, and how he had died from disappointment and grief at being unable to maintain her and her family; concluding with these words:

'I have been in most of the Peninsular battles with my husband, and have stood with the soldiers of my country in the face of England's bitterest and most formidable enemies; but I never knew what fear was till this moment.'

'Just go to the door a minute, Mrs. Hewitt.'

And our heroine departed, every eye following her as she walked, erect and firm, from the Board-room.

'This is a most extraordinary woman,' said the Chairman, 'and her history is very remarkable. I had heard, gentlemen, something of her circumstances before, though the woman was personally unknown to me. I have no reason whatever to doubt the facts that she states, and I think some interest should be made to get her case reported to the Government. If we could find some one to report to Her Majesty the condition she is now in, I feel persuaded some relief might be obtained for her. A memorial should be drawn up, either by the civic authorities, or by the woman herself, and attested by some credible witnesses. At all events, the woman is now destitute. Every widow should support one child, if able-bodied; but, in this case, I think there are some peculiarities which render her a proper object for the exercise of that privilege which we possess of administering out-door relief. The daughters are of

very good character, and are working at a very respectable house. The mother and child might be relieved out of doors, and, in the mean time, I will represent her case to some influential gentlemen, and see if any thing can be done for her. What relief shall be given?'

One suggested a shilling, and a stone of flour; another, two-and-sixpence; another, two shillings for the widow, and one shilling for the daughter.

'Well, suppose we allow three shillings per week for the present?'

And so it was agreed.

'Call her in.'

'Mrs. Hewitt, the Board have taken your case into consideration. They have been much struck with the account you have given them of your adventures, hardships, and dangers, and they think that if you were to memorialise Her Majesty, or make application to the Government, something would be done for you. The law does not allow us to do more for you than to grant you three shillings per week; but I will not fail to represent your case to some friends, who, perhaps, may be of some service to you.'

The widow curtesied to the Chairman and the Board, thanked them for their commiseration, and returned to her habitation in Bell Lane less terrified than when she left it.

In the mean time, her case was talked of in the city: exaggerated statements got into the papers, and her sons saw, in the London Journals, a long and erroneous account of their mother's life. She was persuaded, however, to apply to Her Majesty, to the Queen Dowager, and to the Duke of Wellington. She did so by memorial, and after strict inquiry into her case, both among the magistracy and civic authorities, the result was favourable to her application; and with characteristic honesty, she informed the Relieving-Officer of the assistance she had received, and gave up the relief from the Board.

The widow gave the author of her history the names of the magistrates through whom she received the relief, and placed in his hands those letters which appeared in the first edition of this work, and which it is thought unnecessary to republish. He can only return his grateful acknowledgments to Sir Wm. Foster, to the Rev. J. D. Borton, and to Wm. Freeman, Esq., for their very obliging communications.

These donations, for a time, greatly assisted the soldier's widow,

but they could not provide for her beyond a certain time, at the expiration of which period she had to apply again to the Board, and reported her success. She was then told that there had been no intention of taking any advantage of the private charity she had received; and immediately upon her application the three shillings weekly were again allowed, and have been continued up to the present time.

But the reader may exclaim, how came the author acquainted with her history, and to take such interest in it as to give it to the public? Let the reader form his own judgment of the matter. The courage of an individual, who thought the extraordinary adventures of the woman worthy of notice, has led to the present publication; and if the reader has been entertained with it, he will pardon all the minor faults of detail. The then late Mayor of Norwich, Wm. Freeman, Esq., addressed the author in the following terms, in which he made no flattering allusions to his genius, etc. etc., to induce him to undertake the task; but the very brevity of the letter, and the simplicity of the statement, induced him to do as the dictates of humanity seemed to require, and he will be happy if his work satisfies public expectation, and does but benefit the widow.

‘REV. SIR,

‘NORWICH, *August 30th*, 1845.

‘I enclose the memorial of a woman, whose life I think would make an interesting volume, if you would see her, and hear her statements. Her address is Ten Bell Lane, Pottergate Street, just below St. Giles’s Church, in this city.

‘I remain, your’s respectfully,

‘WM. FREEMAN,

‘To the Rev. — Cobbold.”’

‘Magistrate. Guildhall.”’

The reader may wish to know how it is that the Queen Dowager has so graciously accepted the dedication of the work. The fact is simply that the widow again applied to Her Majesty in October last, and among other references, gave the name of the author, stating that he had kindly offered to publish her history in the hope that it might benefit her. The following is

THE WIDOW’S PETITION

TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

‘May it please your Majesty to pardon the liberty I have taken in addressing you. I hope your Majesty will not think me encroaching on your goodness in thus appealing to you. I am the

widow you so kindly relieved last Christmas: through the loss of my husband, who provided for and protected me forty years, I am worn down with grief and hardship, and do not know what resource to fly to. I have had the painful necessity of applying for parish relief, which has been worse to me than all the hardships I have endured; all they allow me is three shillings per week, for myself and youngest daughter; which has almost driven me to despair. I hope your Majesty will be pleased to take my case into your consideration again, and the prayers of the widow and orphans will for ever attend you.

‘Should your Majesty wish to refer to any gentlemen in the neighbourhood concerning me, I beg to mention the Bishop of Norwich, Sir Wm. Foster, Mayor of Norwich, Mr. Freeman, late Mayor, the Rev. J. D. Borton, Rector of Blofield, and the Rev. Mr. Cobbold, of Wortham, near Diss. The latter gentleman has kindly offered to publish my history, in the hope that it may benefit me.

‘I remain, your Majesty’s Humble Servant,

‘*Ten Bell Lane, Norwich, Oct. 25th, 1845.* ‘MARY HEWITT.’

This petition was sent to the author, enclosed in the following letter from the Honourable William Ashley.

‘SIR,

‘MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, Oct. 28th.

‘Mrs. Hewitt having, in a petition addressed to the Queen Dowager, mentioned your names as being willing to bear testimony to the truth of her statement, I am commanded to request you to state whether you can recommend her case, as deserving her Majesty’s favourable consideration.

‘I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

‘WILLIAM ASHLEY.

‘Be so good as to return the enclosed.

‘To the Rev. Richard Cobbold.’

The following answer to this letter explains the origin of the author’s acquaintance with the subject of this memoir, and the request to her Majesty with respect to the Dedication.

‘RECTORY, WORTHAM, NEAR DISS,

‘SIR,

Oct. 29th, 1845.

‘In reply to your letter concerning Mrs. Mary Hewitt, I believe her statement to be perfectly correct. In September last, I received a letter from the late Mayor of Norwich, containing a

detailed account of the life of the said Mary Hewitt, and an invitation to have a personal interview with her. I went to Norwich; I saw her at Mr. Freeman's, and there received her husband's journal, and her own account of the various incidents of her eventful life.

'I made every inquiry concerning the respectability of the woman, and took upon myself to visit her at her humble dwelling in the city. The result of all I heard and saw, was certainly such as I thought might not prove unacceptable to the hearts of thousands of Englishwomen; and it is true that, in my leisure hours, I have been preparing her history for publication, but as yet I have not even mentioned the subject to my publisher, or to any person.

'My surprise, therefore, was great, to find that the matter had been mentioned to our ever beloved Lady, the Queen Dowager. Now that it has been so done, would it be presumption in so humble an individual as I am, to ask permission, through you, to dedicate the work to Her Majesty?

'The maiden name of Mary Hewitt was Mary Anne Wellington. I propose, therefore, to let the title of the book be, "MARY ANNE WELLINGTON, THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, WIFE, AND WIDOW."

'Should Her Majesty wish to see the kind of writer I am, I will simply state that I am the humble author of a book called "Margaret Catchpole," which I dare say has never come under Her Majesty's notice. I do not mention this to puff myself or my works, but as the simple truth.

'I have the honour to be, Sir,

'Your humble Servant,

'To the Hon. Wm. Ashley.

'RICHARD COBBOLD.'

To this letter the following gracious reply was received.

'To the Rev. R. Cobbold.

'Mr. W. Gillman begs to present his compliments to Mr. Cobbold, and is honoured by the commands of Queen Adelaide to state, that her Majesty will have much satisfaction in accepting the Dedication of the proposed work, "Mary Anne Wellington, the Soldier's Daughter, Wife, and Widow."

'Gopsall, Atherstone, Nov. 10th, 1845.'

But one letter more, and these pages will close. This letter was sent to the author by his kind friend, Page Nicol Scott, Esq., a

gentleman universally esteemed in the county of Norfolk for his talents, his unbounded philanthropy, and his ever willing and ready disposition to relieve the miseries of the distressed. The author's first introduction to this gentleman was so characteristic of his genuine and unaffected Christian manners, that he has infinite pleasure in recording it.

He was in search of a poor woman who lived in some obscure court in St. Benedict's, in the city of Norwich, for the purpose of conveying to her some relief from her parish. He entered Matchet's Office to inquire his way. There stood a gentleman, a stranger to him at the time, who, looking at his watch, said :

'If you are a stranger, Sir, in Norwich, you will have some difficulty in finding the place you are inquiring for. I think I have time! Yes, I have! If you will put yourself under my guidance, I will shew you the place.' And, offering the author his arm, he led him through some such narrow streets, lanes, alleys, and thoroughfares, as perhaps no city in England, saving Norwich, can boast of in these days of progressive improvement in roads, streets, and cities. This kind-hearted man was Page Nicol Scott, Esq., who from that day became no more a stranger to the author, but one whom he is proud to call his friend. From him he received the following letter, which, as it refers to the heroine of this work, may, by its insertion here, obtain pardon for the foregoing anecdote.

'MY DEAR SIR,—

'NORWICH, 4th May, 1846.

'As I have heard that your friend, the Rev. Richard Cobbold, is about to write the history of Mary Anne Wellington (Hewitt), I beg to inform you, I was for many years Barrack-Master at Gibraltar, and had the honour to be acquainted with the late Colonel White and officers of the 48th regiment, in which this poor woman was with her husband. Having heard her history, as related to me by herself, I can certify that she is not an impostor. You have my entire consent to make this communication to the Rev. R. Cobbold.

'And believe me to remain, dear Sir, yours most truly,

'RICHARD HOCKINGS,

'To P. N. Scott, Esq., Norwich.

'Barrack-Master, Norwich.'

Thus, reader, are all matters concerning the production of the narrative now laid before you. Every word has been read to the widow and her daughters, who now lives in their very humble dwelling in the city of Canterbury.* Should the author be the

* The Widow's direction is,

No. 11, North Gate, Canterbury.

honoured instrument of conveying a blessing to her roof by means of this narrative of her adventures, he will be thankful to Him who has permitted him to be so.

In that narrow dwelling, no doubt, he has already been looked upon as a messenger of comfort to the widow and her children; and if he has done no other good, he has at least convinced her that God raises up friends to the destitute, if they will only trust in Him, even at the moment of their utmost distress; and proved to her the truth of this Divine instruction, given to all who will receive it, that,

‘Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.’

It may be said, that enough has not been related concerning the Soldier's Widow. Why should more be stated? It is enough for her to know that she is such—it is enough to know that she is living in poverty, after years of toil and anxiety. If my readers would know more of her, let them visit her humble dwelling in the city of Canterbury.

The author's object in writing these pages, is Charity. If he has elicited any sympathy, he is thankful. If he has done any good, he is still more so. And if those in authority, and those under authority, are satisfied with his exertions, he will feel the less concern for the errors into which he may have unintentionally fallen, while bringing under their attention the history of MARY ANNE WELLINGTON, the SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER, WIFE, and WIDOW. *

Thanks! brethren and sisters of every degree, for your kind expressions of praise upon my humble exertions. I thank God, for you all, and with you all; but most especially for moving your hearts to pity, through my instrumentality, for this Widow and her family. Those Christian Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Ladies, who have so benevolently contributed, in these precarious times of

* Since the publication of the last edition of this work, the Author has received such corroborative testimonies to the truth of this poor Widow's Narrative, both from officers and the widows of officers who knew her, that they would fill a small volume. It is sufficient gratification to him to know that she has proved herself a worthy recipient of public commiseration.

public distress, their private bounty for this humble individual, may be assured that their donations will be made to last, with prudence and proper management, through the remainder of her life. I can only add, that she has ceased to receive relief from the parochial and civic authorities of the city; and that she desires to acknowledge, with a deep sense of gratitude, the charity of those Christians who have so graciously ministered to her wants by the hand of their humble servant,

RICHARD COBBOLD.

RECTORY, WORTHAM,
DISS, 1853.

The End.





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